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4. 50

Pocock, Isaac.
Plays

YES OR NO?

A Musical Farce,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY I. POCOCK, Esq.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The MUSIC composed by Mr. C. SMITH.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. BARKER,
DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,
GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1809.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

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Conscious of inability and inexperience, my sole attempt in this little piece, was to contrive a few ludicrous incidents,—a few comic situations, to display the peculiar powers of the Performers. How I have succeeded, I leave those to judge who have witnessed the excellence of the acting, and heard the universal applause, with which it has invariably been received. "Yes or No?" is a mere sketch, which the talents of the Performers have highly finished,—and I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks for their exertions, which have made a trifle of sufficient consequence, to induce me to venture it in the Press.

I. P.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Barometer Oldstyle..... Mr. Grove,
Obadiah Broadbrim..... Mr. Liston,
Charles Fervor..... Mr. Farley,
William Seagrave..... Mr. Smith,
Drab..... Mr. Noble,
Corporal Barrel..... Mr. Mathews,
Landlord..... Mr. Atkins,
Waiter..... Mr. Williams,
Bailiffs..... Messrs. Norris, and Truman.
Soldiers, Recruits, Waiters, &c.

WOMEN.

Miss Penelope Snap Oldstyle.. Mrs. Davenport,
Patty Seagrave..... Miss Kelly.

* * * *The Passages marked with inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.*

YES, OR NO?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room, with Desk, Account Books, &c.*
DRAB writing.

Enter OBADIAH BROADBRIM.

Oba. DRAB.

Drab. Here I am. (*Advancing.*)

Oba. Is the man, Charles Fervor, departed?

Drab: Yea.

Oba. Hem! verily I rejoice thereat; for, he is by nature, resembling Satan, full of evil deeds—and the spirit of the faithful is not in him.

Drab. Nay—his head is light,—but his heart is sterling. (*with energy.*)

Oba. When confign'd to me, by the man named Barometer Oldstyle, his guardian, he was very young;—but he encreased not in discretion as he advanced in years, and the flesh hath triumph'd over the spirit. He delighted in the vanities of the world—associated with the men of blood, and learn'd the busines of death.—In the words of the wicked, he hath become a soldier.

Drab. Yea.

Oba. He hath now a commission to obtain men, and train them in the ways of carnage and bloodshed.—At the town in which he is to sojourn for this purpose, I possell some worldly effects.

Drab. Thou dost—dwellings, which are rented of thee at exorbitant sums.

Oba. 'Tis true, the speculation hath succeeded, and I reap the reward of industry—

Drab. (Aside.) And extortion.—(aloud.) Verily yea.

Oba. I have therefore desired the youth Fervor, to receive the rents of a tenant, called Seagrave, who is much in arrears, and apply the amount thereof to his own emergencies.

Drab. (Aside.) The man Seagrave hath no money,—and the man Broadbrim knoweth it.

Oba. Had he remained in London, he would doubtless have been entrapp'd by the men—term'd bailiffs—from whom I must have released him,—this expense is avoided, and the peril of the bailiffs rests on his own shoulders.

Drab. Yea. (much affected, but endeavouring to conceal it.)

Oba. I am informed they are already in pursuit, and I have written to the guardian to warn him of the youth's abominations.

Drab. (Aside.) Verily, thou art a viper,—the spirit waxeth strong within me. (*Aside, much agitated.*)

Oba. I have likewise written to the sister of the aforesaid Oldstyle, by name, Penelope Snap,—verily, I bear the woman much affection—and shall depart in the vehicle which journeyeth to that place forthwith.

Drab. (Having appeared violently agitated.) I can hear thee no more—“ thou hast basely traduced a “ noble youth, under thy protection, to his guar- “ dian—the only friend he hath in existence—sent “ him to be arrested in the very sight of this friend, “ by bailiffs whom he cannot satisfy ; for thou hast “ assured him of the means, where thou well know- “ est, he cannot obtain it.—Thy love for the wo- “ man,—and thy kindness for the youth, is hypo-

"crify." Thy character shall be published amongst our brethren, whose sect thou hast disgraced by such a flagrant outrage on justice and humanity.

[Exit.]

Oba. (Having listened in consternation, stands for a moment irresolute, then takes a few steps after DRAB—stops,—turns round—and uttering the ejaculation, "Hem"—walks slowly off, contrary to the Exit of DRAB.)

SCENE II.—PATTY SEAGRAVE in simple mourning, is seen working at a Table; the appearance of the Room clean—but indicative of extreme distress.

Pat. Heigho!—How solitary and sad every thing appears, I wish William would return—poor brother—his heart is full, and as heavy as mine—(a knock at the door)—Oh, there he is at last, (opens the door, WILLIAM SEAGRAVE enters, and drops into a Chair exhausted.)

Pat. (Leaning over him.) Dear William, you have been out a long time.—

Will. To no purpose.

Pat. No—will not Mr. Worldly pay the debt? (WILLIAM shakes his head.) What will become of us?

Will. A pris'on.—

Pat. Can nothing be done?

Will. Nothing!—starve!

Pat. Nay, do not despair.

Will. What else is left us?—

Pat. I can work—

Will. Incessantly!—you have supported yourself and a sick brother seven weeks—it cannot last.

Pat. Oh, yes—

Will. Impossible! arrears of rent—out-standing debts—the apothecary's bill—(hides his face.)

YES, OR NO?

Pat. You went out very early brother, I fear you are ill.—

Will. Not very well.—I have not tasted food to-day.

Pat. Heaven! and there is no bread in the house—

Will. No bread! and you—you have toil'd since morning without refreshment—

Pat. I wish'd for none.

Will. What's that!—Ha! it shall,—it must be so.—(*a Recruiting Party heard without.*)

Pat. Where are you going?—

Will. Heaven knows!—(*half aside.*)

Pat. What agitates you,—let me—

Will. No—No—I shall return immediately.—
"Tis the last resource!— *Aside and Exit.*)

Pat. Poor fellow—how pale he looks, and he was once so handsome:—I am sure 'tis anxiety for me—and yet I try to appear happy on his account, and sometimes sing his favourite ballad; but it sounds more melancholy than it us'd,

SONG.

On Ella's cheek, the rose was seen,—
The tint was pure, the hue serene;
Awhile it bloom'd in beauty rare,—
But transient was its dwelling there:
Bright was her eye of heavenly blue,
Her lips like rubies dip'd in dew,
And sweetest melody there hung,
On the soft accents of her tongue.

YES, OR NO?

9

But soon the storm began to low'r ;—
It struck the tree that held the flower—
Her lover died, she droop'd her head,
In sorrow o'er his lowly bed :
And fading like her cheek's soft bloom,
Sunk like a lilly to the tomb ;—
Still will the tears, soft pity gave,
Refresh the flowers that deck her grave.

SCENE III.—*Outside of the Angel Inn.*

Enter Corporal BARREL, and Recruiting Party, several Countrymen with Cockades in their Hats.—Drum and Fife playing the Air, "Roast Beef."

Corp. Huzza my boys!—if those are not a set of as fine recruits as ever carried a musket, my name is not Barrel—another such a day's work, will make my Officer a Captain; and, if merit should meet it's reward, will turn me, a noisy Corporal, into an Orderly Serjeant, in boys—in with you. (*As they go into the Tap* Enter WILLIAM SEAGRAVE.

Will. Corporal—

Corp. Hey!—What do ye want?—Who are ye?

Will. An Englishman,—have been a sailor—would be a soldier.—(*Will stands with his hands clasp'd, and eyes fixed on the ground*)

Corp. That's a brave fellow—(*aside.*) he looks like a Frenchman, for all that—he's as pale and thin as soup-meagre; I wonder what he lives upon.—

Will. (*Abstractedly.*) Dear Patty!

Corp. Dear Patty!—the devil!

Will. This will be a temporary relief—she has laboured incessantly.—

B

Corp. Well, friend, here are two guineas.

Will. —For two months

Corp. Two months!

Will. 'Tis my turn now—tho' we cannot find the bond—Old Worldy may still be induced to pay the money.—

Corp. Pay the money! Oh—the Captain will give you the bounty money.

Will. He's rich.

Corp. Not very—but then you'll have—

Will. A hundred pounds, it is nothing to him.

Corp. A hundred pounds!—

Will. 'Twould be to us—every thing.

Corp. If you think of getting a hundred pounds, friend, I fear you'll be disappointed.

Will. I fear so too.—(*to the Corporal.*)

Corp. Well, there's the 'listing money and the cockade, however.—

Will. (*Again thoughtful.*) Should he still refuse, I must write to my landlord—

Corp. (*Takes out his note book.*) Where born?

Will. —In London

Corp. —Very well, (*writes.*) Where do you live?

Will. —I have lost the direction, but—

Corp. Eh!

Will. —I think 'tis in Gracechurch-Street.

Corp. Oh—I didn't know there was such a street in this town. (*writes.*) How tall?

Will. —Near the Monument—

Corp. S'blood he's mad—I must measure him—

Will. —By the yard, the number, I think—

Corp. How old?—

Will. —Forty-seven—

Corp. (*Looking at him in astonishment, and writing.*)

Forty-seven—impossible—

Will. Right—exactly, and the name—

Corp. (*Still writing.*) Ay, the name?—

Will. Obadiah Broadbjm.—That will do—

Corp. Will it—well, I've put it all down according to orders; but I'll be shot if the captain can make it out.

Will. When must I appear?

Corp. At roll-call this evening.—But come, come in, and have some roast beef and some punch.—Were you ever found guilty of eating and drinking?

Will. Never, while I had a sister perishing for want.

| *Exit:*

Corp. What the devil can he mean—perishing for want! Poor fellow, I am afraid his head's out of order—for he has so bother'd me with his description, and alarm'd me by his behaviour—that rot me if I know whether I stand on my head or my heels. Well, this recruiting's fine fun however—such variety—I went last night to see the strolling players, dear, dear, how they did get on; talking of all sorts of liquors—'till at last I surely knew—whether I was in a play-house or a wine-vault.

* SONG.—BARREL.

A play-house of liquor, 'tis found,
Reminds us, I've instances twenty;
Some plays much in Spirits abound,
And then we have *Mellow-Drams* plenty,
A manager's *Draft* we all know,
When business runs dry is no thumper;
But should all his houle overflow,
He cries, dam'me to-night, I've a bumper!

A bumper, &c.

Many actors are certainly rum,
And folks in the critical line,
Say comedians are given to rum,
And tragedians are given to wine,

* For this, and Ossian Broadbrib's Song, in the Second Act, I am indebted to the imimitable pen of George Colman, Esq.

Then Juliet 'tis plain has her *beer*,
 To the family vault e'er they've brought her :
 Fair Ophelia alone 'tis we hear
 Who poor creature had too much of *Water*.
 Of water, &c.

King Lear in the midst of his court,
 Inquires which way *Burgundy* went ;
 And Richmond tho' just come to *Port*,
 Soon rouses King Dick from his *Tent* ;
 While *Blackfriar* Othello the shock
 Of jealousy feels through his brain,
 Iago sticks close to his *Hock*,
 And tips him a dose of *sham-pain*.

Thus a theatre waving *dry facts*,
 Is a tavern for critic spectators ;
 And when they are slow 'twixt the acts,
 The audience alas are the *waiters*.
 Plays like wines are some sour and some sweet,
 They please and disgust various throttles ;
 The plays that succeed are call'd *neat*,
 And damn'd pieces are all the cork'd bottles. [Exit.

SCENE.—Room at an Inn—Waiters without calling coming, &c. a confusion of bells heard, three doors leading to chambers—with names written on them, *Lion*, *Star*, *Drum*.—Lieutenant FERVOR is seen at the Table with papers.

Fer: This will do, this will do, this will do—none of your hum-drum moping, melancholy country villages this,—all spirit, life, and bustle, nothing like a populous market town to recruit in,—bells ringing, (pulls the bell violently.) colours flying, drums beating,

(waiter without, 'coming Sir'.)—Waiters all attention, by the bye, nothing I like so much as civility. (waiter crosses the stage very quick.) Holloa, my fine fellow!—a word with you,—

Wait. Coming directly Sir. [Exit Waiter.

Fer. Impudent rascal!—Try again, (rings the bell.) I shall get every information from the landlord—he's a civil man—see that by his face.

Enter Landlord, looking very angry, with a bill of fare in his hand.

Oh Landlord,—wish'd to say—much pleased with the apartment—very clean and comfortable—suit me exactly, (Looking round the room with nods of approbation to the Landlord, aside.) nothing like flattery,—always answers, very good room indeed Landlord.

Land. Yes Sir, the gentlemen of the Excise always dine in this room—we expect them in less than half an hour, so if you have done writing, Sir—(going to move the table, &c.)

Fer. Stop—can't you be quiet a moment.

Land. Impossible Sir, there's company in every room in the house.

Fer. House full! what's to become of me? (bell's ring.)

Land. (Hurrying.) Blefs my soul, I never was so hurried in my life.

Fer. That's right,—that's right, nothing like bustle to keep people alive.—But where am I to sleep?

Land. In the Drum Sir.

Fer. A Drum! what d'ye mean?

Land. A snug room over the coach office gate.

(pointing.)

Fer. 'Sdeath, there'll be bustle enough there.—Coaches coming in all night. Eh?

Land. Yes, and the noise of the cattle all day—
the market is just under your window.

Fer. The devil!—

Land. Yes, and to-morrow the affize begins—Oh
you'll have plenty of bustle, Sir—plenty. (rubbing
his hands.)

Fer. Too much of a good thing I fear, Eh—
(*Mrs. PENELOPE SNAP* heard without.) What's that?—
an old woman! Sounds, show me into the Drum
quick! quick! [Exit FERVOR and Landlord.]

*Enter Miss PENELOPE SNAP, followed by Sir BARO-
METER OLDESTYLE.—Mrs. P. in a travelling dress
very much disordered.—Before they enter Mrs. P. is
heard on the stairs:*

“The travellers room indeed—I never met with such
treatment in my life,—’tis impossible to put up with
it.”—They enter.—

Sir B. Pho,—don’t be vexed—’tis unlucky to be
sure; but being in a passion, will not make one a jot
more comfortable.

Pen. Brother, brother, ’tis impossible to keep one’s
temper. (in great anger.)

Sir B. (Aside.) And yet you have kept your’s the
same for the last fifty years. (*Mrs. P. appears fretful.*)
What’s the use of being angry,—it only puts one in a
fever,—a fever puts one in the hands of the doctor,
he puts one to bed for three or four months, that’s
worse than being cramm’d in a stage for three or four
hours.

Pen. Impossible—I dare say I look as red as—
(*Landlord comes out of the Drum, with the bill of fare.*)

Fer. (Wishin’) A lobster, d’ye hear.—

Land. Yes, Sir—

Pen. What! (in astonishment.)

Sir B. Oh, Landlord—

Pen. (Crossing between Landlord and Sir B. —in a
rage, and speaking very loud.) Hark ye, Sir—

Sir B. Hush sister, the Landlord's not deaf—

Pen. I wish you were dumb.

Land. I hope no offence, Sir—

Sir B. Only a little inconvenience.

Pen. Inconvenience! — (turning to *Landlord.*)

Sir—

Fer. (Within.) Landlord!

Land. Yea Sir— (goes to the Drum.)

Pen. This is too much.—Had you been less partial, brother, to that old fashioned wheel-barrow of yours, and had it repaired and modernized in proper time, we never should have been in this predicament.

Sir B. Sister, sister, I've told you a thousand times I hate to barter present comfort for future convenience—there's an old saying; and a good one too, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Pen. And what's the consequence? —

Sir B. (Getting angry.) Why this is the consequence, instead of lounging in a wheel barrow,—as you are pleased to call my carriage, you've been bles'd with a squeeze in a modern long stage coach—wedged in with ten others miserable mortals, not to mention two sick children, a dog, and a large nose-gay, (that's modern improvement for ye!)—modern convenience! modern devil; but 'tis no use to be angry.

Pen. Horrible!—'tis well we are incog,—I would not have it known that Sir Barometer Oldstyle, and his Sister Miss Penelope Snap, travell'd in such a vulgar way for the universe.

Sir B. Nonsense! if necessity requires it, where's the disgrace,—those that know me, know that I am an honest man—those that don't know me, I don't care a pinch o'snuffabout.—(taking snuff.) there's an old saying—

Pen. Pshaw,—I hate old sayings,

Sir B. And I hate modern doings—Madam.

Enter Landlord from the Drum.

Land. I hope nothing unpleasant has happen'd—

Pen. Yes Sir, something very unpleasant has happen'd; they pretended the post-horses were all engaged for the affizes, and so jamm'd us into your slow waggon,—a toad in a hole was better off by half.

Loud. I'm very sorry—

Sir B. That is not all, Sir, that is not all, finding no chaise was to be had, on our arrival I went instantly to your abominable coach office—here below,—“ pray, Sir, said I, to the clerk, how many does the coach to town carry inside”—the fellow answered in a breath—“ six before, ten behind, but they are all bespoke inside and out, and no room is left but in the boot and basket”—an impudent scoundrel, but come, let us see the bill of fare, and as we canhot proceed—take care that the beds are well aired.—

Land. It is very unfortunate Sir, but there's not a bed in the house but what's engaged, and the Captain has just bespoke the last article we had left on the bill.—

[Exit.]

Pen. No beds!

Sir B. No refreshment! (*They look at each other in consternation.*) These are the blessings of an affize.

Pen. —Oh I'm rejoiced nobody knows who we are—(*FEVOR enters from his room and flops to read the direction of two letters, which he holds, one in each hand.*)

Fer. (reading.)—Sir Barometer Oldstyle—

Sir B. Eh!

Fer. And who's the other, (*looking at the direction of the other letter.*) Miss Penelope Snap.

Pen. Ha! (screams.)

Fer. What another bustle!—My dear Madam, I hope—

Pen. Ha ! stand off—you're a witch;

Fer. Am I ?

Sir B. Who are you, Sir ?

Fer. Hang me if I can tell, this lady seems to know.—Pray Sir, who are you ?

Sir B. Sir, you seem to know me, tho' you don't know yourself—for you have just pronounc'd my name.

Fer. Eh ! what, Sir Barometer Oldstyle ?—

Sir B. The same, and that Lady is—

Fer. (*turning sharp to Miss P.*) Penelope Snap.

Pen. Paa!—(*turns from him in anger.*)

Fer. My old guardian and his maiden sister by the Gods ; Oh ! here will be another bustle. (*aside.*)

Enter Corporal BARREL.

Corp. They are come your honour.

Fer. No ?

Corp. Just arrived.

Fer. Who ? the excisemen ?

Corp. No, your honour, the recruits.

Fer. Oh—very well. [*Exit Corp.*

Pen. What ! more company !

Fer. Yes, Madam, my company—a set of as fine fellows as ever eat roast beef. (*While FERVOR speaks to the Corporal, Sir B. takes the opportunity of reading the direction of the letter, which FERVOR holds carelessly.*)

Sir B. That letter, Sir, seems to be directed to me.

Fer. Zounds he must not have it yet, old Broad-brim may have told him some of my unlucky pranks. (*Aside.*) Your agent in town, Sir, did me the honour of entrusting me with a letter (*giving it reluctantly*) am happy in having the opportunity of delivering it so early. (*aside*) Here'll be a bustle.

C

Sir B. Worthy fellow; yes, I see 'tis his hand-writing, where are my spectacles?

Fer. What the devil's to be done now? I'll invite 'em into the Drum—it's well the bed turns into a sofa, or the room would not hold us all. (*aside.*) Madam, permit me to entreat you'd do me the honour to make use of my apartment, till you can be better accommodated—it's small to be sure, but snug—and remarkably quiet,

Pen. Sir, your politeness—(*curtsies.*)

Fer. My dear Madam—um—um—(*kisses her hand.*)

Pen. (*Aside.*) How infinitely elegant!

Fer. Allow me to shew you the door.

Pen. (*giving her hand.*) Oh—how superior to old fashion politeness, is the elegance and ease of modern manners. [Exit.

Sir B. (*having opened the letter, and bolding his spectacles across the paper, reads.*)

"Friend,

"Before you have perused many lines of this epistle, thou wilt be struck" —

Fer. (*slapping Sir B. on the shoulder.*) This is the way, Sir Barometer. (*pointing to the door.*)

Sir B. Then it's a damn'd bad way, Sir.—What dye mean?

Fer. Miss Penelope has done me the honour to accept the use of my apartment, and an invitation to dinner. I am sorry I cannot express my feelings with sufficient strength—but—if—

Sir B. Sir, you express your feelings stronger than any man I ever knew in my life.—

Fer. I fear every accommodation in the house is engaged—could I enforce any other arguments—I—

Sir B. Sir, I beg you'd not be at that trouble—those you have already made use of, are irresistible,

—I'll attend you directly, Sir, (*looks again at the letter.*)

Fer. Oh! that unlucky letter—(*aside.*)

Sir B. “ Friend,

“ Before thou hast perused many lines of this epistle, thou wilt be struck—(*slops, and looks round, as if expecting another attack*) struck dumb with anger and amazement.”—(Eh!)—“ but I beseech thee, let not the violence of thy ward move thee.”

Fer. (*Having walked about in agitation, pulls Sir B. along suddenly.*)—Come, Sir Barometer, dinner's on table—plenty of time to finish your letter after.

Sir B. Well—well, some other time—but I'm very anxious—

Fer. So am I—for my dinner.

Enter Waiter from the Drum.

Wait. Every thing is ready, Sir—

Fer. What, the lobster?

Wait. Yes, Sir, and the lady— [Exit *Wait.*]

Sir B. That's right—I'll be content with the lobster—you may take the lady; O, you'll find her a delicate morsel. Hark'ye, Sir, there's an old saying—

Fer. I know it—“ What's one man's meat, is another man's poison.”

Sir B. No.—That's not it.—

Fer. Yes, it is—Ha! ha! ha! come along.

Sir B. No.—

Fer. Yes.—(*talking together, Fervor pulling in* Sir B.)—Zounds, here's a bustle. [Exit. *Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The sign of the Angel Inn, Tap-Room,
&c. &c.*

Enter BROADBRIM.

Oba. Verily, my spirit is much fatigued, and I am weary with the length of the journey—but the conduct of Drab, my clerk, made dispatch and expedition indispensable. Now, shall I wed the woman called Penelope Snap, or not? Verily, yea, for she is wealthy, although she be waxen in years, and corpulent as a cousin German of the man called Lambert.

SONG.—BROADBRIM.

When wife man cleaveth to woman's side,
He always chooseth a wealthy bride ;
Then fat as mud, or thin as death,
He taketh her and marrieth.

Fiddle e di dol, &c.

Oh what is love, that can't keep house?
Or what's a spouse without a soufe?
A rosy cheek, it fadeth fast ;
But England's three per Cents. will last.
Fiddle e di dol, &c.

They talk of dimples, and what not ;
 A dimple boileth not a pot,
 Then let me read in woman's face,
 Some lines to Mr. Henry Hase.

Foddle e di dol, &c.

Enter Post-Boy with a Portmanteau.

Post B. Where will your worship please to have the portmantit taken ?

Oba. Deposit it any where, friend, so it be not defiled. (*Post Boy places it at the Tap door.*)

Post B. (Aside.) I hope the spirit will move the old buck to be generous. Driver, please your worship. (*taking off his Cap.*)

Oba. I had forgotten—there is half-a-crown.

Post B. I hope your worship will tip a crown.

Oba. Tip a crown !

Post B. It's a bad stage, and I put 'em along.

Oba. Put 'em along ! verily, he speaketh the language of the profane, which I comprehend not.—Friend, the money is sufficient, I will give thee no more.

Post B. Pray—your Worship.

Corporal BARREL enters from the Tap, and stops to read the direction on OBADIAH BROADBRIM'S Portmanteau.

Corp. I'll soon be with you my lads—must brush the Captain's cloak.

Oba. (to Post-Boy.) Thy appeal is in vain, my resolution is fix'd. (*Exit Post-Boy muttering.*) D—d stiff-rump'd rascal !

Corp. (reading.) "Obadiah Broadbrim, Grace-church-street."—Oh—it belongs to the recruit I listed this morning. (*Noise of jollity in the Tap.*)

Oba. I hear the sounds of revelry and riot.—
Friend (*to Corp.*) wilt thou convey my baggage to a place of safety for me?

Corp. (*Looking with astonishment at OBAIRAH.*)—Your baggage?

Oba. Yea—friend—mine.—I will reward thee.

Corp. (*rubbing his eyes.*) Well, I know the punch has made me a little muzzy—therefore, I am not myself the same man I was in the morning; but, may I never drink punch again, if my recruit there, is not alter'd more than I am.

Oba. (*Afide.*) This man of war, I should guess appertaineth unto the youth Charles Fervor.

Corp. (*Afide.*) And yet he looks more like forty-seven than he did in the morning.—Well, you'll make a fine stout soldier,—and I am glad to see you—tho' I did not expect you quite so soon.—(*shakes OBA. violently by the hand.*)

Oba. Nay, friend, I beseech thee—verily, the fumes of strong liquor hath drawn a veil over his eyes, and he taketh me for one of his recruits—he deceiveth himself, the fault resteth not with me—and I will therefore benefit myself, and further my designs by the information which I may extract from him, concerning the conduct of the youth Charles Fervor.

Corp. (*aside.*) What a devilish good military hat his will make when it is finnally turn'd up, and a cockade stuck in it.

(*Soldier from the Tap calls*) Corporal—Corporal Barrel—make haste—we've just attack'd t'other bowl.—(*Shouts of laughter, &c.*)

Corp. O—ho—have ye so—come along Broad-brim—we'll soon make a soldier of you; here, clap the Captain's cloak on, (*Corp. throws it over him*)—it's lucky I happen'd to have it,—there, now for your hat. (*offers to take it.*)

Oba. Pray, friend, let my beaver remain—*(aside.)* I rejoice greatly at this disguise; my character, as one of the faithful, will not be scandalized.

Corp. Come along, my lad of wax.

Oba. Follows *Corp.* *Shows of merriment.* *Oba.* Stops suddenly, and walks back.) When I hear the shouts of drunkenness, and debauchery—I wax fearful.

Corp. Come along, my boy—come along, Broad-brim.

Oba. —Hum!—*(fearfully, and drawing back.)*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Enter Mrs. P. SNAP, and Sir B. with the Letter in his hand.

Sir B. These are the precious effects of modern education—these are your town morals—these are your fashionable accomplishments.—Oh! I shall break my heart.

Pen. I wish you'd read the letter first.—What can possibly be the matter?

Sir B. Matter!—Matter enough, Madam—to think after all the care Obadiah took of him—when I expected to find him possessed of every noble feeling—educated in every virtue, and free from every vice,—to have him return'd to me with a catalogue of crimes—

Pen. (*impatient.*) Will you read the letter or not?

Sir B. Yes—no—yes—I have read it once, and it has half kill'd me.—

Pen. Ah, well, read it again then, and I shall be satisfied.

Sir B. What!—there's an old saying—

Pen. Give me patience, brother.—

Sir. B. How can I—I have none myself; I am half frantic with rage, disappointment, and vexation,

and you ask me for patience—but I'll not be in a passion, it's no use—he's not worth it—he's not worth it—*(prepares the letter.)*

Pen. Now then—

Sir B. “Friend,”—there, there, read it yourself, read it yourself—*(she takes the letter aside.)*

Fer. (without) D'ye hear, tell the recruits not to make such an infernal bustle.

Wait. Yes, Sir.

Fer. And tell Corporal Barrel, I want him.—*(Enters looking at papers, and not seeing Sir Barometer.)* Bravo!—nothing like business to keep a man alive.—Sir Barometer has read the letter by this time—it's well I got into his good graces before he knew me. I dare say old buckram has enlarged on some of my boyish follies.

Sir B. (Aside.) Boyish follies!—swindling and seduction, boyish follies.—*(loud.)* Oh, you scoundrel,—

Fer. What—you've read the letter?

Sir B. I have Sir—

Fer. So I thought.

Pen. (coming forward.) I don't believe a syllable—

Fer. That's right.

Sir B. It's all true.—

Fer. That's wrong.

Sir B. Didn't you this instant acknowledge it?

Fer. No,—till I know my accusation,—why should I plead guilty,—

Sir B. (Aside.) That's true—well then, answer me, in the first place, hav'n't you seduced the daughter of Old Seagrave of this very town?

Fer. What! my sweet, charming, innocent little Patty—no, by heaven, I love her too well!—

Pen. I thought so—and Obadiah is an old crab—

Sir B. Madam—he's my friend.

Pen. Paa! then there's a pair of ye.

Sir B. But I'll ask Old Seagrave myself.

Fer. He won't tell you a word about it.

Sir B. I'll go to him, Sir— (*threatening.*)

Fer. You had better stay where you are, Sir.

Sir B. Why—for what reason?—

Fer. He has been dead and buried these two months.

Sir B. Dead! poor fellow—your conduct has kill'd him.

Fer. Perhaps so—I call'd in the doctor.

Pen. Well—and what effect?

Fer. In a week he was incurable.

Pen. What did he prescribe?

Fer. Alteratives—

Sir B. (*Anxiously.*) And they succeeded?—

Fer. Yes—in a fortnight he was dead.

Sir B. And now, to complete your inquiry, you must go and distress the poor girl for the rent, to get her again in your power.

Fer. Sir, these suspicions are too cruel—you are deceived, upon my honour.

Sir B. Honour!—you talk of honour! that are pursued by officers, from whom your only chance of escaping is by distressing those you have already made completely miserable.

Pen. Don't be in a passion, brother—it's no use—I see very clearly that this is all a contrivance of Broadbrim's to injure your ward—for you may recollect 'twas one of your wise plans to sign a will with the reversion in favour of this old viper.—Oh, I'm convinced he's a hypocrite.

Sir B. It cannot be, sure, it's impossible—my friend Obadiah Broadbrim, —I'll not believe it,—

Enter Corporal BARREL, quite tipsy.

Corp. It's very true for all that,—oh, he'll make an excellent soldier,—he's as upright as a ramrod.

D

Pen. Why he's drunk—

Corp. Not very—he's a little cut to be sure,—we soon made a wet quaker of him.

Sir B. What the devil does he mean?

Fer. Why, Barrel, you're in liquor—

Corp. Your honor's pardon—the liquor's in the Barrell.

Fer. No wonder there has been such a noise—you have been making merry to some tune.

Corp. Very pretty tune your honor—I've been giving 'em "Britons strike home"—that generally makes some noise.

Pen. He has been drinking spirits—

Corp. Yes, the King's health in punch,—'twas enough to put spirits in any old soldier's heart—but water, cold water, your Ladyship, 'twould have been the same—with such a toast as that in it.

Fer. (*Aside.*) Now I can't for the soul of me be angry with him—come here, scoundrel.

Corp. (*Turning suddenly to Sir B.*) Don't ye hear the Captain call?

Fer. Attention! (*Barrel starts round.*) Give me the orderly book, 'twas to you I spoke.—

Corp. 'Tisn't orderly to call any gemman a scoundrel, Captain—my name is not scoundrel.—

Scoundrel? (*muttering.*)

Fer. (*Looking at the book.*) Um—um—um—
Short, six foot four, ha! why what the devil's all this—Obadiah Broadbrim! of Gracechurch-Street!
London! aged forty-seven! measur'd by the yard!
and as tall as the Monument!

Sir B. What! Obadiah—

Pen. A quaker a soldier!—

Fer. S'death he has not enlisted—

Corp. Yes, but he has tho'—the spirit moved him— (*making signs of drinking.*)

Fer. Confusion! oh—there'll be another bustle—
go sirrah and get sober. (*to the Corporal.*)

Corp. I can get sober as soon as any other gem-man—but scoundrel's a word—Captain, that—but it's all right, I know my duty—but if any other man had call'd me scoundrel—it's all right—I know my duty. [Exit *Corporal*.]

Pen. Now then for your visit to the Seagraves;—from them you may hear the plain truth at once—and we shall be able to make our escape from this angelic place.

Fer. My dear Sir—here has been some incompre-hensible mistake—suspend your judgment for a while—and if I do not clear every thing up to your satisfaction—why then discard me for ever as a wretch, lost to every sentiment of honor,—and disgracing at once the character of a British soldier, and an English gentleman. [Exit.]

Sir B. —I'll not lose a moment—on their re-port depends his future fortune. Should he be guiltless, I shall provide for him as my own son—if the charge be true,—O—I shall be in a monstrous passion. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—WILLIAM SEAGRAVE and PATTY
discovered—Tea things, &c. on the Table.

Pat. Indeed, brother, I'll do any thing to please you, I'll sing a little ballad I learn't while you were at sea—you have never heard it.

SONG.—PATTY.

Far o'er the sea when torn from you,
And my fond heart beat strong and true—
How swift, alas! the vessel flew:

From Mary.

“ Refulgent sunk the wearied sun,
 “ And o'er the glassy waters shone;
 “ Still it was dark, for thou wer't gone.

“ Blest Mary.

The silver wave flow'd soft and clear,
 And bright as if reflected there,
 Was seen the fairest of the fair.

My Mary.

“ My throbbing heart heav'd many a sigh,
 “ The tear drop glisten'd in my eye,
 “ And fancy told me—thou wer't nigh.

“ Dear Mary.

“ But soon thy lovely form had past,
 “ And ocean with it's swelling blast,
 “ Dispell'd the dream too sweet to last,

“ Of Mary.

Will. Thanks, thanks, my dear sister. Oh Woman, virtuous and lovely—even in misfortune's hour, when all things earthly fail—still can't thou sooth and charm us.

Pat. Ah, William, had you not enlisted, I should still have been happy.—

Will. What else could be done?

Pat. Any thing, I would have starved, rather than you should have gone for a soldier, I am sure 'twill break my heart.

Will. Had Charles Fervor indeed known of our distress,—but alas, he's as poor as ourselves.

Pat. He said he expected leave to raise a company—if so, and he could get his guardian's consent, we were to be married, I am sure I love him dearly, he was so kind to my poor father.—

Will. I should rejoice to see such a man the husband of my sister,—but do not, my dear Patty, let your mind dwell on an event so uncertain.

Pat. I am sure Charles will never desert me.

Will. From his past behaviour, 'tis impossible to doubt the nobleness of his nature, but remember, he is intirely dependant on his guardian—who, very possibly may object to his alliance with one so much his inferior in fortune.

Enter FERVOR.

Fer. Here they are, here they are at last,—

Will. and Pat. Charles!

Fer. My charming, sweet, lovely Patty.—Seagrave, my good fellow, your hand. I haven't felt a moment of such real comfort since we parted—but we won't talk of that, hang melancholy—kick care to the devil—sing to-day, laugh to-morrow—oh I'm so happy—but there's been a devil of a bustle.

Pat. Dear, Charles, what about?

Fer. I have such news—

Will. What sort?

Fer. All sorts—good, bad, and indifferent—in the first place, you must know, I'm a great scoundrel—

Will. That's not true.

Fer. So I say—next—I've got promotion—leave to raise a company.

Will. That I rejoice at; what else?

Enter Sir BAROMETER—Sir B. stops suddenly on seeing FERVOR, Sir B. behind, listens, and by action, shows his feelings at the scene.

Sir B. Oh, there he is.

Fer. Oh plenty, plenty—your tender-hearted landlord and my deputy guardian has order'd me to worry you for the rent, which if you do not pay, you will inevitably be caged in a jail.

Pen. Ungenerous—cruel man!

Will. You know Charles; 'tis impossible.

Sir B. (Behind, and shaking his stick at FERVOR.)
Oh, you villain.—

Fer. To be sure I do—so does Breadbrim; but unless I receive the money, I shall be laid like you in the black hole. My company will march to the right about—I shall not be able to marry Patty, and —what the devil's that? (*pointing to the cockade.*)

Pat. Oh, Charles:—

Will. Hard press'd by poverty, exhausted by illness, and dishearten'd by hopeless endeavours to obtain a subsistence—as the only means left of procuring an immediate supply—I enlisted this morning to the recruiting party now in town.

Sir B. (Behind.) Oh!—

[*Exit.*]

Pat. What my party, you a soldjer?

Pat. Your party Charles!

Fer. Yes—but it can't be—his name is not down in the roll.

Pat. Indeed it is true.—

Fer. Impossible—what could induce such rashness?—

(*WILLIAM turns from him, and FERVOR catches his hand.*)

Will. We had not a shilling in the world.

Fer. No—no—no money—no food—no—and Patty.—William—what the devil ails ye both—a-a-a-ant you set care at—defiance, and lau-a-a-ugh at misfortunes as I do (*trying to laugh, but choking with excess of feeling*) ha! ha!—Come, come be alive.—William, s'death cheer up (*recovering*) come go with me.—I'll find Sir Barometer—tell him the plain story—state the facts—produce the vouchers—and I shouldn't be surprised now, if Patty and I were to marry, raise a company, encrease the standing army, escape the prison, bilk the bailiffs, and bother old Broadbrim, so come along my boy.— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Enter Corporal BARREL and OBADIAH BROADBRIM, with the Cloak on him as before—his Hat turn'd up, with a Cockade in it—both tipsy—and singing.

Corp. and Oba. To lol, de rol, &c.—

Corp. Sing, my boy,—sing—

DUET.

Oba. Of the mighty power of love,

Corp. Let's sing like jovial fellows ;

Oba. While the spirit thus can move

Corp. “ Old Rose and burn the bellows,”

Oba. I'll go wed Penelope,

And to my bosom take her ;

Corp. I never did his fellow see,

O what an upright Quaker !

Oba. Past awhile the wedding joys,

Should their country need 'em,

All my little Quaker boys

Shall fight for England's freedom.

Corp. Then never let a jealous pet,

Our future friendship sever,

Oba. While both can sing,

Corp. “ Long live the King.”

Oba. Verily—aye—for ever.”

[Exit OBA. half singing and speaking.

Corp. There he goes—there he goes—ha ! ha ! ha ! now, that fellow's as drunk as a watchman—it's quite dreadful to think how men can give way to fu-u-uch hor-horri-horrible habits.—However, I shouldn't have wonder'd if I had been a little tipsy myself—for they made the last bowl of punch with gin, instead of water.—

Enter Bailiffs.

1st Bai. Holloa, Soldier,—Can you direct us to to Captain Charles Fervor?

Corp. Soldier, indeed!—damn your impudence.—I'd have you to know, I'm a Corporal—Barrel by name, and gunpowder by nature,—so stand clear, for I'm pretty well prim'd.

2d Bai. Well, good Corporal Barrel, can you tell us where Captain Fervor is?

Corp. No,—don't know any such person—(*Aside.*) He's only a Lieutenant yet.

1st Bai. Come, my lad, direct us to him.—He expects us, I assure ye.

Corp. Oh, he expects you, does he—that alters the case.—(*Corporal catches them winking at each other.*) —bums, bums as I hope to be made a serjeant!—So, he expects you, does he?—(*aside.*) They are both of 'em shockingly drunk—so I'll manœuvre 'em.—Hark'ye my lads, if I 'peach, you'll come down with the clinkum, eh—humph?

Bai. O, yes—we'll drink together—

Corp. Drink! O fie—No, I'll be more careful of you—you have drank too much already—no—no (*aside.*) Now I'll do 'em.—If you think it worth while to cut with a seven shilling bit,—I'll sack the cash, and show ye the man.

2d Bai. (*aside.*) Give it him Tom—they won't mind the expence if we can but nab the Captain.

1st Bai. Well Corporal—here's a crown.

Corp. A crown! what d'ye mean by that, you son of a catchpole—I won't take a tizzy less, and, I tell you what my hearty's, if you don't this instant down with the dust, I'll raise raise my price—I will—I'll raise my price—

Bai. Well then, no more words—there's the money—now for the man—

Corp. Stop—don't be in such a confounded hurry—
—is it a good one. (*looks at it.*)

Bai. Now then, where is he? —

Corp. Who?

Bai. Zounds the officer that's recruiting in this town?

Corp. Oh, aye,—well he lodges at this very house.

Bai. How is he dress'd?

Corp. You are a pretty fellow to ask how an officer is dress'd—why in scarlet, to be sure.

Bai. With a cap?

Corp. To be sure—what's an officer without a cap.

Bai. In red, with a cap, very well.

[*Exitant Baiiffs.*]

Corp. You'll not find it very well—at least I hope so, you ugly hounds—eh! eh! eh!—I've manœuvred 'em however—now then I'm off, right—left—steady,—"sing old Rose and burn the bellows,"—steady—tol dé tol; steady—steady."

Enter FERVOR.

Fer. How now firrah—I thought I ordered you to bed.

Corp. Yes, and I know its' well for you I did not obey orders.—You're in the very jaws of the enemy,—so the right about, quick march.

Fer. What do you mean?

Corp. The tips are come, and you'll be nabb'd—you'll be nabb'd to a certainty,—if you don't go directly and put on a cock'd hat, and a blue coat, I see you are a little tipsy as well as the rest,—so if you should chance to meet 'em—you know me—Corporal Barrel,—pray make use of my name,—t'will pass you free—free as a countersign.

E

Fer. So—I shall be arrested under the very nose of my guardian,—what the devil's to be done!—

Corp. Obey my orders,—change your dress, and you are safe—there, make haste. (*pushes Fervor.*)

Fer. 'Sdeath and fire, what are you about.

Corp. A cock'd hat. (*still pushing.*)

Fer. Zounds, firrah, you'll be flogg'd—

Cor. —In a blue coat.—

Fer. Distraction!

Corp. Blue coat, &c. &c. [Exeunt, the Corp. still pushing Fervor, who endeavours to disengage himself.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Sir BARDMETER followed by Miss P. SNAP.

Sir B. Obadiah was right—my doubts are all at an end—and I am a miserable man.

Pen. Brother, you torture my impatience.

Sir B. Aye, very likely, and when your impatience is satisfied, your tortur~~s~~ will be increased to think that a countenance so open, and a manner so ingenuous, should be the cloak and mask of deceit and duplicity.

Pen. Have you been to Seagrave's cottage?

Sir B. I have.—

Pen. Well?

Sir B. Why the poor man confess'd he had been obliged to enlist as a private soldier in Fervor's company.—

Pen. O, the reprobate! —

Enter FERVOR.

Fer. My dear Sir Barometer, I am come now to explain—

Sir B. Every thing is explain'd Sir.—I am perfectly well satisfied.

Fer. (*seizing his band.*) Didn't I tell you so my dear Sir,—how could you possibly doubt me.

Sir B. (*releasing himself.*) Sir, I never did doubt you—but I have now witnessed your duplicity and proved you a profligate. I have done with you, Sir, I have done with you.

Fer. Zounds, another mistake! Madam, for mercy's sake plead for me.

Pen. What can you possibly urge to invalidate the testimony of eyes and ears.

Fer. A simple tale—only hear me—and—

Sir B. Well, well, it shall be so, proceed Sir.

Fer. It was about two months ago that I first saw the innocent girl whose destruction I am so unjustly charged with. Amongst those tenants whom Mr. Broadbribit visited, for the purpose of receiving rent, I accompanied him to Seagrave's cottage,—I beheld the old man enduring patiently the most aggravated sufferings, and the son exerting his last remaining strength to procure him comfort and assistance,—the daughter in sickness and in sorrow, heedless of herself, was endeavouring to soothe the last sad hours of an expiring parent.

Sir B. Well, Sir—(*agitated.*)

Fer. Sir, I revered the meekness of the father,—honour'd the conduct of the son,—and lov'd the virtues of the daughter.

Sir B. (*aside.*) The fellow has choak'd me,—

go on, Sir, proceed if you please—Obadiah believ'd them?

Fer. (firmly.) No, Sir,—on the contrary, he op-
press'd them.

Sir B. Still these slanders, produce proof Sir,—
I'll hear no more.

Fer. Your pardon for one moment. [Exit:

Sir B. His manner staggers me—yet—pshaw! it
is not possible—if his story could but be true.

Fer. (without.) This way Patty—this way.

**FERVOR enters with WILLIAM and PATTY
SEAGRAVE.**

Ha!—is it—can it be possible—Charles—my boy
Charles—(here *Sir B.* turns where *Fervor* stood, and en-
counters the Bailiffs who enter just at this time. *Fervor*
having retreated on seeing them.)

Sir B. So, so, so, my hopes were too sanguine.
—Oh, you are a precious fellow.

Bai. (to each other.) He's not here.

2d Bai. In red with a cap—no. (they retire.)

Sir B. (after musing.) I will not conceal him, he
shall reap the reward he merits—here officers do
your duty, that is your man.

Bai. That—no, no—we want nothing of him.

Sir B. No!

Fer. (aside.) Oh, oh, this is Barrel's blue coat
business.

Sir B. Astonishing! is it not Charles Fervor you
are in quest of?

Bai. Ay, sure, old gentleman, but we are not to
be taught our business at this time o'day.

Sir B. Very well, gentlemen, you know best; but
remember there's an old saying that—

Bai. Ay, ay, "old birds are not to be caught
with chaff."

Sir B. Damn your old birds.— [Exit Bailiffs.
Zounds!

Pen. (restraining him.) Brother, brother—

Sir B. Well, well. (The Bailiffs retire, and after examining the room, enter the Drum.)

(To Fervor.) So Sir, this is another of your tricks; but I am not to be deceived.

Fer. Sir Barometer, it never was my intention to deceive you. I hope you will believe me when I say, that if I had preferr'd my own useless pleasures, to the gratification of saving a worthy, though unfortunate family from destruction, your liberal allowance would have been amply sufficient to have discharged every debt of my own, and this disgrace had never happened.

Will. I can prove this to be true; believe me, Sir.—

Pat. Indeed he is not to blame.

Pen. Brother, to disbelieve any longer were downright obstinacy.

Sir B. I am assai'd by doubts and truths so strong, that I know not what to believe. Oh, if I could but see Obadiah—ha! (here the Bailiffs return with Obadiah from the Drum, and they all start back in astonishment.).

Pen. Amazement!

Will. What can this mean?"

Fer. Broadbrim! the devil!"

Oba. "I'll go wed Penelope, and to thy bosom take her," (attempting to get at Penelope.)

Pen. Paa,—Oh the Brute—take him away—take him away.

Sir B. Take care of him friends, he is not the person you are in quest of—but I shall pay the debt and recompence your trouble. [Exit Bailiffs with Obadiab, who attempts again to seize Miss P.

Sir B. Charles, my boy, you have been wrong'd.

Enter DRAB.

Drab. " Yea, verily, he hath, I hasten'd here from the great city to counteract the schemes of the designing Broadbottom; but they have already proved abortive, and thy conscience is satisfied.

Fer. My good friend.

Drab. Friend Barometer, I am ashamed of what hath happen'd, but we find good and evil among every description of men; and whether found in thy own sect or those of thy persuasion, I rejoice equally at the triumph of virtue and the abasement of vice.

Sir B. Can you forgive me. {to Charles.} How shall I reward him? {to Pen.}

Pen. Give him a wife, and I will give her a present to begin the world with.

Sir B. Sister you are right—take her my boy and Heaven bless ye both.—Henceforth I'll not believe every thing that is new, is bad; because I am old—or every thing that is old, faultless;—because I was once young.

Fer. Right, Sir Barometer, stick to that, avoid prejudice, and be certain you will always find something to palliate, though perhaps not entirely excuse:

Fearless we hear contending counsels fury,
While truth and mercy guide an English Jury,
Boldly receive our sentence 'ere we go,
Secure of justice, be it " Yes or No."

THE END.

HIT OR MISS!

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED BY THEIR MAJESTIES' SERVANTS OF THE
LATE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

AT

THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "YES OR NO," &c.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. C. SMITH.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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[Price Two Shillings.]

To every Performer named in the *Dramatis Personæ* of this Farce; I feel myself under the greatest obligations, not only for the superior manner in which each Character is sustained, but for many judicious observations which were of essential service to the Piece.

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Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Bland, Miss Kelly, Messrs. De Camp, Penley, and Knight, claim my warmest acknowledgments.

To Mr. Mathews I am obliged for the assistance he afforded me in heightening the character of Cypher, as well as for his extraordinary exertions in the representation of a part, which has invariably excited the most unqualified bursts of laughter and applause.

I. P.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Adam Stirling	Mr. PENLEY.
Janus Jumble	Mr. DE CAMP.
Dick Cypher	Mr. MATTHEWS.
Jerry Blossom	Mr. KNIGHT.
O'Rourke O'Daisy	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Quill	Mr. FISHER.
John	Mr. MILLER.
Servant	Mr. EVANS.
Mrs. Augusta Carolina Ho- neymouth	Mrs. SPARKS.
Clara Stirling	Miss KELLY.
Dolly O'Daisy	Mrs. BLAND.

Scene—A Country Town.

HIT OR MISS!

Act I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in STIRLING's House.

Enter Mrs. HONEYMOUGH and CLARA.

Mrs. Honey. Well, Clara, I protest I feel quite delighted at our escape from the smoke of London: this new purchase of your father's seems to possess every charm of rural retirement.

Enter STIRLING.

Stir. Ah! Clara, my dear, how do'st do? Good day, Cousin.—Well, I suppose you have had a ramble; how d'ye like the house and grounds, eh?

Clara. Very much indeed, Sir; 'tis really a most elegant little villa.

Stir. Ah, so it ought—it cost an elegant little sum of money. What do you think of it, Coz?

Mrs. Honey. O, delicious! we shall pass our time admirably; and with the new publications we can procure from Mr. Jumble—

Stir. Pshaw! Jumble's a puppy—he hasn't a shilling in the world now—and to prevent the pes-

sibility of his ever getting one, he has begun to scribble—commenc'd bookseller, and started a weekly newspaper—they say most authors come to a morsel of bread, and so may he, if he happens to be lucky.

Mrs. Honey. He's an excellent young man notwithstanding ; by-the-bye, I wonder he has not called ; he surely must have heard of our arrival at the Cottage—

Stir. The Cottage ! there's a precious nickname for a mansion that has cost me fifteen thousand pounds ! The Cottage ! a place like a labyrinth, that when I am at one end of it, curse me if I don't lose my way before I can get' to the other.

Clara. Certainly the name is not very appropriate.

Stir. Appropriate ! why zounds ! you may as well call a palace a pigsty : my old friends in the City will think I am crazy, when they direct to old Adam Stirling at the Cottage. (*O'Daisy without*, "There was a bold dragoon.") Oh, there's that noisy fellow, Rourke O'Daisy.

Enter O'DAISY.

O'Daisy. Eh ! I beg pardon of your Honor's honor, but there came just now a great big fellow to the lodge gate, and kept tolling the bell, till there was a greater hubbubbo than at a wake in Ballinatratty.

Stir. An express from town, no doubt. I thought there was something a-foot.

O'Daisy. The devil a yard of him was a-foot—he was outside of a horse.

Mrs. Honey. Something of consequence.

O'Daisy. Your Ladyship may say that thing

and tell no lie neither. He said it was of very great weight, and, by the powers, I believe him; or he would not have had a horse to carry it.

Mrs. Honey. And what is it?

O'Daisy. A Letter it is—he told me to deliver it immediately into the hands of the right owner; and that's the reason I came myself, because there should be no blunder.

Stir. Ah, 'tis for old Adam—

O'Daisy. Is it? by the powers, then, 'tis the first time I ever knew old Adam was a gentlewoman.

Mrs. Honey. 'Tis for me, I dare say—come, give it me.

O'Daisy. Give it you—the name's Honey-mouth—this must be the honeymouth, for it certainly belongs to the sweetest lady of the two, and therefore you have nothing at all to do with it. (*Giving it to Clara.*) Leave me alone for the service of the ladies—I'm sure to be right there, whether I'm wrong or not. O bless your sweet lips! that's the most gentlemanly young lady I have seen sence I left Ballinatratty.

[*Exit O'Daisy.*]

Stir. Augusta Carolina! there's for you—there's the effect of novel reading. Her husband (rest his soul) happened to be called Honeymouth, so that his name now attaches to her like a libel. Honeymouth! her mouth looks a great deal more like the family lemon-squeezer (*aside*).

Mrs. Honey. (*Looking at the Letter*). From Mr. Jumble, I protest.

Clara. Indeed! from Mr. Jumble!

Stir. So, now I shall be plagued with him. Well, what says he?

Mrs. Honey. You shall hear. (*Reads*). "Allow

" me, dearest Madam, to congratulate myself on
 " your arrival at the Cottage : I shall take the
 " earliest opportunity of kissing your fair hands,
 " and those of my youthful companion, Clara."

Stir. The devil he will !

Mrs. Honey. Stay, here's a postscript. (*Reads*).
 " I have just received from town a new novel,
 " called 'The Victorious Lover ;' and I hope you
 " will think he has sufficient merit to authorise
 " my introducing him at the Cottage." Delight-
 ful !

Stir. Yes, very delightful. I see how 'twill
 be—this is to be the Enchanted Castle, Clara an
 imprisoned damsel, I am to be the cock giant, and
 you the fiery dragon.

Mrs. Honey. How !

Stir. D—n his impudence ! yes, yes ! but
 when he and his " Victorious Lover" get footing
 in this house, he shall be welcome to keep it for
 his pains.

Mrs. Honey. I am astonish'd, cousin Stirling
 —old Mr. Jumble was your most intimate friend.

Stir. So he was, but that's no reason I should
 make his son a present of my daughter. Old
 Jumble hinted to me, that a small estate would
 fall to his son when he came of age ; but when
 we open'd the Will, there was hardly enough to
 pay for the funeral. But come, I must have a
 little private conversation with you about young
 Cypher. I have ask'd him down for a day or
 two. I never saw him, but I hear he's a quiet
 steady fellow—none of your novel readers—he
 has ten thousand pounds in his pocket, and yet
 sticks to business—that's the boy for old Adam
 Stirling. Come along, Coz.

[*Exeunt Stirling and Mrs. Honeymouth.*

Clara. Brought up together from our earliest youth, how cruel of my father thus to separate me from the only man I can ever love as a husband. Love too often withers like a gaudy flower ; but when friendship is the soil it springs from, like the constant ivy, it will thrive for ever.

SONG—CLARA.

I.

Yes, well I remember how happy the hours
I pass'd with my love in the cool shady bow'rs ;
How cheerful, how gaily, time flitted away,
Pleasure beam'd on each minute, Hope brighten'd each day :
Ah ! little then thinking that soon overcast,
Our hopes would be wither'd, our joys would be past.

II.

" In this life of uncertainty oft it appears,
" Those who smile in the morn, in the evening shed tears ;
" So fate on the sun of my day cast a frown,
" Tho' in smiles it arose, 'twill in sorrow go down :
" For my bosom is chill'd by adversity's blast,
" And my hopes are all wither'd, my joys are all past.

III.

" But grateful sensations, if friendship can give,
" For them, and them only, I still wish to live.
" And when 'tis my lot from this life to depart,
" Tho' deaden'd my feelings, tho' cold my poor heart,
" Deep and keen will the pang be, as sighing at last
" My hopes were soon wither'd, my joys were soon past."

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Lodge in the Cottage Style, with House and Garden, seen through the Gate.

(Dolly O'Daisy singing without.)

" He's straight and he's tall as a poplar tree,
" His cheeks are as red as a rose," &c.

Enter DOLLY O'DAISY from the Lodge.

Dolly. Oh dear, I wish Rourke was come back ; I don't half like his staying at the house so long, it's for no good, that's a sure thing ; and as to his taking the letter, 'tis nothing more than an excuse to see that gauky creature, Sally Broom, the housemaid. Heigh ho ! I didn't think he'd have been half so wild after I married him ; but these Irishmen are the very devil after the girls, that's the truth on't.

O'Daisy (Coming through the gate). Ah ! ah ! my beautiful t'other half, is it yourself that's there ?

Dolly. So ! you are come at last—

O'Daisy. At last ! you would not have me come before I was gone, would you ? Oh ! Botheram, by all the butter-milk and potatoes in Old Ireland, but my darling here, Mrs. Dolly O'Daisy, is a little bit jealous.

Dolly. Well, and if I was, it's enough to make any poor girl jealous ; you had no business to stay so long.

O'Daisy. How the devil's a man to do a job properly without you give him time ; but it's the

way with all the wives in the world—man, woman and child.

Enter STIRLING.

Stir. Rourke, here, take this letter to Mr. Jumble directly.

O'Daisy (aside). By St. Patrick, I believe they all take me for a two-penny post.

Stir. And d'ye hear?

O'Daisy. Yes, your Honour.

Stir. If he should call here, say I am not at home—I don't chuse to see him.

O'Daisy. Not see-him! not see young Mr. Jumble! Och! if his poor dead father, my late master, could but listen to what you were saying, he wouldn't believe it with his own eyes.

Stir. (half aside). I desired Mr. Cypher to bring all old Jumble's papers down with him: I'll clear my hands of the business as soon as possible. Why don't you go?

O'Daisy. Because, your Honour, O'Rourke O'Daisy never in his life before went such a dirty road, and by my soul he does not know the way.

Stir. Be off immediately. Zounds! I shall be choaked with rage: I wish that fellow was at Ballinatrotty again with all my heart. [Exit.

O'Daisy (aside). Och! don't be in a hurry, and you'll be choak'd with something else. Ballinatrotty indeed! to be sure they wouldn't be happy to see me and my darling little spouse trotting over the water again to 'em.

DUETT—O'DAISY, DOLLY.

I.

O'Daisy. Long ago from my country I trotted away,
Knowing well how to rake, and to tumble the hay ;
With a wife now returning, it much better suits,
To leave raking alone, and be raising recruits.

Then arrah, be aisy,
Sweet Mrs. O'Daisy,
To tickle my heart, to be sure she'd the knack ;
While the merry bells ring,
We shall caper and sing,
Huzza ! for Old Ireland, with hubbubboo whack !

Both. Then, arrah, be aisy, &c.

II.

Dolly. Then the lads and the lasses, dear heart how they'll
stare,

When I sport my new clothes first at Donnybrook fair,
In my little straw hat, tied with green silken bows,
In my shoe a smart knot, in my bosom a rose,
They'll all cry be aisy,
'Tis Mrs. O'Daisy,
The sweet little creature that Rourke has brought back.
While the merry bells ring,
We shall caper and sing,
Huzza, for Old Ireland, with hubbubboo whack !

Both. Then, arrah, be aisy, &c.

[Exit O'Daisy and Dolly.

SCENE III.

A Room with Books, Papers, &c.

Enter JUMBLE.

Jumb. No letter ! no message ! Oh ! these are
the charming agonies of love (as Thomson says),

whose miseries delight.—No answer!—and on my birth-day too!—Cruel girl!—but I'm too anxious —so I'll write an essay on Patience;—business may keep love out of my head, but it never can root it from my heart.

Enter Quill.

Quill. Sir! Mr. Foolscap has just been here, and says he's determined to print his own works.

Jumble. So much the better for the 'chandler's' shops.

Quill. And Mr. Grim, Sir, has just call'd to see the first proof; but the printer's devil has not brought it.

Jumble. What's the work?

Quill. A Satire—he calls it "The Reward of Vice."

Jumble. The Reward of Vice.—Oh, tell him when there is a proof of it, the *devil* will bring it him.

Quill. Yes, Sir.

Jumble. Quill, bring those papers:—I'll arrange them for the press; by that time they may send for me to the Cottage.—Oh, Clara! should I have forgotten your birth-day!—Should I have neglected you any day!—Now then, what is there to insert? (*Reads*). Wanted: A wife—A great show of horned cattle—A lottery ticket—A highway robbery—A public masquerade—A private mad-house—and all these paragraphs.

Quill. Yes, Sir.

Jumble. Paid for?

Quill. Yes, Sir. [Jumble sits at the Table.]

Enter JERRY BLOSSOM.

Jerry. When Mr. Jumble be'ant busy, I'd speak a word with 'un.

Quill. Then you'll wait long enough, I can tell you—he's as little leisure as business;—he's always hurried for time tho' he's nothing to do.

[*Exit Quill.*]

Jumble. By the bye, I wonder Mrs. Honey-mouth is not more anxious for the "Victorious Lover."—I am obliged to tickle that old woman's palate with a novel, as *Aeneas* did the monster Cerberus with a sop; her affectation, vanity, and pride, is my monster—my dog with three heads.

Jerry. A dog with three heads! Dang it; I wish I was well out o' th house.

Jumble. Hey! Who are you, friend?

Jerry. I—I—I—be Jerry Blossom, Zur.—I want our Dolly—I—

Jumble. And who the devil is our Dolly?

Jerry. A dog with three heads—

Jumble. What!

Jerry. Sir!

Jumble. Who the devil is our Dolly?

Jerry. She be my sister, Zur; I be come all the way from the North to find her.

Jumble. Oh, I understand—you want to advertise in my paper; I'll speak to you presently. Here (*gives him a Book*), did you ever learn to read?

Jerry. Yes; when I was at charity school, they gave me a good book.

Jumble (*throwing down the Book*). Did they? You were in luck,—we don't print such things

now a-days. Sit down and spell the county newspaper. [Giving him a Newspaper.]

Jerry. Thank you—thank you kindly, Zur—Dear heart, I be mortal tired. (*Sits down*). I ha'nt been much used to read auy but out of my own books; but howsomever I'll try—Swallow'd poison—

Jumble (at his Table). Yesterday was married Mr. Sapling, aged eighteen, to Mrs. Evergreen, aged seventy-six—

Jerry. The effects have not transpired—

Jumble. No reason has been given for this rash action.

Jerry (reading). This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker—

Jumble (writing). Convicted of keeping a disorderly house. Umph! mad bull.

Jerry. Hey—(again reading)—Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn into office—

Jumble (reading). And afterwards toss'd and gor'd many people. Now, Jerry Blossom, what's your pleasure with me?

Jerry. Thank ye kindly, Zur—I ha' no pleasure with you. (*Bows*). My sister, Dolly Blossom by name, she liv'd in sarvice somewhere in this neighbourhood, and as I hadn't seen her awhile, I thought I'd just trudge up to these parts and enquire her out; and as you be Master at News, I thought to advertise and the like, but devil a bit can I find her, and I be nation vex'd about it, seeing I might ha' gotten a place hereabout mysen.

Jumble (aside). Egad! they want a servant at the Cottage—if so, this fellow may be useful to me. (*To Jerry*). At about a mile from the town, lives a gentleman of the name of Stirling—it's

called the Cottage—enquire there, he wants a servant.

Jerry. Thank ye, Zur, thank ye heartily. (*Bows*). D—n the dog with three heads—I don't mind him a bit—he's so kindly spoken I'd stay with him in spite of the devil himself, an' he'd ha' me. [Exit.]

[*As he goes out he meets O'Daisy, who bows ridiculously, he returns it awkwardly.* . . .]

O'Daisy. A mighty civil little jontleman that.

Jumble. Now Rourke, your news—what says my love—my—

O'Daisy (aside). I shall never be able to speak to him—my heart seems to have climb'd up to my throat on purpose to choak me.

Jumble. He hesitates—perhaps she—I dread to ask—Rourke speak to me—is Clara ill?

O'Daisy. O, No—'tis not that!

Jumble. Thank Heaven!

O'Daisy. It is not often that an Irishman is troubled with bashfulness; but may the devil fire me, if I an't ashamed to tell you, so you must ask this letter; and be d—d to't. [Giving it him.]

Jumble (reading). So, so, so! Denied—rejected—(*Wiping his eyes hastily*). No matter—the spring of life is but an April day—chequer'd with smiles and tears: the passing cloud may for a time obscure its lustre, but he who longer pines beneath the shade will feel the sun-beam warmest.—When my poor father died—

O'Daisy. Och! long life to him, I say. When he happen'd to vex poor Rourke. O'Daisy, he always made a pretty little gentlemanly excuse; but when he died, he vext me more than all the rest in a lump—and d—n the excuse he made for that.

Jumble. Yet why should I repine? I have health, spirits, and a clear conscience. Rourke, come hither! I am now of age. Had my poor father lived, I should this day have received a small property, and the hand of my Clara. The property has vanished—no one knows how. But if Clara prove constant, like a second Proteus, I'll so transform myself, that I'll win her, in spite of bolts, bars, and locks. Faint heart ne'er won fair lady yet; and Hit or Miss is the word.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

[*Exit Jumble.*

O'Daisy. Och! to be sure, but the Ladies can change as well as Mr. Proteus, or any other gentleman. Don't I remember, before I had the good fortune to marry my dear darling dumpling, Mrs. Dolly O'Daisy, how my friend Tom Treacle was treated by that weathercock devil, Miss Molly O'Rigge: I shall never forget it these two hundred years to come,

SONG—O'DAISY.

[For the words of this Song, the Author is indebted to a Friend.]

I.

At Cork liv'd Miss Molly O'Rigge,
With a nose like the snout of a pig;
Long cattooty locks,
And ten pound in the stocks,
Was the fortune of Molly O'Rigge—
What a beautiful Molly O'Rigge!

HIT OR MISS,

II.

Tom Treacle lov'd Molly O'Rigge ;
 A pert little tea-dealing prig . . .
 Says he, Molly, my dove,
 My heart's brim-full of love.
 Says she, Grocer, I don't care a fig.
 What a hard-hearted Molly O'Rigge !

III.

I hate men, quoth Molly O'Rigge ;
 In love they're a mere whirling :
 But Cornelius O'Whack
 Gave her heart such a smack,
 That to church they both caper'd a jig—
 What a false-hearted Molly O'Rigge !

IV.

Says the tea-dealer, Molly O'Rigge,
 My heart is with jealousy big.
 Says she, hold your clack—
 I'm now Mistress O'Whack—
 I'm no longer Molly O'Rigge ;
 Good bye, Mistress Molly O'Rigge.

[Exit Q'Daisy.

SCENE IV.

The Lodge.—JERRY and DOLLY come down from the Lodge.

Jerry. He! he! he!—wounds! I never was better pleased in all my born days. And zo you be married, be you? Ecod, then I might ha' search'd long enow for Dolly Blossom, and ne'er ha' found her after all. But, Dolly, I thought you and Robin Redpole used to keep company?

Dolly. Oh! so we did; but, Lord! if I had waited for him, I might not have had a husband yet.

SONG—DOLLY.

When Robin, dress'd out in his holiday clothes,
 First came to our cottage to woo,
 He said I was fair as th' full-blossom'd rose,
 And swore that he lov'd me so true:
 Then he kiss'd me, and begg'd I would mention the day
 Would make me for ever his own;
 But I pettishly answer'd, Don't tease me so, pray:
 Can't you let a young woman alone—

Fal, la, la.

He cried, My dear girl, 'twixt the cup and the lip
 The sweets are uncertain, they say;
 And you, like some others, may let the time slip,
 So take me, while take me you may.
 Then tarry no more, but to-morrow let's wed,
 To-morrow I'll make you my bride—
 Says I, that's a thing not so soon done as said;
 Then he gap'd like a fool while I cried—

Fal, la, la.

Enter O'DAISY.

O'Daisy. Sure that's the civil gentleman I saw
 at Mr. Jumble's.

Jerry. Why, Dolly, you do sing better than
 ever. But I say, you sent Robin off with a fine
 slap o'th face.

O'Daisy (aside). Wait awhile ago, my fine
 fellow, and I'll send you off just in the same way.

Dolly. O dear, yes!—your lovers that talk so
 much, are seldom worth marrying.

O'Daisy (behind.) Egad its myself they are
 talking about! There's treason for you!—there's
 a Guy Faux in petticoats!

Jerry. Well, I be main glad to see you, so
 give us a bass, Dolly.

O'Daisy. Oh ! to be sure. Whew ! (*whistles*). Damn that fellow, he's been talking Irish to my wife, or he could not have got so far as that already. (*O'Daisy goes up to them, and makes a low bow to Jerry, who returns it as at Jumble's library*).

Dolly. Oh ! Rourke, I'm glad you're come back. Brother was longing to see you.

O'Daisy. Brother ! Aye, and if I had caught the Great Mogul kissing you, you'd have sworn he was your cousin-german.—(*To Jerry*). Hark'ee, Mr. Clodhopper—

Dolly. Why, Rourke, don't be such a fool : 'Twas but t'other day you were wishing to see Jerry Blossom—and now he's here, you want to quarrel.

O'Daisy. Oh, blarney ! didn't you tell me your brother was born in Scotland ?

Jerry. Well ! and she told nought but the truth. I was born in Scotland ; but I saw day-light first in England, for all that—I came into the world in a waggon.

O'Daisy. Och ! was that it ! Born in Scotland—and saw day-light in a waggon—Ha ! ha ! Give me your hands, my darlings ; depend on't, we three shall make a mighty loving couple.

Enter STIRLING and CLARA.

Stir. Don't talk to me, Clara. Mr. Cypher has the reputation of a money-getting fellow, who sticks to business. (*To O'Daisy*.) Well ! have you obey'd my orders ?

O'Daisy. I have taken the letter, your Honour.

Stir. Well, and what said he ?

O'Daisy. Not much ; but he seemed to think,

that when a man broke his word, he was a great big blackguard, and that Miss Clara was as much his wife as she was her own father's daughter—every bit; and then, said he very genteelly, I'll just go and ask—Proteus I think he call'd him—to help him to break open all the doors and windows in the house, but what he'd get his own property!

Stir. The devil he did! Zounds! I haven't seen the fellow since his father's death; and if the stripling should be grown out of my knowledge, he may get into the house before I'm aware of it. (*Seeing Jerry.*) Who's that fellow?

O'Daisy. My most beautiful brother-in-law, your Honour—*Mr. Jerry Blossom, Esq.*

Jerry. Yes, Sir! I want a place—

Stir. Zounds! I shall grow quite suspicious.

Enter Servant.

O'Daisy. Why, what do you want?

Serv. My Master.

O'Daisy. There he is. [*Exit.*]

Serv. Sir, there's a poor man wants you.

FINALE.

Jumble (without). Pity, friends, oh pity, pray,

A weary soldier (*enters*), old and wounded!

Stirling. What the devil does he say?

By treachery I'm so surrounded.

Clara and Dolly. Sad and dreary is his way—

He's a soldier poor and wounded.

Stirling. I'll hire that lout—he may assist
The schemes of Jumble to resist.

Jumble. What the devil's to be done?
I must either fight or run.
Footman. What the devil's to be done?
Jerry. He must either fight or run.
Jumble. I must either fight or run.
Stirling. I wish that fellow was departed. (*To Jumble.*) Get you gone.
Clara. He's broken-hearted.
O'Daisy. Then pity, Sir, ah, pity, pray—
Dolly. A weary soldier, old and wounded.
Stirling. Sad and dreary is his way—
By treachery I'm so surrounded.
I'll hire that lout—he may assist
The schemes of Jumble to resist.
Jumble. (as *Blossom,* having changed Dresses.) I be come all the way from the North for a place—
My name's Jerry Blossom, don't doubt me:
What I feel in my heart you may see in my face,
For I have no disguises about me.
Jerry (as *Jumble*). Pity, Sir, now pity, pray,
A weary soldier, old and wounded!
Stir. (to *Jumble*). Send that vagabond away—
By treachery I'm so surrounded,
I must guard against surprises.
Jumble. Your Honour's orders I obey (crosses to *Jer.*)
Jerry. Pity, Sir, a soldier, pray!
Omnes. Lovers come in all disguises.

[Exit Jerry on one side; the rest through the Gate, Jumble following:

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Act II.

SCENE I.

*The Lodge,**Enter O'Daisy.*

O'Daisy. Oh ! this love makes a rare bustle amongst us all—a pretty kettle of fish, indeed, as the man said, when he over-roasted a shoulder of mutton—and if old Mr. Stirling should happen to find it all out, he'd pack me off in a hurry. Well, and if he does, so much the better—I'll take a trip to neat little Ireland, the land of whisky, pretty girls, lads of wax, and mealy potatoes.

SONG—O'DAISY.

I.

Oh ! the land of sweet Erin's a land of delight,
The women can love, and the men can all fight ;
We have hearts for the girls—we have arms for our foes,
And they both are triumphant, as all the world knows.
If they talk of politeness, we beat them at that—
For when Mounseer came courting, a rival to Pat,
He cried, my dear jewel, you're quite at a stand,
So pray take a foot, just to lend you a hand.
Then let us be frisky, and tipple the whisky,
Long life to the land of dear liberty's joys ;
No country whatever has power to sever
The Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle, my boys.

II.

They talk how they live—why, its blarney and stuff;
 For a man, when he's hungry, can eat fast enough.
 Is not teaching a live man to live, all my eye?
 Let 'em come over here, and we'll teach 'em to die.
 Their frogs and soup maigre are nothing but froth,
 To our beef, and potatoes, and Scotch barley broth.
 Then what country for living as Erin so fit,
 Hospitality's home, and the birth-place of wit.
 Then let us be frisky, &c.

III.

They may talk of their wonders as long as they please—
 By St. Patrick, their swans are all nothing but geese!
 They say they can fight, but 'tis all they can say;
 For as soon as we charge—they as soon run away.
 Then, oh! may the land that grows out of the sea,
 Flourish long in prosperity, happy and free;
 For England, and Ireland, and Scotland can prove,
 They outshine them in courage, in beauty, and love.
 Then let us be frisky, &c.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*An Apartment at STIRLING's.**Enter JUMBLE and CLARA.*

Jumble. Ah! Clara, my love, here!—secure
 this paper—quick, quick.

Clara. What is it?

Jumble. A plan of escape.—An opportunity of
 speaking to you was so uncertain, I thought it
 best to write. But I must be gone, while the
 coast is clear.—Zounds! here's somebody else—
 away, away! [Exit Clara, dropping the Paper.]

Enter Mrs. HONEYMOUTH.

[*Jumble stands aside.*

Mrs. Honey. How unfortunate, that my Cousin should be so inveterate against Mr. Jumble—I declare it almost precludes the hope I had so long and fondly cherished, of one day making him my husband. Delightful thought! his manners so accomplished, his person so elegant—I am convinced that I am the only woman he intends to make his bride.

Jumble (aside). The devil! if I don't make my escape soon, instead of my running away with a woman, egad! a woman will run away with me—'Sdeath! another interruption.

Enter STIRLING.

Stir. (calling). Clara! Cousin! Oh, you are there, Coz; but where's Clara? I don't like to trust her out of my sight a moment—and as to that booby Jerry Blossom, though he has not been half an hour in the house, I dare say he'll take the fair side of the question, so I'll turn him out directly—(*seeing the paper*)—Hey! what have we here?

Jumble (aside). Confusion! the paper I gave Clara—

Stir. A letter without a seal—and I declare without a direction.

Mrs. Honey. Without a direction?

Stir. Let me see—Hey! Jerry, what do you want?

Jumble (changing his voice). I do want that paper, an'it please you, Zur!

Stir. Oh ! you want this paper, do you ? (*feeling in his pockets*). Where are my glasses ?

Jumble. Yes, Zur—I dropt 'em out of my pocket,

Stir. Out of your pocket ? I thought so—(*feeling his own pockets quicker*)—Where the plague are my spectacles—(*to Jerry*)—And pray what is it, Sir ?

Jumble. It—It—It's a paper, Zur !

Stir. A paper, is it ? ha.

Jumble. Yes, Zur ! to certify my character, Zur !

Stir. Oh ! It's your character; well, I hope it's a good one—but I've a strong suspicion that you're a great rogue, Jerry.

Jumble. Have you, by gom ?

Stir. Where the devil are my spectacles—(*in Stirling's hurry he flirts the Spectacles out of his pocket—Jumble picks them up, and taking them quickly out, returns him the case*).—Death and fury ! they are not in the case : here Coz, you read it.

[*Giving the paper to Mrs. Honeymouth.*

Jumble (aside). What the devil's to be done now ? I have it : Clara's name is not mentioned, and she will believe it is intended for herself—(*to Stirling*)—Zur ! I ha' found your spectacles—(*Aside to Mrs. Honeymouth*)—It's from Mr. Jumble—they must have dropped out of the case.

Stir. Oh ! then I can read it myself.

Jumble. What the devil's to be done now ?

Mrs. Honey. (*looking at the paper*). Dear me ! a prescription—how careless, to have dropp'd it ! I would not have lost it for the world.

Jumble (aside). Upon my soul I believe you (*feeling in his pockets*). Then what can become? Oh! dear, dear, I ha' lost my character!

Stir. Curse me if I think you ever had one to lose.

Mrs. Honey. (aside). Exquisite sensations—I protest this proof of his attachment quite overpowers me. [Exit.

Stir. I wish this Mr. Cypher was arrived from London: if he does but propose for Clara, all my cares and fears will be over. Hey! (*seeing Jumble looking through the key-hole*). What are you about, hey? looking for your character? get out of this house—begone, I tell you! they all connive to deceive me.

Jumble. If I deceive you, Zur, never trust me—

Stir. No, I never will trust you—I won't trust any body—I won't even trust myself. I'll keep one eye awake, while the other goes to sleep—I will—so be off—be off, I tell you.

Jumble. Your humble servant, Zur! [Exeunt.

"Enter CLARA looking for the Paper.

"Clara. "No, it is not here—where can I have drop't it? Should my father discover—I dread the thought, yet still I feel unable to resist the impulse of affection fostered as mine has been from infancy."

“SONG—CLARA.

“When first he left his native shore,
“To wander o'er the trackless main;
“Tom sigh'd to think that he no more
“His native land might see again.

" Lovin' Forlab! the friends he left were dead,
 The girl he lov'd was fair and kind,
 " And when he dropt a glisteping tear,
 'Twas shed for those he left behind,
 To go to "To fight for fame and glory."

" But in the battle's rude alarms,
 " When ev'ry danger flits around,
 " The thought of them his bosom warms,
 " And foremost in the fight he's found:
 " No sighs, no tears, can then molest,
 " For love with friendship thus combin'd,
 " Still cheers a gallant seaman's breast,
 " Still animates a Briton's mind,
 " To fight for fame and glory."

[Exit CLARA.

SCENE III.

At JUMBLE'S.

Enter QUILL.

Quill. Bless my soul!—I wonder what Mr. Jumble will do next—he has just refused to insert a paragraph, because, he says, 'tis false and scandalous—I wonder where he'll find readers; if he prints nothing but truth and morality—(a crash)—What the deuce is that?

Cypher (without). That's it—that's right—
 (Enters with Jerry Blossom, carrying a large
 Bundle of Papers)—that's prime!—that's bang up!

Jerry. Yes, but just now you came hang down.

Cypher. Never mind—it's prime.

Jerry. Why! be it, tho'?

Cypher. To be sure, if I hadn't turned the leader neatly over the old woman—I should have dash'd neck and crop into the china shop—*(to Quill)*—Here, help me off with my Benjamin—I say, do you know whereabouts a man of the name of Jumble lives in this town?

Quill. Yes! in this house.

Cypher. No!

Quill. Yes!

Cypher. That's lucky—*(to Jerry)*—Set down that infernal load, it belongs to him—*(to Quill)*—Pray, Sir! who are you?

Quill. Who am I? I'll tell you what, young fellow, I shou'dn't wonder if you were to be discharged for this flourish—

Cypher. Discharged!

Jerry. Aye—and if you call driving over posts and old women prime, hang me if I think you'll ever get another place. So you'd better make the best of a bad matter, and help your fellow servant to set tackle in order again—there be one o'th sharps broke all to shivers, and as you be coachman, you know—

Cypher. Discharged! and fellow servant! Why spoonies—sawnies—clods, have you the superlative ignorance and impudence to mistake Richard Cypher, Esq. Attorney and Solicitor, for a Servant?

Jerry. To be sure. Didn't you sit cheek by jowl, and take all the trouble, while he sat at his ease, and chatter'd to you as if you were his groom?

Cypher. What the devil then! — do you suppose I let my coachman drive me?

Quill. If not, why did you hire him?

Cypher. Hey! that's a poser, a proper setter—d—n me if I know, though I've studied the law.

Jerry. I'll tell you what, my lad, though we be country folks, we're not to be hum'd. Fine London gentlemen don't demean themselves to do servant's work; or if they do take a bit of a drive now and then for pleasure or exercise, like— you won't make us believe they clap on a livery like that to do it in.

Cypher. A livery! Confusion and consternation! A livery!—the honourable Uniform of the “Neck or Nothing.” A livery! Have I left the practice of the Courts to practise driving, and after unwearied attention, to become a prime whip, instead of a prime lawyer—only arrived at the honourable distinction of being mistaken for a coachman.

Jerry. Why, be'ant you, tho'?

Cypher. Be'ant I, spooney?

Quill. Sir, I beg pardon. I see the error, and hope you'll forgive it; but when gentlemen associate with their servants, talk like their servants, do their servant's work, and dress like their servants; they ought not to be offended at a stranger's not knowing the master from the man.

[*Exit.*

Cypher (aside). That fellow's Prime!—he must have studied the law.

Jerry. Well, Zur, and if you ha' studied the law, 'tis my fancy you can drive a better trade at that any time, I assure you, Zur; for I never saw any body drive worse—never: I don't flatter, Zur.

Cypher. No, d—me if you do (*aside*). Primely I should be rated, if this were known at the Club. Ignorant sawney! drive bad indeed! Let me tell you, sirrah, I'm prime—I am one of the best whips in town.

Jerry. Ha! very likely—but you be the worst in the country, for all that.

Cypher. Who the devil made you a judge, Johnny Raw. I've had a complete education—gone through all the gradations of buggy, gig, and dog-cart, tandem, curricle, unicorn, and four-in-hand—neglected nothing—dash'd at every thing—pegg'd at a jervy—tool'd a mail-coach—and now having attained the credit of being bang up, have met the reward of all my labours, by being elected Member of a Society who are famous for having repeatedly saved their necks by sheer management and dexterity.

Jerry. Yes—I know you said you were a lawyer, ha, ha—

[*Exit.*]

Cypher. Hey! What dy'e mean by that, you rhinoceros, you—come, be off—ya hip!

Enter JUMBLE.

Jumble. Still unfortunate! Still doom'd to disappointment!—Had not Clara dropt the paper, all might have been well. To see her again is impossible, Stirling's suspicions are so awake; and were I to send, Rourke would make some infernal blunder. Oh, there are the papers—the Attorney, I know, was a man of the name of Cypher—(*sees Cypher*) that's his servant, I suppose.

[*Cypher comes down the Stage with the Papers.*

Cypher. Mr. Jumble—Sir, I was desired by my employer to drop this parcel—

Jumble (aside). Employer

Cypher. They are papers, Sir, which belonged to the late Rev. Mr. Jumble, your father—

Jumble. Returned to me, I presume, by desire of Mr. Stirling—your master, I believe, had the care of them—

Cypher. My master! (*aside*) Oh, he means old Latitat, whom I succeeded. Yes, Sir, they were rather a bore to be sure, as I intended bringing a brace of pointers in the dog-cart, to amuse myself while staying at the Cottage.

Jumble (*aside*). A brace of pointers!—these London servants are more independent than their masters.—This is a pleasant sort of life you lead, friend.

Cypher. Friend! that's a rum name for a lawyer! Why yes, Sir—I can't say but I've come it pretty strong since I first handled the ribbands—I'm prime—like to make a splash—always bang up, except when I made a small mistake once in the Old Bailey—happen'd to take the wrong side—tho' I was but a green-horn then—a sort of first offence.

Jumble. For which, I suppose, you ought to have been turn'd off.

Cypher. Turn'd off! (*aside*) D—n the fellow, he surely does not mean to insinuate I ought to have been scragg'd. No, Sir—no not quite so bad as that.

Jumble. Pray, Sir, are you going to the Cottage?

Cypher. Bang, slap—right an end.

Jumble. Will you convey a letter for me?—I know what is usual on these occasions—here's a crown.

Cypher (*significantly*). Six and eight-pence—

a letter's always six and eight-pence, Sir—I see you haven't studied the law.

Jumble (aside). Mercenary rascal!—but there's not a moment to be lost. Well, Sir, here's your demand, and half a crown for the trouble you have had—

Cypher. Half-a-crown!

Jumble. Here, take it, and let me see Mr. Cypher as soon as possible—

Cypher. Cypher! here's a proper cross and jostle! Why, zounds! you have mistaken plaintiff for defendant—I am Mr. Cypher—

Jumble. The devil!

Cypher. No—not the devil—Richard Cypher, Esq. Attorney and Solicitor; and if you'll take my word, an honest man.

Jumble. Sir, you give yourself an excellent character.

Cypher. Sir, I'm obliged—nobody else will; but let me tell you, the temptations to drive the wrong side the road, are so many in my profession, that an honest lawyer is a good as well as a great character;—and I really think there are more of that description than the world in general are willing to believe.

Jumble. Those papers have been examined, I presume?

Cypher. Not by me—I had not time.

Jumble. Had not time?

Cypher. No; I remember they were sent to old Latitat: he was head man—I only managing clerk—afraid to flash, I wasn't bang up then—demure as a judge—grave as an undertaker—long face—black coat, and all that—he desired me to look over them—so I overlook'd them.

Jumble. Well, Sir.

Cypher. Well, Sir ! Old Stirling, upon the strength of my character as a steady fellow with ten thousand pounds, invites me down to the Cottage—I take the hint—mum ! he has a daughter—

Jumble (aside). Distraction !

Cypher. Beautiful as an angel—all roses, lilies, thorough bred—no gum—prime in all her points.

Jumble (aside). Coxcomb !—Hear me, Sir ! the lady you mention is my affianced wife.

Cypher. Oh, Lord ! crim. con.!—Say no more. My dear Sir, don't be alarmed ; I've studied the law, and matrimony is out of my line of business—besides, when I was no longer managing clerk, I was no longer a steady fellow, with ten thousand pounds.

Jumble. No ?

Cypher. No ; I managed to get rid of them altogether ; therefore am not the man for old Stirling ; and to shew you that I understand my profession, I'll assist you to make your match. I'll get out of a scrape myself, and get other people into one. If that isn't being a clever lawyer, the devil's in it.

Jumble. My dear Sir, how shall I thank you ?

Cypher. Say nothing ; leave all to me : you shall slipon my lilly-shallow and upper toggery, go to the Cottage in my name, tip the old one a rattle—astonish his weak nerves—talk of every thing that means nothing—swagger—look big—and all that—and if you can but get the girl into my tandem, I defy John Doe and Richard Roe themselves to overtake us ; so instead of making you happy by separation, egad ! I'll make you miserable by bringing you together, and thus prove to the world that Richard Cypher, Esq. Attorney and Solicitor, is a

good and a great man, because he's an honest lawyer—that's the way to do the thing properly. (*Exit Jumble*). Curse 'em, they all seem to have studied the law here; but I pity and excuse it—how can one expect any thing prime but in London.

SONG—CYPHER.

I.

With spirits gay I mount the box, the tits up to their traces,
My elbows squar'd, my wrist turn'd down, dash off to Epsom
races,
With Buxton bit, bridoon so trim, three chesnuts and a grey,
Well coupled up my leaders then, ye hip! we bowl away;
Some push along with four in hand, while others drive at ran-
dom,
In whisky, buggy, gig, or dog-cart, curricles, or tandem.

(*Speaks.*) I say, Bill, what have ye put this short collar on the wheeler, for he's almost choaked
—where are you coming to, you Johnny Raw? Why don't you keep your own side of the road
—hold off a bit. Where are you running to? You'll break my bars—you be d—d, who made
you a coachman?—You hold off yourself, or I'll
lay that fine coat of yours in the gutter.—Will
you? why then—

Some push along, &c.

II.

Prime of life to go it, where's a place like London?
Four in hand to-day, the next you may be undone;
Where belles as well as beaux, to get the whip-hand strive,
And Mrs. Snip, the tailor's wife, can teach her spouse to drive.
So Jacky Snip, his wife and all, to Dobbin's back are strapt on,
In one horse-chay to spend the day, with neighbour Stich at
Clapton.

HIT OR MISS,

(Speaks). I think next Sunday, says Mrs. Snip, we'll clap Dobbin into our chay, and take a drive to Hornsey—Shall I go too, mother? Yes, my love.—Now, Mr. Snip, don't smell of the shop to-day—Cold morning, Sir—Yes, sharp as a needle.—I say, honey, who taught you to drive? You ought to hold the reins in both hands, and the whip in the other, and that's the way—

Some push along, &c.

III

Thus 'tis with all who in London are thriving,
Both high life and low life, at something are driving,
A peer and a prentice now dress so much the same,
You cannot tell the diff'rence, excepting by the name,
On Epsom Downs says Billy, sounds! that cannot be Lord
Jacky,
Egad, but now I see it is—I took him for his lacquey.

(Speaks). That's prime—white corduroys—pearl buttons—beat the Bristol mail.—D—n this pavement, it jolts like a baker's cart.—You graceless rogue, you have upset my wheelbarrow.—Hollo, gate! Don't keep us waiting all night—my leaders are all on the fret—This here man han't paid the toll—How can you say so—No. 281—that won't do—I have been thro'—F—that won't do, the letter's O—why then help yourself—all right—why then—

Some push along. &c.

SCENE IV.

The Lodge.

Enter DOLLY.

Dolly. So, Miss Clara has seen her lover in spite of 'em—ha, and she'll see him again too.

A MUSICAL FARCE.

33

It's very hard, so it is, that young ladies like us should be kept locked up in this way : but he'll be with her again when she least expects it.

SONG—DOLLY.

I.

“ Beneath a tower a pilgrim stray'd,
“ Where sigh'd forlorn a lovely maid,
“ Her eye was wet, her cheek was pale,
“ Her hair wav'd wildly in the gale,
“ And still she cried,
“ (Ah ! hapless bride),
“ Oh ! brave Sir Eglamore.

II.

“ He bow'd then to the lady low,
“ Sweet maid, what makes thy tears to-flow ?
“ Oh, pilgrim, on the battle plain,
“ My Lord,—my own true knight was slain,
“ And still I've sigh'd,
“ (Ah ! hapless bride),
“ Oh ! brave Sir Eglamore.

III.

“ The pilgrim threw aside his vest,
“ He clasp'd the maiden to his breast ;
“ My love, thou still art true to me,
“ And I still live for love and thee !
“ The vassals sung,
“ The castle rung,
“ Oh ! brave Sir Eglamore.”

Enter O'Daisy.

O'Daisy. So, so, so Mr. Stirling, these are your ways, are they ? and I have been the gentleman-porter to such a spaldeen, without——

Dolly. What's the matter, Rourke ?

O'Daisy. He ordered me to turn the young man out of the house !

F

Dolly. Ah, but he didn't know him.

O'Daisy. No matter for that. I told him if he did not know how to behave like a gentleman, I'd teach him manners myself. So then he began to argufy the business—ya hoo! said I to myself, very softly, I can bother you there.

Dolly. But where was Mr. Jumble?

O'Daisy. Oh, he was jumbled down stairs before that.

Dolly. But Rourke, if it should be found out—the old man will never forgive us.

O'Daisy (*snapping his fingers*). That for the old man. By the powers, I believe he wants a pint pot to hold a quart, or he would not be after telling his daughter to hate a man in a minute, that she has loved all the days of her life.

Dolly. Ah ! I'm afraid they'll never be married.

O'Daisy. Never be married ! That was the cry before you were Mrs. O'Daisy, Och ! we shall never come together my jewel, says you—Arrah ! be aisy my darling, says I—and a'nt we here as clean as a couple of well-wash'd mealy potatoes ?

Dolly. But my master will keep poor Miss Clara lock'd up till this Lawyer comes from London—and then we shall be discharg'd.

O'Daisy. So much the better.

Enter JERRY in haste.

Jerry. Lord ! Lord ! how I ha' run surely.

Dolly. Why, Jerry, what's the matter ?

O'Daisy. What the devil, are the enemy come ?

Jerry. Noa ! that wouldn't make people run—but the Lawyer be come.

O'Daisy. Whew ! Then we're all baked.

Jerry. I declare, I be quite in a flustration ;
but bless your heart—a' don't look a bit like a
Lawyer.

O'Daisy. { No !
Dolly. }

Jerry. Noa ! he ha' gotten a white hat, turn'd
up wi' green, and a long whip that he do keep
flourishing over his head.

O'Daisy. Perhaps he has been used to have a
whip flourishing over his head and his shoulders
—beside—

Jerry. Yes, he said he was the best coachman
in all London City, and then he swagger'd and
swore he was a gentleman, and such like, and
that he was primed and bang'd up.

Dolly. And how's that ?

O'Daisy. Oh ! never you mind that—to be sure
he'd make you believe that black was the white
of your eye.

Jerry. But for all that, when I mistak'd him
for a coachman, he look'd so sheepish, like—

O'Daisy. Aye, aye !—A wolf in sheep's cloth-
ing ; but never mind that—we don't value him a
button.

Jerry. I fancy you will, though, when you do
zee him : he has get a rare parcel on'em all down
his coat, shining like so many crown pieces.

Dolly. Well, but Jerry, is he coming here ?

O'Daisy. Aye, let's hear.

Jerry. Well, then, this be the rights on't (as
Mr. Quill told me)—Lawyer Cypher and Mr.
Jumble had some confabulation about Miss Clara
—and so they got a squabbling, like—

O'Daisy. Aye—Aye ! Natural enough.

Jerry. Yes—and Mr. Quill did think summat

serious ware going to happen ; but instead of that they march'd off together quite peaceably.

O'Daisy. Oh ! Oh ! I smell powder.

Dolly. Oh ! I'm so glad.

O'Daisy. Glad, are you ? Then let me tell you, 'Mrs. O'Daisy, that when two men quarrel, and after that walk off together peaceably, its a sure sign they'd be after cutting one another's throats—though they can't well do that without fire-arms neither. (*Aside.*) I've as neat a pair of pops hanging up in the lodge, as any gentleman would desire to be shot with ; but my darling here must not smoke the business, or egad she'll spoil sport.

Jerry. I'm woundily afraid we shall get the worst on't after all, there be so many against us.

O'Daisy. D—n the numbers that are against us, I say. Step into the lodge a bit, and leave me alone to manage 'em. You are a Scotchman, you know ; I am an Irishman ; and Dolly there is an Englishman ; and take my word for't, that when we have a friend in need, we always stick by them to the last, and sink or swim together. Ha, ha ! there they go, brother and sister—a tom-tit and a dumpling.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE LAST.

An Apartment in STIRLING's House.

Enter Mrs. HONEYMOUTH with the Paper, dressed in a Riding Habit.

Mrs. Honey. The awful moment is at hand ; but how to contrive the signal, I know not. Let me read again. (*Reads.*) "At the appointed

" hour warble a few notes from the bow-window
 " nearest the road, by way of signal, and imme-
 " diately proceed to the lodge gate, where a light
 " open carriage shall be in readiness to conduct
 " you to the arms of your adoring Janus Juuble."

Warble a few notes ! why I never warbled in all my life. How unfortunate !

[*Stirling heard without.*

Stir. Come this way, Clara—I insist on your obedience.

Mrs. Honey. Mr. Stirling's voice ! My agitation, and this dress, will excite suspicions that—

Enter STIRLING, leading CLARA.

Stir. Come, come, I'll not trust you anywhere but under lock and key, so into that room you go.

Mrs. Honey. (aside). I declare 'tis the very room with the bow-window, mentioned in the paper.

Clara (aside). What will become of me ! This, perhaps, may be the very hour my lover appointed for my escape.

Mrs. Honey. (aside). A lucky thought ! I'll persuade Clara to sing.—My sweet Clara, the time will soon pass : your harp and piano-forte are in that room, and you can practise your favourite song.

Stir. Aye, Clara, do. "The bird in yonder cage confin'd"—aye, aye, a pretty song.

Clara (aside). 'Tis in vain to resist. I'll endeavour to find some air, with words applicable to my situation ; and should my dear Janus be near, he will understand it. [Exit into the room.

Mrs. Honey. And pray practise your song, my dear—'twill keep up your spirits.

Stir. Bless me, Cousin, you seem very fond of harmony all of a sudden!—(*Aside*).—It's a very long while since she was so before.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a person down stairs insists on seeing you immediately.

Stir. What? is he arriv'd? I'm glad on't—terribly fatigued with his journey, I suppose—these quiet fellows can't bear much exercise.

Jumble (without). Stand out of the way, you d—d rascal—how dare you keep a gentleman waiting!—(*Enters*).—Ah, my dear Sir! how do you do? how are you?—(*Exit Servant*).—Well, Sir, I received your letter, and set off immediately on the wings of impatience.

Stir. Then I suppose you lamed one of your pinions by the way, or you would have been here much sooner.

Jumble. Only a slight accident—run over an old woman—that's all.—But, however, every thing's safe, except the shaft of my dog-cart.

Stir. Of your what?

Jumble. My dog-cart—happen'd to crash him in the town here, opposite Jumble's—a demure, solemn plod, hey?—a great puppy, hey?

Stir. I begin to suspect the puppy must ha' come out of the dog-cart.

Mrs. Honey. (aside). I shall expire with impatience and anxiety.

Jumble. By-the-bye, I left those papers you desired I'd bring for him.—But where's your daughter, my fine fellow?—(*Seeing Mrs. Honey-mouth*).—Fiends and spectres, my evil genius!—Madam, your most obsequious—(*bowing familiarly*).

Stir. A quiet steady fellow, indeed!—curse me if I ever saw such consummate impudence!

(CLARA sings in the Room.)

In vain I sigh, in vain I weep;
My prison's high, the walls are steep,
The castle's moat is broad and deep—
I cannot fly to thee, my love.

Stir. Ah! there's Clara practising her song.
Jumble (aside). Confin'd!—I understand—
(looking at Mrs. Honeymouth)—Oh, d—n it, so does she, by all that's infernal!

Mrs. Honey. (agitated, and moving off). I!—
Oh! I shall be with you again soon, Cousin.

[Exit.]

Stir. There's something very odd about my amiable Cousin to-night—I should almost suspect she was going to elope, were it possible any one could be such a fool as to run away with her.

Jumble (aside). O yes, she's off—and my friend Cypher, instead of beholding an angel, as I've taught him to expect, will be electrified by a Gorgon.

Stir. But tell me, Mr. Cypher, I hope you read those papers before you gave them to young Jumble?

Jumble. No such thing—look at me—do you think I should be the man I am, if I ever read?

[Turning round.]

Stir. What! then you attend to business in a different department—write, instead of read, hey?—drive the quill?

Jumble. Me drive the quill! d—n the quill—I drive a gig!—Nobody reads now—study's extinct—sport's the word—rattle the dice—drive

your own carriages—ride your own matches—never write but in registering a bet, and never read but in the Racing Calendar—then you'll be prime!—bang up! Johnny Raw.

Stir. (aside). Johnny Raw! I'm in a raging fever—marry my Clara, indeed!—I'd sooner she should lead apes, than marry such a fellow as this!

Enter O'Daisy, with a Brace of Pistols and Parchments.

O'Daisy. A pretty wildgoose chase I have had of it—Here have I been hunting for that Lawyer, with the marking-irons all ready, and d—n the bit can I find him.

Stir. Why! Rourke, who sent for you?

O'Daisy (seeing Jumble). Ha! ha! have I caught you at last!—*(Aside)*—To be sure I never saw him before; but I recollect him perfectly well, for all that. Didn't my loving brother-in-law tell me all about the buttons? And faith, they are neat marks to shoot at enough.

Stir. What the devil are you doing with pistols?

O'Daisy. Your Honcur must know that suspecting Mr. Jumble had a small matter to settle in this way, I thought I might as well do the business myself; therefore, Sir, as I have found you at last, give me leave to—ha! *(looking at Jumble)*.

Jumble. 'Sdeath, I shall be discovered—*(turns away)*.

O'Daisy. O don't be turning away your face—if it's your own you needn't be ashamed of it.

Stir. What the devil's all this?

Jumble. I must brazen it out.—Well, what's

your business with me ? you never saw me before,
you clod.

O'Daisy (looking at him). Sure it must be—
no—yes—I'm bother'd—by the powers, they have
mix'd themselves all up together, and d—n the
one can I tell from the other of 'em, so I must
shoot this fellow just to prevent mistakes.

Enter CYPHER.

Cypher. Ya ! ya ! ya hip dash along—this is
prime—ah ! Jumble we're beat—it's all up.

Stir. Jumble—did he say ? Why, what the
devil—

O'Daisy. Oh ! hubbubboo, hubbubboo.

Cypher. Mr. Stirling, Sir, my name is Richard
Cypher, Esq. Attorney and Solicitor, and al-
though I am not exactly the man you expected—
I'm bang up to the mark, notwithstanding—
Prime, one of the first going,—therefore hope to
be accepted as a friend, though not a relation.

Stir. A relation, ha ! ha ! I always said 'twas
in vain attempting to deceive me.

Jumble. I hope you'll ge—poor Jerry Blossom
a good character, Sir.

Stir. Jerry Blossom !

O'Daisy. Och !

Stir. I was going to relent, but now I'll have
no pity.

Jumble (singing and imitating).—“ Pity, Sir,
ah, pity pray, a weary Soldier old and wounded.”

Stir. And the old Soldier too ?

O'Daisy. Och ! you've been finely bamboozled !

Mrs. Honey. (without). Where is the wretch ?

Cypher. Ecod, here she is, (*Enter Mrs. Honey.*)

—there's a go for you, isn't that bang up, isn't that prime?—I'm the boy to splash.

Mrs. Honey. Splash indeed, brute.

Stir. Why Cousin, you have left the harmonious Nightingales, ha!

O'Daisy. More like the mudlarks, your Honour,—but birds of a feather—

Mrs. Honey. But Mr. Jumble shall account with you, Sir.

Jumble. Not I, Madam, I resign all pretensions to that gentleman.

Cypher. It's no go, Jumble—I'm not to be had—can't stand the curb.

Mrs. Honey. Reptile! I am now more convinced than ever, that your whole race are base, perfidions and deceitful; and from my very heart I detest and execrate you and all mankind.—Out of the way, savage. [Exit, pushing O'Daisy.

Stir. But explain.

Cypher. That's soon done—I heard the signal, saw the lady—said nothing—handed her in—sigh'd and groan'd—every thing right, but no lamps of course—dark as the devil—dash'd along—deep rut—crack went a felly—down we came.

Stir. Pray stop one moment (*bringing Clara from the room, and giving her to Jumble*)—there, take her, and be happy.

Cypher. That's it—that's right—that's prime.

Enter DOLLY and JERRY BLOSSOM.

O'Daisy. Ha! here's my t'other half come to help me make one amongst you.

Dolly. Why Rourke—have you given the parcel?

O'Daisy. O, murder!—(*taking the Parchment*

A MUSICAL FARCE.

49

from his Pocket)—you must know, that when I was at Mr. Jumble's, I caught up this bundle of paper to load the bull-dogs with—Oh ! be aisy, says Mr. Quill, that's parchment—and what's better to shoot a lawyer with than parchment said I —Oh ! but says he, its worth a thousand a year of any man's money—and it belongs to Mr. Jumble, —then by the powers, said I, I'll have the pleasure of giving it myself.

Cypher. Oh ! I'll swear to the papers, though I never read them.

Jumble. Indeed ! then with my beloved Clara, and this independence, I begin the world anew.

In love I've *Hit* my mark—Success I claim,
Should we fail here—We *Miss* indeed our aim.

FINALE.

Now all our cares are ended,
We bid adieu to sorrow,
And if by you befriended,
We fear not for the morrow.

THE END..

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BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

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TEMPLE-BAR;
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1810.

[Price Two Shillings.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ground-work on which I have constructed this Piece, is to be found amongst the Simple Tales of Mrs. Opie, whose productions I have often perused with infinite delight—charmed as much by the elegance of her writing, as the beautiful and pathetic manner by which she excites a most extraordinary degree of interest.

“Love and Duty” is the tale alluded to; but in dramatising the subject, so many alterations were necessary, that I fear its Fair Authoress will be but little obliged by this acknowledgment. Yet should it induce those to search for the original, who as yet have seen but its chequered shadow, I am convinced they will excuse the ambition which tempted me to pluck one flower from a wreath which she has so successfully gathered, and which cannot fade till morality, good sense, and unadulterated taste—with which her works are replete—shall be no more.

To the Performers I am greatly indebted, for their exertions in the representation; and beg they will accept my best acknowledgments.

I. P.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count D'Essars	Mr. PENSON.
Héni	Mr. J. SMITH,
Erigon	Mr. FISHER.
Geraldo	Mr. RAYMOND.
Carlo	Mr. DOWTON.
Jaques	Mr. KNIGHT.
Julia	Miss E. BOLTON.
Brunette	Miss KELLY.

Villagers, &c. &c.

SCENE—Between Biançon and Modena, in the Alps.

TWENTY YEARS AGO!

Act I.

SCENE I.

A Wood, with a Cottage on one side the Stage. Carlo is seen leading Julia, who appears exhausted.

(Music).

Car. Cheerly, cheerly, lady ! so at last we are arrived at a couple of square yards of even ground ! — Bless my soul, I can't think how I could miss the way.

Jul. Are we near the track ? I am very faint.

Car. Don't faint yet,—we must be near the road now ; if so, 'tis but a short league to Modena.

Jul. A league ! I shall never reach it.

Car. Rest awhile at the foot of this tree ; you'll be better quickly.—Mercy on us, I wish the moon would shine forth again, and light us out of this labyrinth. Well may they talk of her inconstancy, for like most other shining beauties, she only veils herself to mislead those who are fools enough to trust her. Odso ! here is the cottage of Old Geraldo, whose story I was telling when we miss'd the path.

Jul. Is there some hope ?

Car. Very little, I'm afraid.—You could not expect much, from the character I gave you of him : tho' naturally humane, they say he's as surly

as a house-dog, and has as great an antipathy to strangers.

Jul. There is no other resource.—Knock at the door—should he refuse admittance, I must even terminate my journey here.

Car. I am almost afraid to rouse him.

Jul. Knock, I say!

Car. I shall, Lady—(*knocks at the door*)—'tis now, I fear our only chance—(*aside*).

Ger. (*within*). Who knocks?

Car. Oh Lord! there he is—his deep ton'd voice makes me shiver more than all the night air we have endur'd. (*Here the moon emerges from a cloud, and Brunelte appears at the window*—*Geraldo sings within*).

QUARTETTO.

Julia. From early dawn to setting sun,
I've travell'd o'er the mountains dreary ;
Nor yet is my sad journey done,
And I am faint, and sick, and weary.

Geraldo. Who knocks at this dull hour of night ?
Who at Geraldo's gate doth stay ?

The moon's cold beam that glitters bright,
Will serve to light you on your way.

Carlo. 'Tis not the way to move his pity,
By craving mercy in a ditty.

Julia. Ah ! do not, like the thoughtless great,
From charity thus turn your ear ;
Nor shut 'gainst misery your gate,
But wipe from sorrow's cheek the tear.

Geraldo. Away ! begone !

Carlo. ————— our chance is o'er,
We'd better quit his rusty door ;
I told you to a stranger's cringes,
It always creak'd upon its hinges.

Julia. Be silent fool !

Carlo. ————— I've done ! I've done !

Julia. In pity listen to my moan—

Geraldo. Begone ! begone !

Carlo. ————— I've done ! I've done !

TWENTY YEARS AGO! ♪

Car. I thought so; I knew we should not be able to unkennel him. What in the world will become of us!

Jul. Truce, Sirrah! I blame myself alone for my credulity: you said you knew the path-way blindfold, and promised faithfully to show it. The recollection of my misplaced confidence stings me more than—

Car. Be not angry, Madam. I am stung to the quick myself—there's not a bramble in the whole forest, but has had a scratch at me; but I had rather be goaded by them than by your displeasure.

Jul. I fear you.

Car. Fear nothing, Madam! though but a poor guide, I am trusty; and I swear to support and protect my charge, while I have vigour in my arm, or a leg to stand on.

Ger. (*coming from the Cottage*). Who is it at such an hour disturbs Geraldo's solitude?

Car. Misfortune!

Ger. Right; it has indeed these twenty years—what is it you want?

Car. Relief!

Ger. Such as I can offer, you are welcome to. Begone! (*Gives money*).

Car. Pshaw—money!

Ger. Yes! is not that sufficient?

Car. No!

Ger. How!

Car. 'Tis useless—money to a couple of travellers starving in a wood, is like a prize in the lottery to a man condemn'd to be hang'd.

Ger. Away, trifler! that path leads to the next village. 'Tis a clear night—you cannot miss the way.

Car. 'Tis true, the moon has come out, and cheer'd us with some rays of hope, and so have

you—presently you'll both go in again, and leave us, as you found us, in dirt and darkness, like a couple of moles.

Ger. Who is your companion?

Car. You fair lady, whom your tenderness has so overcome, that she cannot find words to express her thanks.

Ger. A woman too!

Car. Yes, it's a woman, but you need not alarm yourself—she'll not eat you. Now if he does not relent, we may chance to end our adventures like the poor babes in the wood. (*aside*).

Ger. Lean on my arm, young Lady—come, let me support you—you tremble—you are exhausted!

Jul. I am, indeed—

Ger. Whatever comfort my lowly habitation can afford, is freely yours.

Jul. Thank you, bless you!

Ger. Yet, your situation is peculiar for one so young and beautiful—who are your parents?

Jul. Oh! spare me, spare me! I have no parents!

Ger. An orphan too! an outcast! and I, monster-like, have shut my doors against you!—come in, come in—never be it said, Geraldo's heart,—hardened though it be by treachery and misfortune—refused the shelter of his roof to an orphan wanderer.

[*Exit with Julia into the Cottage.*]

Car. Well, upon my soul that's civil enough; but who's to shelter me? here's pretty treatment now, for one who has made an old man's heart glow with pleasure, by putting it in his power to do a good action. Never mind, one good turn deserves another—I'll be even with 'em—I'm turn'd out, they have turn'd in—'twill be my turn by

and bye. But its the way of the world, gratitude's extinct, there's no such thing existing in the breast of man, woman, or child—yes! they are all alike—detestable—ungrateful—ugly—ha!—*(looking at Brunette, who enters from the Cottage).*

Brun. I hope not all, Sir.

Car. There's no rule without an exception—you are pretty.

Brun. The Lady has sent you this ring, and desires you will accept it as a mark of her gratitude.

Car. Ha! gratitude! another proof that no rule's without an exception.

Brun. Yes; and old Geraldo says, he is very sorry he cannot admit you, but he has laid it down as a rule—

Car. Tell him there's no rule without an exception. Gad! I should like to be admitted, if it were only for the pleasure of passing the evening with you. Ah! you sly little wench! Can't you let me in?—but I've done—Carlo scorns to screw himself into the secrets or the house of any man. Thank your master for these grains of his goodness—'tis seed that will produce ten-fold. You must know I'm a bit of a pedlar as well as a guide, and to-morrow I shall purchase a stock of merchandize, to retail again to the lads and lasses at the merry-making. Will you be there?—there'll be a rare bustle.

Brun. I fear I shall not be able to go—the poor Lady may want some one to attend her.

Car. Pho! she's young and hale—a little rest will soon set her on her legs again—beside, there's a wedding, a dance, and the deuce knows what. Oh! you must come—perchance you may pick up a husband yourself—Ha!—'od she's a nice

girl—should like her myself ! Pretty couple, I think !

Brun. Heigho !

Car. What are you sighing for, my dear ?

Brun. You talk'd of a wedding—

Car. Oh ! oh ! (*Aside*).

Brun. I was once to have been married myself—but—

Car. But what ?

Brun. My lover deceiv'd me.

Car. Oh the villain !—how so ?

Brun. 'Tis a very long story.

Car. Oh, then tell it to-morrow.

Ger. (*within*). Brunette !

Brun. Hark ! I am called. (*Going*).

Car. Well, good bye to you ; but remember to-morrow.—(*Exit Brunette*).—Egad she is a nice girl, and deserves a good husband. I have a great mind to take compassion on her and marry, or shall I have compassion on myself and not marry. Marriage is an odd thing—a good wife is a good thing—but I'm told that's a very scarce article. To be sure, a man may live happy with a good wife ; should she prove constant, 'tis all very—but should she prove otherwise—O, Lord ! the end of that is—(*puts his finger to his forehead*)—Oh dear, that's the devil ! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Early Morning.

Enter FRIPON and HENRI, disguised as Hunters, with short Spears, Bugles, &c.

Frip. My dear Henri, I tell you, you are wrong—patience and perseverance will surmount every obstacle.

Hen. Oh! Fripon, trifle not with me thus, but assist, advise me.

Frip. Advise ye! Advice, they say, costs nothing, and therefore is oftener given willingly, than received thankfully. But I know not how to advise you. As to this Atalanta of yours—this run-away nymph—pshaw! man, never sigh about it. Be confident, and you'll be successful. The morning advances; it may dawn prosperously. Whilst I take the upper path that leads to the village, do you keep the lower road to Modena; and should you have an opportunity of obtaining intelligence, sound your bugle lustily; I'll do the same; and a few moments will bring us together; till then farewell: but remember, “*Nil desperandum;*” should be the lover's motto.

[Exit.]

Hen. Such are the arguments of friendship. Did he but love a being interesting and amiable as Julia, he would know that the heart of a lover is wither'd by disappointment, as the early flowers of spring shrink and fade before the lingering winter's blast.

SONG—HENRI.

I.

Loud was the wind, the drifting rain,
 In torrents swept the misty plain,
 When Arthur claim'd the tear of pity,
 And wildly sung his lovelorn ditty.

He heeded not the frowning storm,
 Nor felt the rain upon his breast,
 Tho' cold the wind, his heart was warm,
 For to his bosom still he press'd
 A lock of Emma's hair

II.

“ The cloudless sky, the genial ray,
 “ Once cheer'd the dawn of Arthur's day ;
 “ But now, alas ! the eve appears,
 “ Oppres'd with sighs, bedew'd with tears.
 “ Still, still my soul shall comfort know,
 “ Tho' disappointment rack my breast ;
 “ Tho' doom'd to misery and woe—”
 And then convulsively he press'd
 The lock of Emma's hair.

SCENE III.

The Interior of GERALDO'S Cottage.

Enter GERALDO.

Ger. 'Tis strange, and yet to disbelief her,
 should her talè be true, were tenfold cruelty. No
 friends—a wanderer from home—at such a time
 of night too—what to think, or how to act, I
 know not. She wishes concealment—conceal-
 ment is mystery, and mystery implies a sense of
 impropriety—it seldom walks hand in hand

with innocence. Still there is a native air of truth about her, that seems to scorn evasion and deceit: My heart leans to her, 'spite of my judgment; and come what may, I must be satisfied—

Enter BRUNETTE.

—So—what says the guide?

Brun. He thanks you for your bounty, Sir, and says it will buy him wares and toys, to sell again to-morrow at the Village Festival. A young couple are to be married to-morrow. The bride is Rosetta, daughter of Goloti, the farmer in the valley—he that's so rich.

Ger. (musing). Poor girl!

Brun. Sir! why, indeed, it is a serious change for a simple girl, who has been always used—

Ger. To wander from her home (*still musing*).

Brun. No, Sir, to live quietly at home—but they say she'll be very happy.

Ger. Still I suspect her.

Brun. Suspect her, Sir!—of what?

Ger. Of quitting her father's house (*sternly*).

Brun. Impossible!

Ger. Bring me a chair—So—my curiosity ~~must~~ be satisfied—it *shall* be satisfied; the motive is laudable, and I will not resist it. *Brunette!*

Brun. Sir!

Ger. Tell the Lady that I attend her leisure for a few words.

Brun. Yes, Sir. (*Going*).

Ger. Stay—Did the guide wish to discover—I mean, was he angry at not being admitted?

Brun. Oh dear! no—he said he scorn'd to pry into the secrets of any one.

Ger. Did he so?—(rises)—He has taught me a lesson. Dreading discovery myself, I was about to worm the secret from another, on which, like mine, her very life may depend. (*Aside*).

Ger. Hush!

Jul. (*sings within*).—

Alone, on life's rough wave I'm tost,
Alone I droop beneath the willow;
There think what bliss to me is lost,

Enters.

And make the clay-cold sod my pillow.

Ger. She must be innocent, for guilt could never so attune itself to harmony.

“*Jul.*—

“ Then why thus sing my love-lorn ditty,
“ And sigh his name in every grove;
“ Twould now, alas! be sin to pity,
“ Alas! 'twould be a crime to love.

“ *Ger.* Poor girl! thy fate must indeed be hard, if pity be denied, where to love would be a crime.” Brunette, leave us. [*Exit Brunette*.

Jul. (*seeing Geraldo*). Ah, Sir! you little think how happy you have made me.

Ger. I have been myself unfortunate; and tho' the stranger has sometimes been refused admittance here, still I have a fellow-feeling for the wretched.

Jul. My story is but short, and your kindness claims my confidence.

Ger. (*aside*). Now, then, without enquiry, I shall be satisfied.

Jul. The loss of my parents was attended with circumstances—

Jacques (without). Hilloah ! Hilloah !

Ger. Hah ! what noise ? (*Listens*).

Jacques (without). Hilloa !

Ger. Conceal yourself quickly—I must prevent intrusion.

Jacques. Hilloah !

[*Exit Geraldo*.]

(*Music expressing alarm*).

Jul. So, in this retirement I shall surely be safe from pursuit. Now will the Count D'Essars do justice to the unhappy Julia, convinced she stole not the affections of his son, to obtrude unsanctioned on his family.—Oh Henri, Henri ! shall we never meet again !

SONG—JULIA.

The stream that murmurs through the bower,
On its clear bosom shows,
Each varied shrub or simple flower
That on its margin blows.

So can fond mem'ry to my mind,
Some happiness impart,
While I my Henri's image find
Impress'd upon my heart.

[*Exit through a Door in the Hat*.

Enter GERALDO, followed by JACQUES, who is dressed in the French Postillion fashion, long Jack-boots, large Cue, small cock'd Hat, a Whip in his hand, &c.

Ger. But what are you ?

Jacques. I don't know.

Ger. How came you here?

Jacques. Why, a very worthy Gentleman brought me—I mean you.

Ger. Pshaw! answer me instantly—what brought you here?

Jacques. A mule, an obstinate beast—I don't mean you, now.

Ger. Where have you left him?

Jacques. I didn't leave him—he left me.

Ger. Where?

Jacques. In the ditch, where you found me—
he roll'd over the precipice—it was the only symptom of speed he evinced in the whole journey—
'twas a mercy the saddle-girth broke in the fall,
or I should have been as precipitate as himself.

Ger. Pshaw! no matter if you had followed him.

Jacques. I beg your pardon, it is always better to lead a good example than to follow a bad one.

Ger. Who do you serve?

Jacques. My master.

Ger. Who is your master?

Jacques. The Count D'Essars.

Ger. What! the President of Police at Paris?

Jacques. The same.

Ger. Ha! the very wretch who, unheard, condemn'd me twenty years ago; and though my rumour'd death must have silenced all suspicion, yet—should his master be with him—Do you travel alone?

Jacques. No! with the Count himself. We are come in search of a runaway, who we hear is conceal'd in these mountains.

Ger. Ha! am I then betray'd!

Jacques. Betray'd! how ill he looks. Why I never saw a man so suddenly taken—

Ger. Taken, say you! (starting).

Jaques. Why no, not taken yet; but I've a strong suspicion it won't be long first—before we shall have her.

Ger. Where is your master?

Jaques. Waiting in the shattered remains of our carriage, not an hundred yards from this place: he can't stir till I assist him, or he'll be up to his middle in mud—like a duck in a half-dry pond.

Ger. What is to be done! I should D'Essars remember me I am lost! (*aside*). I have no accommodations here for travellers.

Jaques. Pray don't make any apologies. I came forward to find some place to pass the night in—this cottage is comfortable, and we'll accommodate ourselves now that arm-chair is a very good place for me: and as for my master, he's a great man, and a great politician, and such gentlemen generally know how to get good places for themselves.

{Exit Jaques.

Ger. Is there no concealment—ha! that cloak? yet why should I avoid him? he has wrong'd me, and revenge is in my power. (*Geraldo takes down the pistols, and slips one in his breast—Music hurrying, and expressive of agitation*). I was a husband and a father—he condemn'd me unjustly—broke the heart of my wife, and with her destroyed my child—why then should I spare him who has thus heap'd misery on me? (*cocks the pistol—hesitates—at length throws it from him*) he is at my mercy—he has a wife and child. (*Geraldo wraps the cloak about him as they enter*).

D'Ess. (*without*). Jaques, attend to my commands: as soon as you can obtain assistance, let the carriage be put into the best possible repair, and procure fresh mules; that we may proceed without delay.

Jacques. Yes, your Excellency.

Enter D'ESSARS and JACQUES.

D'Ess. And d'ye hear—at the same time give the people to understand, that they have the honour to be employ'd in the service of his Excellency Count D'Essars of Paris, President of Police, &c. &c. and therefore cannot demand any recompense for their trouble—my orders must be obey'd.

Jacques. They shall, your Excellency.

[Exit Jacques.]

D'Ess. Your servant, Sir; I require the shelter of your roof for a short time—I suppose you know who I am: if not, I'll tell you—I am Count D'Essars, President of Police at Paris, &c. &c.—now you know me.

Ger. I'll brave the danger at once. May I ask, Sir, who this fugitive is whom you are in pursuit of?

D'Ess. Oh! a mad-brain'd romantic boy of mine.

Ger. Then I am secure (*aside*).

D'Ess. And a young girl.

Ger. Ha! (*aside*).

D'Ess. Whom Madam D'Essars patronized for her skill in embroidery; but when this young fellow saw her, whew! he fancied himself in love, forsooth.

Ger. And what followed?

D'Ess. Why I remonstrated, contrasted his nobility with her obscurity, forbade him to think of her any more, and told him my orders must be obey'd.

Ger. I must be further satisfied (*aside*). Had this no effect?

D'Ess. Yes—exactly the contrary to what I

intended—he told me to my face, that his actions were free, and would not be confin'd to any orders of mine! Think of that—my orders not to be obey'd! - and finish'd by swearing that nothing should deprive him of the object of his affection; as virtue alone was true nobility; and that uncorrupted purity was the brightest gem that could adorn the coronet of dignity!

Ger. Well!

D'Ess. No—it was very ill, for presently came an hypocritical note from the girl, saying she had withdrawn secretly from Paris, that my son's attachment might no longer be a source of uneasiness to her benefactress.

Ger. Generous girl! 'tis the poor wanderer they seek; but I will still protect her (*aside*). Your son—

D'Ess. Was not to be found, and I make no doubt it was all a contrivance to elope together; but I have certain intelligence he has been cantering over these unlucky mountains with that rambling rascal, his friend Fripon.—To you, I shall be indebted for a few hours' repose:—I mean to depart soon.

Ger. Blessed chance!

D'Ess. Blessed chance!—he can't surely have the insolence to mean the chance I stood of breaking my neck—why, what ails the fellow? (*looking intently at him, Geraldo betrays emotion*).

(*Here Geraldo turns towards, and looks steadfastly at D'Essars.*

D'Ess. Zounds, how he fixes his eyes upon me. Poor fellow, he's a little touch'd, odd, I perceive—they told me he was eccentric, (*touching his forehead*).—Pray, friend, how long have you been in this melancholy situation?

Ger. (aside). Surely the lapse of twenty years.

D'Ess. Twenty years!—the Devil!—then he's incurable, and it may be dangerous to stay here a moment longer—Jaques! this man should not be suffer'd to remain at liberty.

Ger. No! (Puts his hand in his bosom for the pistol).

D'Ess. Jaques, I say—why don't you obey my orders? we must have him secured immediately.

Ger. Never!

Enter JAQUES.

(Here Geraldo levels the pistol at D'Essars.

Jaques is coming forward, but seeing the pistol, retreats in great alarm behind D'Essars. At the same instant Julia comes from the door in the Hut, utters an exclamation, and retreats precipitately—music sudden and violent).

Ger. Rash girl! (aside.)

D'Ess. Ha! either my eyes deceived me, or in that room—I'll be convinced—(Advances.)

Ger. Not for your life!—stand back (again levels the pistol).

D'Ess. Hey!—ounds! what are you about? (Aside to Jaques). I hope it is not loaded.

Jaques. So do I, upon my soul.

D'Ess. I am afraid his fit is coming on.

Jaques. I wish my fit was going off.

D'Ess. Curse the fellow, he has frightened me into a fever.

Jaques. And me into an ague.

D'Ess. My good friend, I wish not to molest you—but I must examine that apartment.

Ger. At your peril be it then. (Brunette suddenly appears from the apartment, and they both stand in amaze.) Ha! this is well.

D'Ess. Amazement ! I could have sworn 'twas
the girl I was in pursuit of.

Ger. Yes, and have sworn falsely—is this just ?
Suspicion led you to believe I had conceal'd this
fugitive, this friendless orphan—grant it so :
range thro' the world, and, if you can, find an
object more deserving of protection than deserted
innocence. Away !—your jurisdiction reaches
not the shelter of my humble dwelling ; you
have forfeited the rights of hospitality, for you
have endeavoured to make me betray them—be-
gone, I say.

Jaques. So I say ; and the sooner the better—
I'm off for one. [Exit *Jaques*.

Ger. Brunette, conduct the Count the nearest
way to the village—farewell.

D'Ess. Farewell—Sirrah ! we shall meet again
to your confusion ; for tho' I am now obliged to
obey your orders, depend upon it, it will soon be
your turn to obey *mine*.

[Exit, followed by *Brunette*.

Ger. Thank Heaven ! he's gone, and knows
me not. My own situation, 'tis true, is perilous,
but he must be a wretch indeed, who, from per-
sonal timidity, would refuse to dry the tear that
falls on woman's cheek. [Exit.

(Music).

END OF ACT I.

Act II.

SCENE I.

*A View of the Mountains.**Enter JAQUES and BRUNETTE.*

Jaques. My love, my life, my lamb—

Brun. Lamb, indeed! was there ever any thing so provoking!

Jaques. No, never! you are the most provoking little creature I ever saw in my life—first, you are so provokingly pretty—then you are so provokingly cruel—how can you have the heart to be so provokingly barbarous.

Brun. I wish you would not tease me.

Jaques. Tease you!—I want to please you. Oh! I am sorely smitten. Most beautiful of mountain blossoms, thou fairest of all Brunettes, have pity on my youth. Sweet maiden, I'm in love.

Brun. In love! You!

Jaques. Me!—Yes; why not?—'tis true, I'm not an Adonis, nor a full-grown Cupid, but I am a man—a little one, to be sure—but—what there is of me is good.

Brun. I tell you I shall be too late for the wedding.

Jaques. No you won't, if you'll take me.

DUET—JAQUES, BRUNETTE.

I.

Brunette. See the rising sun-beams bright
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
I to the wedding now must go.

Jaques. If you'll take me, I'll be your beau—
Take a heart that doats on thee.
Take my hand—

Brunette. ————— Pray don't be free.
Can such a lout pretend to dance?

Jaques. Yes, to be sure, I learnt in France
To the sound of tabor—pipe, and flutes—

Brunette. But not in such dirty clumsy boots.

Jaques. When the heart's right
The heels are light—
With you I'd dance from morn till night.

Brunette. Then sing hey down derry;
We'll laugh and be merry;

For a villager's life is a life of delight.

Both. Then sing hey down, &c.

II.

Jaques. Now, tho' I'm but a little man,
To please you I'll do all I can :
Like Alexander, fam'd of old—

Brunette. You'd better not be quite so bold.
Tho' worlds he conquer'd easily,
You'll find it hard—

Jaques. ————— To conquer thes.
I'll die for thee, my dear Brunette.

Brunette. Tho' bold, you'll find I'm hard to get.
I ne'er will wed a lout like thee.

Jaques. Oh, yes ! you'll wed a lad like me.

Brunette. My heart is right,
My heels are light,

But I will not dance from morn till night.

Jaques. You'll sing hey down derry;
You'll laugh and be merry;

For a villager's life is a life of delight.
You'll sing hey down, &c.

SCENE II.

Village at a distance—Bells heard.

Enter CARLO, as a Pedlar, followed by Lads and Lasses.

Car. Come along, my bonny lasses—now's the only time to make your market. Here are looking-glasses to see your own pretty merry faces—garters, laces, and love-knots; bracelets, beads, buckles, and ballads—kings and queens in gilt gingerbread—brought them all from Paris—sell 'em cheap as dirt, and as much as they're worth too. Here's a patent padlock to secure your property—Hollo! you little thief, give me back that bundle of fish-hooks! Come buy—come buy—I've every thing you want—and this

Conjuring book, which long I have carried,
Will tell you all the day you'll be married.

Enter BRUNETTE.

Ah ! here's Brunette—I thought you'd come.
Now then let us troll a merry round, and away
to the wedding.

ROUND AND CHORUS.

Hark ! hark ! the merry bells
Ding dong ! ding dong ! dong ding !
The merry bells the wedding tells,
Then merry let us sing.
Hark ! hark !

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Ding dong! indeed,—why all this riot and confusion about nothing?

Car. Nothing! why there's a wedding! You can't expect peace and quietness when people get married. [*Exeunt Peasants, laughing.*]

Brun. Indeed! How d'ye do, Carlo?

Car. Ha! Brunette, thank you, well—hope you are the same.

Jaques. Pray, fellow, who are you?

Car. An honest man, friend—hope you are the same! want any thing in my way, shall be happy to serve—I've goods of all sorts o'the best quality, from a comb down to a shoe-knot; ballads, buckle and boddices;—knives, scissors and silk ribbons; pins, pin-cases, and pin-cushions—then I've wedding-rings and garters—by the bye, if the wedding-ring shouldn't happen to tie you up quietly, the garters will—you may depend on it—happy to supply *you* on both occasions.

Jaques. This is a sharp fellow: why friend, you are as keen as—

Car. My own razors; I know it—cut like a diamond—wish I could cut you with all my soul—who the Devil is he? (*aside to Brunette*).

Brun. A spy in search of the Lady.

Car. A spy, dam'me let's duck him—mum—I'll bamboozle him—come, my little bantam, won't you buy? Let me see your hand, I'll tell your fortune—dabble a little in that way—here's my conjuring book—I'm a philosopher—(*Carlo looks at the book, and takes Jaques's hand, who sees the ring on Carlo's finger.*)

Jaques. (*aside*). The very ring the young Count Henri gave to the little gypsy that has caused

this wildgoose chase of ours, as sure as I live—she can't be far off.

Car. (*looking at the book*). Oh ! here's the place—oh, you're a fortunate man.

Jaq. Yes, I've found the philosopher's stone ; —and by imparting the secret to my master, I have no doubt of making gold. [*Exit Jaques.*

Car. (*still at the book*).—Oh, you are a happy man—young woman very good-natured, very pretty, but very cunning—oh dear, what's this ? —honey-moon not very bright, not very long, and then—(*at this moment Fripon enters, and seeing Carlo, &c. sounds his bugle*)—A horn ! Oh Lord ! that's ominous.—Hey day ! (*missing Jaques*).

Frip. Pray good people, in your revels amongst the hills have you seen a stranger pass—a woman ?

Car. A strange woman, no ; but we have seen a very strange man—he left us but now.

Frip. A man—his appearance ? manners ?

Cor. Oh ! very bad manners—French manners—took French leave—forgot to pay—very ill-manner'd indeed. As to his appearance I know nothing, but he disappear'd like a Will o'the wisp.

Brun. And I fear with no good intention, for he look'd earnestly at your ring, and departed instantly.

Car. What, Jack-boots ? he'd better mind what he's about, or I'll ring him as they do pigs, by the nose.

Frip. As I live, 'tis Julia's ! How got you this ?

Car. Honestly.

Frip. You received it from a lady—you cannot deny it.

Car. I did.

Frip. Do you know her abode ?

Car. I do.

Frip. Tell me where she is, and this purse is thine.

Car. Or in other words, betray my benefactor for dross—Never! I wear my ring proudly, for I earn'd it honourably ; and never shall my conscience make me breathe a sigh to sully its lustre.

Frip. Take the purse, and say nothing—we are friends I find—I'll write a few lines—you shall deliver them—(*takes out pocket-book and writes*)—hem—“ Old Count—discovered your retreat—faithful Henri—friend—Fripón.”

Car. Shall we trust him ?

Brun. Hush ! he mentions the very name I have heard her repeat so often.

Frip. There, put that into your shop. Be sure you deliver it safe, and bring me the answer immediately to the village. Where the deuce is Henri ? this mountain is like a labyrinth, and should he miss his way—I'll sound my bugle—*sounds his bugle, which is answered at a distance*)—Oh, oh ! he answers—don't forget at the village.

[*Exit.*]

Car. Egad he's a queer fellow—come, this is doing pretty well—a purse full of money, and my warehouse as full as when I first open'd shop.

Brun. What haven't you sold any of these pretty things ?

Car. No, not a bodkin yet—but so much the better—I'll sell off now at prime cost, like other great tradesmén, clapping on fifty per cent. profit —going to retire from business. I'll fetch 'em one way if I can't another—then you and I will get married, and get—I mean keep a pig, and live pretty. Marry!—Gad I'm almost afraid to venture —But I dare say you and I should agree very well—you're good temper'd—so am I—we might squabble a little—but I'm sure we shouldn't fight.

A Gentleman from England, whom I was once conducting over these mountains, taught me a song, describing the quarrel of a man and his wife in London. Married people there, it seems, quarrel about such trifles as, whether they shall drink green tea or black, or eat toast or bread and butter. But they never suffer a third person to interfere—'tis a service of great danger.

SONG—CARLO.

[For the words of this Song the Author is indebted to a Friend.]

I.

Mr. Bourne and his wife
Had at breakfast a strife :
He wanted bread and butter with his tea,
Quoth she, "I rule the roast,
And I will have a plate of toast!"
So to loggerheads with him went she.

II.

There was one Mr. More
Lodg'd on the first floor,
A man very strong in the wrist—
He overheard the clutter
About toast, and bread and butter,
So he knock'd down Mr. Bourne with his fist.

III.

Says More, "Ods my life,
" You shall not beat your wife;
" It is both a sin and disgrace."
" You fool," says Mrs. Bourne,
" 'Tis no business of your'n,"
And attack'd a cup of tea in his face.

IV.

Cried poor Mr. More,
 As he sneak'd to the door,
 " I'm surely a man without brains,
 " When two married folks are flouting,
 " If a stranger pokes his snout in,
 " He's sure to get it tweak'd for his pains."

SCENE III.

*Apartment in the Cottage. A large Chair, &c.
 Window and Door, in the Hut.*

Enter D'ESSARS and JAQUES, D'ESSARS looking over JAQUES's Shoulder.
(Music expressing fear).

D'Ess. She is not here, however.

Jaques. No, but she's in the house, I'm positive.

D'Ess. Then I'm sure she's not here—for a positive man is always in the wrong. Come along, you cowardly rascal, what are you afraid of?

Jaques. Suppose we should meet him in one of his fits.

D'Ess. Heaven forbid! (*aside*). What with fatigue and fright, I'm shook to a mommy. Now, Jaques, mind you obey my orders punctually—hire a few stout fellows, d'ye hear, with nerves of iron and steel—not such chicken-hearted dogs as you are. Bless my soul! I hear him coming (*he retreats, and exit through the door*).

Ger. (without). Fear not, they'll venture here no more.

Jaques. Hey! that mad giant and the girl with him, as I'm a Christian. What, my mas-

ter gone, and I alone with that Goliah ! Oh dear, on dear, what's to become of poor little David !

Enter GERALDO and JULIA.

(Jaques retires behind the Chair, and D'Essars looks for an instant through the Window).

Ger. The guilty are ever cowards ; but should they rashly tempt their fate again, let them beware the vengeance of this arm.

D'Ess. Oh dear ! what an arm it is.

Ger. Hist ! I heard a voice—I'll make all fast ; we cannot be too secure.

(Jaques is now sitting much alarmed in the arm-chair, the back of which is towards Geraldo).

Ger. Now then listen ! (Jaques pays attention).

Jaques. I will.

Jul. Nay, some other time.

Ger. The present moment, for within an hour I must quit this place for ever.

Jaques. So will I, as soon as I can.

[*Exit to chamber.*

Ger. 'Tis now full twenty years ago since the Marquis D'Anglade was accused of a robbery on the Count De Montgomery.

Jul. I have heard the Count D'Essars mentioned the circumstance.

Ger. That Count D'Essars it was who tried the cause—he was the enemy of D'Anglade, and condemn'd an innocent man to punishment and infamy.

Jul. An innocent man !

Ger. The wretched D'Anglade was sentenced to the rack, in order that a confession of the crime might be extorted from him.

Jul. You knew him, then?

Ger. Knew him!

Jul. Pray proceed—

Ger. After his torture and disgrace, he was removed, with other convicts, to the Hospital at Marseilles.

Jul. Where, as I heard, he died in agony.

Ger. He lives in agony—I am D'Anglade!—I am that innocent man, whose honor was stained, whose limbs were lacerated, who was a husband, and a father—whose heart was broken—*(pauses)*—Forgive me! I will proceed.—In the surgeon who attended me, I recognized a friend—by his assistance I recovered, and escaped to this Cottage.

Jul. But the Marchioness?

Ger. She died in child-bed—but I wander from the point. Last night this wretch, this Count D'Essars, appear'd before me—I was agitated—alarm'd.

Jul. Did he remember you?

Ger. Oh, no—misery has there befriended me; it has so disguised my features, that he look'd on me as on a stranger.

Jul. Did he speak of me?

Ger. He did—youself and his son are the objects of his search. I promised to protect you—I will do so, but I must likewise save myself.

Jaques. So must I!

Ger. Now if you will trust in me, let us fly instantly.

Jul. Whither shall we fly?

Jaques. Whither shall I fly? *(aside).*

Ger. *(a knock).* Hah! 'tis too late—Who knocks?

Car. Carlo the guide *(without).*

Ger. But why so loud?

(Opening the Door, Carlo, Brunette, &c. advance; and Jaques takes the opportunity of making his escape at the moment).

Car. I was the wrong side o'the house; I shall be quiet enough now I have got in. There's a letter for young Madam.

Jul. Impossible!—from whom?

Car. A young man, who pop'd it into my letter-box not ten minutes ago, and was off in an instant like a sky-rocket. You may open it—the postage is paid.

Brun. He seem'd so anxious, we thought it cruel to refuse his letter; but did not tell where you were conceal'd.

Ger. That's fortunate—read, read. (*Julia having opened the Letter, holds it to Geraldo*). “We “have at last discover'd your retreat. Should “the old Count again secure you, you are lost “for ever. Confide in the honour of your faithful Henri, and sincere friend, Fripon.”—Lose not a moment—come.

D'Ess. (without). Don't talk to me—tarry you here till I return with assistance.

Car. Hey, what's that?

Ger. 'Tis the voice of D'Essars! Away, away!
[*Exeunt.*
(*Hurrying music*).

SCENE IV.

Outside of GERALDO's Cottage.

Enter JAQUES and D'ESSARS.

D'Ess. Hold your tongue, puppy—your fright has made you as mad as himself—Not what he seems, indeed!

Jaques. No, your Excellency; I tell you he is a very great man.

D'Ess. I know he is—six foot two in his stockings—what signifies that?

Jaques. I say he's a Lord!

D'Ess. A Lord! ha, ha!—why, what is all this?

Jaques. He's a Marquis, and talk'd about one Count—Count Montgomery, I think.

D'Ess. Ha! Count De Montgomery!—(aside)—this old recluse must have heard of that unfortunate decision—he knows me, too—

Jaques. Oh, he knows *you* very well—he said you were a cruel, cross-grain'd old fellow—and then he laid it on about your character, and all that, till it did my heart good to hear him.

D'Ess. Did it, stupid scoundrel!—Who can can the fellow be!—some relation, perhaps—no matter—stir not from this spot till I return, unless they leave the Cottage. I will be here anon!

[*Exit in haste.*

Jaques. Ah, you're a bad one! but as you say, your orders must be obey'd by me, or you'll order me to be hang'd, which will certainly be obey'd by somebody else.

Brun. (*from the window*). Don't go, *Jaques*.

Jaques. No—I'll be hang'd if I do.

Brun. I'll come down to you. (*Brunette leaves the window*).

Jaques. Come down to me! she's kind! she smiles upon me—Oh dear! I'm all over in a combustion, and as hot as a furnace—My love!

Enter BRUNETTE.

Brun. Is the Count gone?

Jaques. Yes, but he can't be gone far—shall I call him back? (*going*).

Brun. No! no!

Jaques. Why, what's the matter? Oh this is all right—she's in as great a twitter as I am—all over in a taking, as a body may say. Why you look as pale and as red, and—what's the matter?

Brun. Hush! you shall hear.

SONG—BRUNETTE.

A maiden there was by her guardian confin'd,
And she sighed for her lover—like me.
Her lover was handsome, and tender, and kind,
And watch'd at the door—like thee.

Jaques. Ah! but what was the use of watching—if they had placed a guard like me, you know he might have watched till doomsday.

Brun. Why so they did, as you shall hear; but it was the lover's business, you know, to elude the guard's vigilance, and get the girl safe out of the house.

Jaques. Aye, that would have been cunning enough. (*Here Carlo appears at the door.*)

Brun.

But love soon a fair opportunity found:
She cried—now no longer delay;
And in Hymen's soft fetters the maiden he bound—
For he bore her in safety away.

Jaques. Aye, but how? How did he elude the guard, you know? I want to hear that.

Brun. Have patience—only look this way, and pay attention.

(*During the foregoing, Geraldo, Julia, and Carlo escape.*)

Brun.

The Clown who was plac'd as a guard at the door,
Was assail'd by a smart pretty maid—

(*Geraldo and Julia are seen passing over an Alpine Bridge.*)

While the lovers escap'd, she so puzzled the boor,
That the poor silly man was betray'd.

(*Towards the conclusion of the Scene, Carlo returns, and escapes with Brunette.*)

Jaques. Bless me! to think of such a thing!
what a fool he must have been ! Ha, ha, ha ! so
she puzzled him while they escaped! what a sim-
pleton—hey—what, vanish'd ! elop'd ! absconded!
Zounds! the door open!—whew! (*Carlo and Bru-
nette are seen passing over the Bridge.*) Yonder
they go! What shall I do? where shall I go?
what will become of me ? Ha ! I'll follow them
—hey ! no I won't, that were rashness, not
courage ; and as the proverb says, discretion is
the better part of valour—so I'll to my master.

{*Exit.*

SCENE LAST.

Open Country.

Enter GERALDO and JULIA, in alarm.

Ger. We are every way beset—the Count and
his myrmidons are close upon us; but I will de-
fend you to the last. He is here !

Enter D'ESSARS and JAQUES.

D'Ess. So, Madam, I have caught you ; now
then expect the reward you merit, for trepanning
the heir of a noble family.

Ger. 'Tis false!

D'Ess. False! pray recollect the man you speak to.

Ger. I do. You are the Count D'Essars—I shall not soon forget you.

D'Ess. Then pray at the same time recollect, that while I am President of Police, you have no authority over this Lady—relinquish her instantly.

Ger. Never while I have strength to resist oppression (*steraly*).

Jul. Oh! do not, do not forsake me!

Ger. I have undertaken to protect her with my life; and while my arm retains its vigour, I never will desert her:

D'Ess. My arm, to be sure, is not quite so strong as yours, but it is aided by a power to which opposition will be useless; for I will never suffer the dignity of my family to be degraded by an alliance with the daughter of a criminal.

Ger. The daughter of a criminal! Suppose it were so—the innocent should never suffer for the guilty. Were it not to the hardened D'Essars I spoke, I'd tell you to be merciful—but mercy is an attribute of Heaven, and cannot harbour in a breast like thine:

D'Ess. Her very name would be a stain upon the honour of my family. I would willingly have buried the disgraceful story, for she was nobly born.

Ger. Nobly born! her name! speak!

D'Ess. D'Anglade!

Ger. D'Anglade! oh Nature! Nature! have I then been unconsciously the protector of my own daughter!—My child! my child! come to thy father's heart!

Jul. Father!

D'Ess. Is it possible!—it cannot be, yet his features—it is—it is the Marquis himself, and his

TWENTY YEARS AGO!

50

very life is again at my disposal.—Advance ! (*Soldiers rush in music violent*). Secure that man ! (*the soldiers surround Geraldo, and tear Julia from him*).

Ger. Persecuted innocent ! it is for you I feel !

Enter FRIPON and HENRI.

Hen. How ! my Julia in danger !—ruffians ! Ha ! my father here !

D'Ess. So, Sir, you are here most *apropos*, to see your father's power defied, his dignity insulted : but his complete revenge. This girl is the daughter of the criminal D'Anglade, who stands before you, once more in my power.—Away with them instantly !

Frip. (*to Henri*). Nay, cheer up, man. All may yet be well.

Enter CARLO and BRUNETTE.

Car. Well ! nothing can be better—the news has set the whole village in an uproar !

D'Ess. What mean you ?

Car. Mean, that a courier has just arrived from Paris - that the Marquis D'Anglade has been prov'd innocent—in consequence of which, the Count D'Essars is no longer President of Police, &c. &c. and consequently his orders will no longer be obey'd—there's news for you !—how do you like it ?

Ger. Can this be true !

Car. True ! read the Gazette.

Ger.—(*reads*) “ Two criminals were lately executed at Rotterdam, one of whom confess'd at the place of execution, that he committed the assassination of the Count Du Montgomery, for which the Marquis D'Anglade was condemned Twenty Years ago.”—Oh, tensfold rap-

x

tures—now will my revenge be great indeed—you are in my power, Count, and if a spark of feeling yet remains, you shall feel that keenest of all punishments—receiving good for evil—I forgive you!

D'Ess. Don't talk to me of forgiveness! —'tis all a forgery and conspiracy, and I don't believe a word of it; but if it turns out to be true, my orders shall still be obey'd—for I'll order the first fellow I meet to knock me o'the head.

[*Exit.*]

Jaques. I'm sure I'd obey those orders with a great deal of pleasure.

Car. Oh, you had better stay; we'll soon raise your spirits—the whole village is coming this way, and, pitying your fall from greatness, swear they'll exalt you as high as Jack-boots there; and they mean to toss him in a blanket.

Jaques. Do they? I thank you for the hint.

[*Exit Jaques suddenly.*]

Enter VILLAGERS.

Ger. Henri! I have scarcely found my child e'er I resign her—continue to deserve her, for you have gain'd the richest prize a mortal can bestow—the hand and heart of beauty and of virtue.

FINALE.

Welcome Joy, and farewell Sorrow,
Life's cares like shadows pass away;
Fickle Fate may frown to-morrow—
Then merry let us be to-day.

THE END.

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Chorus of Soldiers.

SCENE.—*A Country Village in England.*

The Lines printed with inverted Comas's are omitted in the Representation.

ANY THING NEW?

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A Country Village.—Soldiers discovered.*

CHORUS.

OH! merry is a Soldier's life,
To foes he'll never yield,
He little knows of care and strife,
But when he's in the field;
Then when the cannons rattle,
'Tis courage doth inspire,
When victory crowns the battle
'Tis love his heart can fire.
Then march away
With spirits gay,
Sometimes we fight,
Sometimes we play;
None on earth can live so merrily,
While the drum and fife sounds chersily,
So a Soldier's the life for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

As they march off, Enter PETER BABBLE.

Peter. But a soldier's not the life for me—glad they're gone—staid in our village long enough—I'm no man of war—wanted to make me one tho'—got drunk last night, made me valiant—never so when sober—wanted me to 'list—thank ye for nothing, says I. Oh! here comes Fanny—could list to her for ever—Nature formed me for Love, not War. Pretty girl—plump as a pullet—rosy cheeks—black eyes—lips red as a cherry—love to see her pout 'em—long to kis 'em.

Enter FANNY TRANSIT.

Ah, Fanny—how do Fanny—

Fanny. What, Mr. Babble—(stupid fool, he's always in the way)—taking leave of the soldiers?—

Peter. Yes, French leave—they're off—fond of peace and quietness—domestic happiness—roast beef—a wife—two or three little children—fire-side, pipe, and a newspaper—

Fanny. Where you can read of battles without danger, and enjoy comfort without the trouble of deserving it.

Peter. All men are not born to fight. I never could—

Fanny You never tried, I'm sure of that—

Peter. True—I'm a peaceable man—hate surgery—saw a boxing match once—beat one another to mummy—then shook hands—best of friends.—The winner rode away on a barouche-box side of my Lord—not cramm'd inside like a coachman.—Plague on such friendship, say I—No—I serve my friends in another way—advise 'em—if they don't take it—can't help it—no fault of mine—

ANY THING NEW?

7

Fanny. And thus you escape after setting the best of friends by the ears ; you pretend vast sincerity, to all your neighbours, and tattle the secrets of the village from one to another, like an old maid at a tea-table, doing more mischief in ten minutes than you can mend in ten months.

Peter. What a tongue; but I must marry—mother said I must—poor soul—she had a tongue too—

Fanny. Haven't you teased me to accept you instead of Oliver Whitethorn ; with your friendship as you call it ; but though I've set my heart on a soldier, and Oliver is only the son of a poor gardener, depend on it, I'll never marry so peaceable a man as Mr. Peter Babble, the perfumer's son.

Peter. 'Twas my duty to persuade you against him. Your uncle was a great man—a rich man. Now, don't think any more of this Oliver. What would Mr. Sidney say on his return, to find his niece grafted on the stump of a cabbage—but muri's the word !—I say nothing. Hey ! who's here—another woman—two tongues !—I've only one—good bye, Fanny.

Enter ELLEN WHITETHORN.

Ellen. Hey-day ! Mr. Babble and Miss Fanny Transit quarrelling ! Why, he told me, you were the best of friends.

Peter. So we are, but always quarrel—proof of love.

Fanny. Love !

Ellen. Love ! why, haven't you sworn to me time out of mind, that nobody but I should be your wife.

Peter. Did I ?—short memory—don't recollect—however, second thoughts are best—Any Thing New —besides, not made for each other—I am not hand-

Some—that is, not very handsome—you are beautiful—don't deserve you—

Fanny. No. Nor any one else—

Ellen. You are a base, vile deceiver—

Peter. I, a deceiver?—

Fanny. Yes, a mean, paltry, meddling coxcomb!

Peter. I a coxcomb?—

Ellen. Running from house to house to steal poor girl's hearts.

Peter. I steal poor girl's hearts?—

Ellen. And then throw 'em away, as if they were worth nothing.

Peter. This comes of my gentility—Nature denied me face; but gave me figure—that always fetches 'em—Now for the village—Strange report abroad—must get particulars—any thing new delights me. Mum's the word—I say nothing—know every thing—all hate me—can't do without me, tho'—Old Whitethorn's a rum one—so am I—Cut with his daughter Ellen—She won't do—Fanny will—Any thing new—then go to the Parson—he'll tell the Clerk—he'll tell Chop the Butcher—he'll tell Dough the Baker—he'll tell his wife—she's got a tongue—she'll tell all the Town.—Rare fun—I'm off—Any Thing New! [Exit.

Fanny. Stupid impertinent blockhead—I declares, I woudn't wed such a puppy—if he was the only man on earth—Would you, Ellen?

Ellen. No! If he was the only man.—Yes, I believe I should, Fanny—but I could tear his eyes out—for all that.

Fanny. I'll teach you how to manage these men, Ellen.—When they look angry, you laugh at 'em—When they look pleased, you look angry,—First scold 'em—then coax 'em—and spite of their boasted independence, in a little time, the silly creatures will be as tractable, and crouch at your feet like

ANY THING NEW?

9

lap-dogs. Cheer up, Ellen, he'll be courting you again, when he has Nothing New, as he calls it. Then have a little of my spirit—Say to him—Mum's the word, and I'm off.

[Exit.]

Ellen. It's very hard, tho', after all his fine speeches—but the girls are just as bad. That Fanny Transit, now, has served poor brother Oliver ten times worse than Mr. Peter has me; but I shall get a husband some time or other, I suppose—'tis a long lane that has no turning.

SONG.—ELLEN WHITETHORN.

John was wealthy, and poor was Jane;

Fall! la! la!

He swore he lov'd—she lov'd again

Fall! la! la!

But when she of a wedding spoke,

John laugh'd and said, Love's but a joke;

Poor Jane! her heart he almost broke,

Fall! la! la!

It chanc'd John lost his wealth one day,

Fall! la! la!

And Jane grew rich, as people say,

Fall! la! la!

Then to her feet the lover flew,

No, no, she cry'd, you laugh'd, untrue,

'Tis now my turn to laugh at you;

Fall! la! la!

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mrs. ANTIDOTE's*

Enter FANNY TRANSIT followed by OLIVER.

Fanny. I tell you, it's no use dangling after me, Oliver.

Oliv. Don't say that—don't say that, Fanny. You know how dearly I love you——

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Fanny. No ! I don't ; the only thing I ever asked of you, you refused—and now I refuse you—

Oliv. That you know was impossible. I couldn't leave my poor father to be a soldier.

Fanny. I know that you leave your poor father to run after me. If you were a soldier you would be getting something, as it is, you don't even earn six-pence a-day.

Oliv. If you were but mine, Fanny, I'd work for you day and night.

Fanny. 'Twas but yesterday, I was told, you neglected your poor father so long, he is almost ruined, and abuses me as the innocent cause of it.

Oliv. It's false, Fanny—I never neglected my poor old father. Oh ! yes ! yes ! I have ; but if I thought he took it so to heart. Who told you this ?

Fanny. Why—Mr. Peter Babble.

Oliv. Damn him.

Fanny. There—Oh ! shocking ! you have learned to swear too. Do you think I'd wed a man that swears—zounds Ma'am, do this—and, damn it, do that—no, no !

Oliv. Fanny ! Fanny ! You irritate me past endurance, and then pretend to wonder at the anxiety you have caused. Babble's a scoundrel—but rot me if I don't spoil his smirking chops before long.

Fanny. There again—jealous and quarrelsome. Oh ! this will never do for Matrimony.

Oliv. I can bear it no longer ! I'll leave her directly, I'm determined. Good bye, Fanny—good bye—*(going.)*

Fanny. You won't leave me in anger, Oliver ?

Oliv. No ! no—not in anger, Fanny — *(returning.)* Zounds ! this is too bad—no—I'll never think of her again—never speak to her again—

Fanny. Farewell, Oliver.

Oliv. Farewell, Fanny, dear Fanny. Oh! damn it—she knows her power, and triumphs in her bar-barity!

DUET.—OLIVER and FANNY.

Oliv. Pray, Ma'am, do not think I'm worried or vext,
No longer your slave—I defy you

Fan. Very fine—but I'm sure you'll not stick to your text
When'e'er little Fanny comes nigh you—

Oliv. Yourself you deceive—

Fan. No, I cannot believe—
That Oliver e'er would forsake me.

Oliv. Yes, Madam, you'll find, that I've alter'd my mind,
No longer a fool you shall make me.

“ *Fan.* You'll repent all you say, Sir, the moment we part,
“ Tho' now in a passion you're storming,

“ *Oliv.* No longer a flirt shall embezzle the heart,
“ Another gay lass will be warming.

“ *Fan.* Silly man—’tis in vain

“ *Oliv.* Why she's laughing again,
“ Was ever a girl so provoking—

“ *Fan.* Yes—rave as you will, bye and bye you'll be still,
“ Beg pardon, and say you were joking.

Oliv. So pleasing, so teasing—I soon shall go mad—
No—no—flesh and blood cannot bear it—

Fan. Now what makes its own pretty dear look so sad—
Can't it bear its own Fanny to jeer it—
I thought it was gone

Oliv. I'm resolved—it is done,
None like thee e'er will be so false-hearted,
To my fate I'm resign'd, we are both of a mind,
And now then for ever we're parted—

Both. To my fate I'm resigned, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Inside of WHITETHORN'S Cottage.*

Enter WHITETHORN followed by PETER.

White. Psha ! nonsense—don't talk to me—

Peter. Always glad to oblige—but must talk—something's the matter—must know the particulars—in short, your daughter Ellen would have made me too happy.

White. She would—

Peter. Times are hard—starving in a garret very unpleasant—little family—large bills—no money—can't live upon love—damn'd bad diet—

White. Love indeed ! Psha ! Folly !—

Peter. Cogent reasons 'gainst matrimony—Miss Transit—pretty—and your son Oliver—

White. Oliver!—have you heard of him—do you know where he is ?

Peter. No!—don't you?—Bless my soul!—Here's something new with a vengeance—he is very fond of her—no use tho'—Hav'n't change for sixpence between 'em.

White. More's the pity—why doesn't he stick to work? why doesn't he help his old father? besides—she's a flirt—a jilt—a coquette! —

Peter. Hot as mustard seed—must cool him—'twill break his heart, if—

White. Hasn't he almost broke mine—that tall serjeant with his scarlet jacket has turn'd the heads of all the girls in the village—

Peter. 'T won't do—can't get Any Thing New here—must lose no time—call at Fanny Transit's—she may have heard something—make up to her—Two Strings to my Bow—beautiful girl—just suit me—tell her all the news—Good bye, Whitethorn—great hurry—and—I'm off—

[*Exit.*]

White. Where can Oliver stay? I'm sure I said

nothing to cross him. Poor fellow, that girl will be the death of him— (*a noise at the door.*) Oh ! there he is.

Enter OLIVER.

So, you're come home—but it's too late for labour ; you'll see me starve for want soon.

Oliv. Father—she's gone—she has left me ; I'll work now, father ; you shall never starve.

White. Left you, Oliver ? You should have more pride. Your father was proud enough—that is—what am I saying. The garden's running to waste, your help would set us up again—I haven't received a penny these five days ; but I'll never borrow.—No—your father's too proud to borrow—

Oliv. I can never bear this. Oh ! Fanny ! Fanny ! to what has thy fickle nature brought me ?—

White. Plague on her, I say !—

Oliv. Nay, don't abuse her. She has cut me to the heart. She is false—but do not abuse her ?—Where's sister Ellen ?

White. Gone in to supper—that is—gone in to rest. We had a tolerable breakfast, and—

Oliv. How !—Is it true, then ?—Is it—

White. We shall have plenty to-morrow. Come come—

Oliv. No food—not received money these five days ! Oh !—shame ! shame.

White. I have said too much—What ails the boy ?

Oliv. Nothing—Nothing ails me, father. I am very well—only a little tired.

White. His looks alarm me ; yet if I tell him the extent of our misery, 'twould break his heart ! Oh ! this girl ! this girl ! [Exit.]

Oliv. My tears were just—disgrace is certain ; but I must leave my father. Babble was right, then, and Father's brought to want by me. Oh, shame,

shame. Where shall I go—what shall I do—I can't rest—no, no, I can't rest! Oh! Fanny, the fault is all your's.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Rough Lane, with Wood.*

Enter SIDNEY.

Sid. So! after ten years absence, I'm arrived at last; and if I find my niece Fanny innocent as when I left her, I shan't grudge the labour that has made me rich. Very extraordinary that she has never written to me. All Mrs. Antidote's letters informed me she was well. My son too—I may hear news of him. How this fellow loiters. *La Roque!*

(OLIVER appears among the trees)

Oliv. I heard a voice. Who's there?

Sid. 'Tis I—Why do you linger?

Oliv. Oh! a stranger!

Sid. Ha! Who art thou?

Oliv. A wretch!—a miserable wretch!

Sid. What do you want, aye?

Oliv. Money.

Sid. Zounds! a thief. He does not look like one. You are no robber—speak.

Oliv. A robber—don't—don't—this is too bad—Father—sister—Oh! no, no, no—indeed I am no robber.

Sid. I don't like this fellow—(*calls*) I say, *La Roque!* I say—

Enter LA ROQUE.

La Ro. Bless my soul! here Sair! Vell, I vish we was arrive. I never was the man to like de tomble in de ditch—den de fear of tief. Ah! begar! here is von.

Oliv. You dare not say it.

Sid. (*to Oliver.*) What has been the cause of this?

Oliv. A fiend in woman's shape.

La Ro. A woman—Oh ! la Canibal !

Sid. What woman ?

Oliv. No matter. She shall live for repentance—I shall not name her,

La Ro. No you name her for fear your little body should dangle on de gibbet.

Oliv. No ! why should I fear any thing, now I have lost her ?

La Ro. Lost her ! Oh ! he means his wife I suppose—ah---how different is me—I had wife once—I lose her—begar I never was so comfortable in my life.

Sid. Peace.

La Ro. De Town—de village ve just pass—have no doubt de justice dere. You will soon be introducee at Court, mon ami—dis way if you please, Sair ! To de left.

Sid. I live to the right.

La Ro. Oh ! ver vell, Sair : but vill you proced vid dis—dis—

Oliv. What ?

La Ro. Gentleman—pardonnez moi—I beg pardon—Diable n'import, if I like dis new acquaintance of my master at all.

Sid. Silence ! hold your chattering — Come hither.

La Ro. Vell ! here I am— I wish I vas any vere else.

Sid. Go forward to the village. My name will direct you to the house. Say I am coming, but don't repeat a syllable of what has passed here : Remember.

La Ro. When shall I forget, I do not know. Dat petit garçon has frighten me out of my head all de wit I have.

Sid. No difficult matter, that. You cowardly booby---Why you are big enough to eat him.

La Ro. Oh! vel, but I am not hungry. Vel, Sair, I shall go find my way thro' all dis black forest; but I can't help thinking I should have been found more agreeable company dan dis gentleman. (*Aside.*) Begar I have de perception de little gentleman, is big tief. [Exit.]

Sid. So, you want money?

Oliv. Not for myself; but I have a sister—father—

Sid. What is your name?

Oliv. Oliver—

Sid. Oliver! Oliver what!

Oliv. I have told you my name—I'll not disgrace my father's.

Sid. Why are you wandering here—at such a time too?

Oliv. You shall hear. Not far distant from this spot, I became acquainted with an angel in beauty, but a very woman in disposition; I lov'd her—do love her—Oh! Fanny!

Sid. Who did you say?

Oliv. (*aside.*) Ha! I have betrayed—but he cannot know her. Fanny Transit is her name.

Sid. Indeed! (*aside.*) So, so! she's one of your high-flyers, is she; I'll soon tame her if it is so. But your demand for money—

Oliv. Never! I never did demand it. 'Tis true, I might have acted wrong through the impulse of despair—if you refuse to do good, you do it from reflection.

Sid. His words and looks are those of innocence. I wish to do right, and fear to do otherwise. There is money, I give it freely, not at your desire, but from the dictates of my own heart.

Oliv. Heaven bless you! This will make my old father young again. 'Twill make him happy, tho' I can never be so.

Sid. I don't know that: If I find Mrs. Antidote, and be damn'd to her has been stuffing that girl's head with fine notions as they are called, curse me if I don't stuff her into some hovel, where she may study those tricks all the rest of her life. Come, you shall go with me, young man.

Oliv. Any where, with you. But my father, one moment to see my father.

Sid. I forgot. You'll easily find me in the village; I'm a queer-looking little old fellow; the folks in the village will make as much fuss about my appearance, as if the Elephant was to be seen there, or a long-tailed Kangaroo. [Exit.]

Oliv. Heaven bless you! Heaven will bless you, for you have saved my father. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*An Apartment at Mrs. ANTIDOTE's.*

Enter FANNY TRANSIT.

Fanny. (*singing.*) "A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me." Heigho! they're gone, not a red coat to be seen; no more Reviews, no more delightful music, no more moon-light walks. Why was not Oliver a soldier? in regimentals he'd have outshone them all. It's a great pity he wasn't a soldier!—Oh! here comes my sage Duenna, Mrs. Antidote, who wishes to appear fifteen at forty five, by using every new cosmetic that's advertised; and because she thinks that foolish old perfumer, Mr. Babble, wants to marry her, would fain have me take a liking to his stupid fop of a son.

*Enter Mrs. ANTIDOTE, (*reading.*)*

Mrs. Ant. Bloom of Circassia—Alabaster wash, Otto of rose—French rouge—Court plaster. The very articles in which my toilet is most in want.

C

Oh, Fanny, I have just received such gratifying intelligence—

Fanny. From my uncle, Madam?

Mrs. Ant. From your uncle, child! No; from Mr. Babble. He has just received a new stock of cosmetics from London, by the help of which, we shall eclipse the whole village.

Fanny. Youth and beauty, Madam, require no aid from such quackeries. They are fit only for declining bachelors, and decayed old maids!

Mrs. Ant. Old maids, Miss Transit! Insufferable assurance!

Fanny. But I guess the cause. The all-powerful Mr. Babble, whose persuasive eloquence, would make you consume every nostrum in his shop.

Mrs. Ant. Silence! silence! Miss Transit, I insist!

Fanny. By all means, Madam; and in return, I beg you'll never plague me by enumerating the accomplishments of his stupid booby of a son. My uncle, Madam, never intended me for the wife of a paltry perfumer—

Mrs. Ant. Paltry perfumer, indeed! but I insist on your treating young Mr. Babble with proper respect.

Fanny. With proper respect, I certainly will. I'll slap his ugly face the first time he has the impudence to shew it.

JEREMY BABBLE (*without.*)

J. Bab. Mrs. Antidote at home? I'm a happy man. (*Enters.*) Both Ladies here—doubly blest—say a good word to the young one for son Peter—Mrs. Antidote, your most obedient—Miss Fanny, yours—just call'd in to pay my duty—left the shop in care of Peter—my son—a young man of strong parts—Miss Transit, though I say it that shoudn't, cuts a crop in the highest style of elegance—and for

a peruke, he has no fellow—his father excepted—excuse vanity, Ladies. The bill came safe to hand, I trust—never in the whole course of business received so choice an assemblage—hope you have fixed on the articles wanted, or you'll be too late; and never again may Jeremiah Babble have such an opportunity of gratifying his friends 'and the Public with superior goods. Esprit de Rose—transparent Soap—Macassar Oil—Hair, tooth and Nail Brushes—Combs of all descriptions—Washes and Lotions of all kinds—Powder-puffs—Spanish Blacking and Bear's grease.

Fanny. Blacking, did you say, Mr. Babble?

J. Bab. Certainly—Miss Fanny—certainly—nothing but what my shop affords—Drugs—Chemicals—Family Medicines and Perfumery in all its branches I polish the heels as well as the head—and in these times, Ladies (sorry am I to say it) the head's thought little of—outside polish is all the go—and heads are cropt instead of ears. By the bye—d'y'e use Honey-water—some o'th' best in England—seven-and-sixpence a bottle—my son uses it—he's got a head—

Fanny. So has a calf—

J. Bab. Bless my soul—very rude that—

Mrs. Ant. Allow me to say, dear Mr. Babble—

J. Bab. Dear! no such thing—cheap as dirt, Ma'am—only seven-and-sixpence—damme, they want a pint bottle to hold a quart.

Mrs. Ant. You mistake, Sir! I have mark'd those articles I wish for, and you'll oblige me with calling with them yourself.

J. Bab. Always grateful.

Mrs. Ant. Or by sending your most accomplished son; but be sure he brings his head.

J. Bab. Ha! don't like that girl—son Peter must

tho'—or shop will go to the devil—must marry her—I'll marry the old one—make her look like a Venus in a month, by the help of my new specific. Bless my soul! Peter—

Enter PETER.

Peter. Oh father, who'd ha' thought it—

J. Bab. What!—Any Thing New?

Peter. Yes—Old Whitethorn—

J. Bab. Indeed—what of him?

Peter. Can't tell—but young Whitethorn—

Fanny. What! Oliver Whitethorn?—has any thing happened?

Peter. Yes, somethin' has happen'd—

Mrs. Ant. What is it, Mr. Peter?

Peter. That's what I want to know—couldn't get particulars—something's gone wrong—Oliver's gone away—Ellen's gone silly—that's nothing new—most women keep her in countenance—

J. Bab. But who's taking care of my shop, aye?

Peter. Oh, lord—I forgot the shop.

J. Bab. Forgot the shop!

Peter. Yes—heard there was something new—away I run—call'd at Ellen's—she cried sighed, and so forth—very fond of me—can't help it—no more can I—Mum—I say nothing—'won't do—ask'd her father for Oliver—he rail'd at Miss Transit—call'd her flirt—jilt—coquette—all sorts of paw-paw names.

J. Bab. But what's become of the shop?

Peter. Damn the shop—sick of perfumery—hate medicines—want something new.

Fanny. Provoking—I fear I've behaved very ill to poor Oliver—should any thing happen to him, I shall break my heart.

Mrs. Ant. Ridiculous! Miss Transit—I desire you'll attend my instructions—respecting young Mr. Babble—

Fanny. I hate him—detest him—yet—well, Madam, I shall obey you; I'll make the fool pleased with himself, and by his means, if possible, learn some news of my poor deserted lover. Mr. Babble—

J. Bab. (*running forward.*) Your slave—any commands in my way?

Fanny. I wish to have a little—

J. Bab. Arquebusade—or orange flower-water—

Fanny. No, no, a few minutes conversation with your son, Sir.

Peter. With me—bleis my soul—here's something new—out of the way, Dad!—I'm the man for the ladies—my figure fetches 'em all—

J. Bab. Well done, Peter—now's your time—I'll run home directly. (*runs against Mrs. Ant.*) Mrs. Antidote—beg a thousand pardons.

Mrs. Ant. My dear Sir, you're not leaving us already—

J. Bab. My dear Madam, your agreeable society—Now's the time—shop may take care of itself, as Peter says— (*retires with Mrs. Antidote.*)

Fanny. I wish to speak—that is to say—

Peter. Oh! oh! bashful—can't bring it out—

Fanny. You are no doubt aware of the favourable impression, I have received—

Peter. Favourable impression—it's a done thing—

Fanny. Makes me anxious—

Peter. Agitation—

Fanny. To know the fate of one—

Peter. Palpitation—

Fanny. And from your lips alone I wait—

Peter. Expectation—

Fanny. To hear some tidings of—Oliver White-thorn.

Peter. Damnation!

Fanny. When I receive intelligence of him, I shall judge better how to conduct myself to one, who has

so strong an interest in this poor fluttering heart—
(aside.) If I succeed—I'll make a proper fool of you, before I've done.

Peter. I wish you every success in that you can desire, Miss Fanny—I'll about it directly—all the particulars—*(aside)*—soon have her—pretty poppet—handsome couple—

Fanny. Stay—I depend on secrecy—

Peter. Mum's the word—I say nothing—Peter's the boy.

Fanny. And should any thing transpire—

Peter. Any Thing New?—you have the first information—Bless my soul—here's an upshot—

(J. BABBLE and Mrs. ANTIDOTE return.)

Out of the way, Dad;—my figure has done it.

[*Exit.*]

J. Bab. Why he went off with a bounce, like a bottle of my best American spruce.

Fanny. On a little message for me, Sir.

J. Bab. He's highly honoured!—oh! it's all settled—the bargain's struck—I'm a happy man—

Mrs. Ant. Vastly well indeed, Miss Transit; we'll talk of this presently. Mr. Babble and myself have a few arrangements to make which will detain me—

Fanny. Oh! I beg I may not interrupt you; I feel a little indisposed, and shall be glad to retire.

J. Bab. Indisposed—don't say so—pray let me recommend care—shall I send any thing—I have every thing—sal volatile—ether—bartshorn—spirit of lavender—aromatic vinegar, fresh from 'pothecary's hall, in the highest state of perfection.

Fanny. Nothing you can offer will be of the least service to me. I leave you to your tête-à-tête. Interesting—amiable couple—ha! ha. [*Exit.*]

Bab. Ha! ha! Don't like that laugh, tho'—Smoke a quiz—Didn't like that calve's head at all.

Mrs. Ant. Friends like you, Sir, are seldom met

with ; and I always like to make the most of 'em—
It's a way I have.

Bab. Madam ! It's a way I have. If not shut up
shop—but, with such a friend—partner, I would
say—

Mrs. Ant. Oh ! Mr. Babble !

Bab. Oh ! Mrs. Antidote ! (*aside.*) She blushes
without rouge—wonderful—out of fashion long
ago.

Mrs. Ant. Adieu ! dear Mr. Babble. Endeavour
to spare an early hour—You have motives sufficient
I trust—Adieu. [Exit.

J. Bab. Adieu—dear Mrs. Antidote—that wo-
man's Antidote by name, and antidote by nature—
Love's out of the question—must marry her for all
that—As to motives—I've one that's irresistible—
my bill—knock at the door—again in an hour—
want money—must have it—and she has fifteen hun-
dred pounds—certain remedy for a consumption—
will do more execution than all the physic in my shop.

SONG.—JEREMIAH BABBLE.

When from London first I came,
I wasn't worth a crown,
For tho' puffing rais'd me up,
The hammer knock'd me down;
So, as one trade would not do,
I resolv'd to try how two
Would succeed in this wonderful town O !

Open'd shop—Ladies crop,
When they're ill—powder, pill,
Sell to cure 'em—life insure 'em;
Either please 'em—so I fleece 'em,
Shave 'em, latherum—Omnium gatherum,
Hey down, oh down, derry derry down.
Was my way in this wonderful town O !

ANY THING NEW?

Being up to every trick,
 I took a shop on tick ;
 But they found I coudn't pay,
 So, 'egad I ran away ;
 And jogging off so gaily,
 Was stopp'd by a bum bailey,
 Who met me in this wonderful town O !

Lock up house—had me close,
 Sins to varnish—paid my garnish,
 Bound in setters—like my betters ;
 Could'n't pay—hanging day,
 Spirits fail'd me—friendship bail'd me,

Hey down, &c.

What a chance in this wonderful town O !

Thus, traders, after smashes,
 Like the Phoenix from her ashes,
 Recover safe and sound,
 Paying three-pence in the pound ;
 So I from Limbo easy,
 And with something new to please you,
 Send my bills thro' all this wonderful town O !

Hope you'll stop, at Babble's shop,
 Please to call—serve you all ;
 This the place—state your case,
 Loaves and fishes—just my wish is,
 That's the whole—upon my soul,

Hey down, &c.

And to satisfy this wonderful town O !

[Exit,

ACT II.

SCENE I.—OLD WHITETHORN'S *Cottage*.

Enter OLD WHITETHORN and ELLEN.

White. I tell you Ellen, you ought to rejoice at getting clear of such a companion as that Peter Babble. He's for all the world like a weed in my garden, winding himself round a beautiful flower, destroying the stem that nourish'd it. But enough of him: happiness comes so seldom, he's a fool that will not make the most on't.

Ellen. Then why not tell me this good news, father; 'twould help to make me happier.

Whit. It's an odd whim to be sure; but I mustn't—now don't you be curious, Ellen—have patience, girl. You see a little spot of good luck has been lying fallow a plaguy long time, and I have but just turn'd it up. Come fetch me a bottle of gooseberry wine, Ellen, and then see if your brother is coming.

Exit ELLEN.

Now that girl has got love into her head, and nothing will satisfy her but a husband. Well, perhaps she's right; I have heard matrimony is the only cure for it: 'I was much the same with me, when I was a youngster, so I can't blame her.

Re-enter ELLEN, with Bottle and Cup.)

Ellen. Here's the wine, father, it's the last bottle; I've drawn the cork; but it's very hard you won't tell me now: — Now, pray tell me!

D

Whits. Get away you coaxing baggage ! Look out for Oliver, I wish he was come.

Ellen. So do I, I long to see him ; perhaps he knows the secret, and I'm sure he'll tell me. [Exit.

White. I am glad she's gone, she'd certainly have found me out. Now, then, I'll drink a glass of wine in chearfulness, and I'll have a song too, tho' I sing it myself. (*Fills his cup.*)

SONG — WHITETHORN.

When I have my bottle, I'll never complain,
Nor envy the drinkers of Hock or Champaign ;
It strengthens my body, my spirit it cheers,
And takes from my age, aye, a dozen good years,
In a glass of good wine.

From my snug little cottage, I ne'er wish to roam,
But I'll drink a good health to the lads far from home :
By land and by sea we have conquered they tell us,
So—soldiers and sailors and all jolly fellows.
In a glass of good wine.

At home and abroad now together we stand,
And in friendly alliance are bound heart and hand :
Confusion to those who such friendship would sever—
The—King and the Prince—and Old England for ever ! .
In a glass of good wine.

Enter PETER BABBLE and ELLEN.

Peter. Can't say I know any thing about him—
wifh I did—tell Fanny directly, and then—

Ellen. An then, what ?

Peter. Something new, a wedding—two perhaps ;
—But mum's the word.

White. Well, Master Peter, what's the news with you?

Peter. Don't you know—dear me, not know the news? Rare work in the village—Old Sidney's come back—

Ellen. Indeed! Mr. Sidney?—

White. Well, that's nothing new; I've seen him.

Peter. You seen him—hem! that's a twang!—Impossible! I got first intelligence—all in commotion—met his Valey de Sham—got all the particulars—slopt last night top o' the hill—footpad and a blunderbus—made a devil of a noise—did you hear the report?

White. No. Mr. Sidney said nothing of this to me. (aside.)

Peter. Robb'd him of twenty pounds.

White. Twenty pounds!

Peter. Yes—short man—no figure—not at all courageous—wish I had been there—talk'd of distress—his father—sister—so forth—all gammon, you know.

White. Ha! what, his father!

Peter. Yes, I've my suspicions; but, mum's the word—I say nothing—can't help thinking. Where's Oliver?

White. It can't be. He never could. No, no, it can't be!

Ellen. Dear father, what's the matter? Why do you turn so pale?

Peter. Thought as much—all in a pucker—know 'twas Oliver—great distress—very sorry—can't help tho'—all the better for me.—Don't be alarm'd—mayn't be him after all.

White. Mayn't be who? Speak, scoundrel, who do you mean?

Peter. I!—I!—mean—that is—bles my soul, don't fly out so!—

White. Speak !

Peter. Now, don't look so fierce—you frighten the breath out of my body, and I can't speak a word to save my life. I wish I was safe in bed, or anywhere else. (*aside.*)

White. Rascal, this instant ! (*collars him*)

Peter. (*Falling on his knees*) Well, well—Oh ! Lord—Oh ! would you murder me ! why, I only guessed, only surmised—Ol—Ol-liver—

Enter OLIVER.

White. (*Throwing Peter from him.*) Ah ! Oliver, I knew it was impossible.—Ha ! ha ! what an old fool was I, to think it.

Oliv. Give me your hand, father. (*Peter fleas off during this speech.*)

Ellen. Dear, dear, Oliver, I am so glad you are returned.

Oliv. Give me a kiss.

White. Damme but I'll prune the Perfumer's ears tho'. What ! escaped ! he's just in time.

Ellen. Be still, Oliver ; where have you been ?

Oliv. Don't ask where I have been ! Dad, give me your hand. You'll not starve now. Oh ! I'm so glad, I'm so—I'll speak to thee soon—I'm so happy—

Ellen. Happy indeed ! why your eyes are brimful of tears !

Oliver. Are they ? never mind—my heart, Ellen, my heart is full : Father was in distress, and all by me. But now, all's right again. Here Dad, hold thy hand—here's money—enough to keep the wolf from the door a twelvemonth ! Twenty Pounds, father !

Ellen. Twenty pounds !

White. Twenty pounds ! my heart misgives me, (*starts.*)

Oliv. Take it, father; take it!

Whit. Where did it come from?

Oliv. A kind heart, and an open hand: Mr. Sidney:

Whit. And do you think I'd touch the wages of a villain?

Oliv. A villain! Do you suspect then that I—

Whit. Obtained it by force.

Oliv. I don't deserve this! I met Mr. Sidney by chance, by chance he heard of our distress, and gave it freely.

Whit. Did he? I am alive again! Oliver, poor boy, I ask your pardon. Oh! that damn'd Perfumer! Come, lad! come, Ellen! Honesty, and my children, ha' been the pride of my life; and while they are unblemish'd, I am contented—happy! Come, come.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Village.* Enter PETER.

Peter. Thank Heaven, I've escaped from the clutches of that tough ever-green Whitethorn. I'll venture no more within his premises. Ha! by all that's beautiful, here comes my little Fanny! blefs me, how she trips along, and glides over the grass as smooth as pomatum.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Psha! this blockhead here! I hop'd to have met Oliver here; for after all, my heart tells me, I love him dearly.

Peter. Hey! Love him dearly—I know you love me—but alas! haven't any thing new to tell you—Oliver's a rogue, that's nothing new—I love you, that's nothing new—and I've just escaped being kicked out of doors—

Fanny. And that's nothing new! As to your lov-

ing me, poor man, you can't help that; but I'm in no humour to laugh at you at present. As to Oliver's being a rogue, as he is a friend of mine, I must desire you to speak less harshly of him; for tho' I ill-treat him, I won't suffer any body else to abuse him behind his back.

Peter. And I'm sure I shan't abuse him before his face. But Fanny; ah, Fanny! ah, Fanny! heigho! I fear you love him—

Fanny. Me love him; nonsense, Peter; you're joking; but certainly I do love somebody.

SONG.—FANNY TRANSIT.

When Oliver try'd,
To make me his bride,
Then I was the plague of his life;
Cry'd he, I love Fanny,
Much better than any,
I'm sure she'll make me a good wife,
I sung lira, la, la, &c.
I teaz'd and perplex'd him,
I worry'd and vex'd him,
With lira, la, la, &c.

With rage he was warm'd
In passion he storm'd,
As loud as a drum or a fife;
Now, don't be so silly,
But say, Fanny, will 'ye,
Be Oliver's dear little wife;
I sung lira, la, la, &c.
I teaz'd and perplex'd him,
I worry'd and vex'd him,
With lira, la, la, &c.

[*Excuse severally.*

SCENE III.—*A Room at Mrs. ANTIDOTE'S.*

Enter Mrs. ANTIDOTE and LA ROQUE.

La Ro. Madame, sur mon honneur, I assure you I speak the veritable truth. Monsieur Sidney is arrive, dat is he was arrive ; and why he is no come, I have not the perception, I cannot tell.

Mrs. Ant. I'll not believe it ; you are an impostor.

La Ro. Imposture, ah ! Madame !

Mrs. Ant. Mr. Sydney in England ! 'tis quite impossible !

La Ro. To be sure, Ma'am, it must be impossible if de Lady say so ; but it is very true for all dat.

Mrs. Ant. Where did you leave him ?

La Ro. Where I leave him ? I don't know pre-cisement where I leave him.

Mrs. Ant. This is incomprehensible : I am quite in the dark.

La Ro. No, Madam, I no leave him in the dark. Begar, if any malheur happen to my master, I shall be hanged as de accomplice, because I not tell.

Mrs. Ant. This uncertainty is provoking, and if he is really returned, before my union with Mr. Babble, the consequence will be dreadful.

La Ro. Dreadful indeed, if I shall be hanged ; I don't know what I am do. (*a knock without.*) Ha ! somebody knock, Mr. Sidney is come, now you will be too happy.

Mrs. Ant. Oh, if it is he, I'm ruin'd ! undone !

Enter BABBLE.

Ha ! Mr. Babble, I rejoice to see you.

J. Bab. Mrs. Antidote !

La Ro. Ah ! ah, comprend moi, I see des Lover ;

O, I have de perception ; I no spoil sport ; I go search for Mr. Sydney : vat adorable swain he is—
—'tis Cupid and Psyche—I wish very happy in your matrimony. (*sings.*) I wish you joy. [Exit.]

J. Bab. Who the devil's he ?—Gone however—now's my time, all of a twitter—Phew !—bles my soul—must pop the question.

Mrs. Ant. If he does not declare himself now, I shall be exposed, lost. I presume, dear Sir, I can guess the motives of your visit. I mustn't discourage him now.

J. Bab. If I might be so bold, dear Mrs. Antidote—seems in a good humour.

Mrs. Ant. Nay, do not hesitate ; I am altogether unprepared for your demand—

J. Bab. Demand !—means my bill—well—with all my heart—touch that first—then to business—from your hands 'tis but a trifling favour—

Mrs. Ant. A trifling favor—my hand and fortune a trifling favor !—but this is no time to hesitate !—Well, Sir, I wait your pleasure, I presume the amount of your solicitation is simply—

J. Bab. Forty-six pounds, Madam—there's a bill and receipt for goods deliver'd—

Mrs. Ant. Heavens, Mr. Babble—this is too much—

J. Bab. Too much !—Cheap as any house in London—every article from the first importers, and of the best quality.

Mrs. Ant. Give me leave to say, Sir—I expected something, more tender, more—your feelings I should have thought—

J. Bab. Are of the most delicate texture—Fine as gold-beater's skin—no subject, believe me, is so tender to my nerves as—the presentation of a Bill, especially when ordered to lie on the table.

Mrs. Ant. Sir, I was prepared for—

J. Bab. I thought so—'thas been long on my books.

Mrs. Ant. A declaration of Love—

J. Bab. Oh lord!—Bill thrown out!—Damn the shop—I shall ruin all!—Now for a dose of Love-powder.—But, Madam—what is money to the sentiments I feel—dirt—dross—a mere drug—affæctida—senna—sugar of lead—sweet, while it poisons: No—I barter gold for love—let others pant for riches—'tis here I figh.

Mrs. Ant. If I thought you sincere, Mr. Babble—

J. Bab. Nay then, let me swear—

Enter Peter.

Peter. Swear not at all—so says the Proverb—bad habit—I never do—damn'd unlucky tho'—I can't get the particulars for Fanny.

Mrs. Ant. Stupid dolt, at such a time too—

J. Bab. Get out; you blockhead—don't you see—don't you see?—

Peter. See what?—Oh! something new—wonderful—Dad wants another wife!

J. Bab. Not a word, you whelp, or I'll nail you to the counter all the rest of your life, like a bad dollar, you dog!

Peter. Mum—I say nothing—off—well done, Dad—not a word more.—*Mrs. Antidote,* beg pardon—won't intrude—better engaged I see—so am I—mum's the word—I'm off. [Exit.

Mrs. Ant. Provoking intrusion—

J. Bab. Dreadful indeed, irritating as a blister;—but we are alone again—and you, adorable creature, efface every disagreeable impression like cold cream or milk, of roses—Now then delay no longer, but pronounce the fate of him, who so long has fighed at

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the feet of beauty. (*As Mrs. Antidote turns her head affectedly, SIDNEY enters, and places himself between them.*)

Mrs. Ant. I am overcome—I am yours for ever.—
Ha!

Sid. Hey-day—what's all this—

J. Bab. (*rising.*) Baulk'd again!—The fates are against me. Love is a dead article, and I close the account.

Sid. Upon my word, Mrs. Antidote—I give you joy;—I didn't expect at your time-a-day to find an admirer at your feet; I beg pardon for the intrusion however.

Mrs. Ant. Mr. Sidney—pray Sir—excuse this agitation, the surprize of seeing you, so unexpected—

Sid. Ay, ay, I thought you'd be glad to see me. But where's Fanny—where's my niece, eh?—I've got a husband for her too; so one may chance to have a double wedding—hey, Mrs. Antidote?

J. Bab. Husband for Fanny? Babble and Son bankrupts both!

Sid. But why not introduce your friend?—May I be allowed, Mrs. Antidote?

Mrs. Ant. I beg a thousand pardons, I declare I am so flutter'd—I am—so—shaken—

J. Bab. So am I—all in emotion like a saline draught.

Mrs. Ant. Mr. Babble, Sir, Mr. Sidney—(*introducing them.*)

J. Bab. Sir, your most obedient.—Sidney returned—something new for Peter.

Sid. Babble—Babble!—why that's the perfumer and physic seller that set up in the village just as I left it. (*Mrs. Antidote motions.*) Well, I give you joy, and shall be happy to serve you, Sir.

J. Bab. Sir, if you'll give me your custom, I shall be happy to serve you—the greatest joy you can pos-

ghly confer on your most devoted servant, Jeremiah Babbles—Sign of the Musk rose—Can't miss the house—Pestle and mortar over the door—sweets as well as physic—supply with both on the lowest terms.

Sid. Why, Sir, I never use perfumes; and as to physic—I han't taken a dose these forty years—

J. Bab. Zounds! this man will live for ever—must make him a customer—flatter myself I can accommodate with most articles in family use. All kinds of chemical and galenical preparations—mineral, vegetable, and ackaline—salts (cooling and useful)—nitric and oxyginated muricatic acids—(sweetens the blood and strengthens the body)—syrup of buck-thorn—extract of roses, sasparella, essence of colis-foot, &c.—Hair powder (there I hit you, you use it)—best in Europe—common or French—pomatum, cowslip—rose and jessamin. Essences—bergamot—thyme and musk—orange and elder flower-waters—Spanish wool, and coral lip-salve.—Now for a coup-de-main as they say.—Mr. Sidney—bill of my shop—Mrs. Antidote—bill for goods delivered—sorry to be troublesome—forty-six pound—must attend to business—Adieu—Mr. Sidney, your most obedient.

[*Exit.*]

Sid. Why I never heard such a tongue in the mouth of a woman!—the fellow's as deafening as a ballad singer, or a watchman's rattle! What the plague's this?—“Cosmetic bloom—carmine—“forty-six pounds”—This must be intended for you. But you don't seem so glad to see me as I expected.

Mrs. Ant. Pardon me, Sir—the peculiarity of the circumstance—

Sid. Ah! well, I ask your pardon; go forward, and I'll be with you immediately. I know it's cursed disagreeable to be interrupted at such a crisis: I shouldn't have relish'd it myself..

Mrs. Ant. If I don't escape, I am exposed for ever.

[*Exit.*]

Sid Ha! ha!—who the deuce would have thought it! In love forsooth! but I have almost ceased to be astonished at any thing!—Now who in the name of wonder could have supposed, that the very moment I had set foot in the village, I should light upon Old Whitethorn—and that he should tell me, my boy, John Sidney, was alive and well—But he ever knew of my marriage, and I, like a proud ass, was ashamed to acknowledge it.—Oh! the days when I was young!—Lord! lord! how a man's follies in his youth, rise up in judgment against him in old age!

SONG.—SIDNEY.

'Tis a truth, in my youth, I was frisky and gay,
 With a figure and a face to suit any;
 Lasses cry'd, when I sigh'd, now don't tease me so, pray;
 But, still, I was'nt slighted by many:
 When'er I appear'd,
 Smiling, they leer'd;
 When to 'em I bow'd,
 Heard 'em whisper aloud,
 Such a grace, such a face, to-morrow I'd marry,
 Oh! these were the days of young Harry.

Thus, alas! youth will pass, so all have a turn,
 But why may not old men be merry?
 If so old, that they're cold, and their hearts will not burn,
 They may keep their stomach's warm with old sherry.
 But I feel the glow,
 Tho' love's fire is low,
 Nor live in the dark,
 While fanning a spark,
 And in age, I'll engage, a damsel to carry—
 Then take care, pretty maids, of old Harry. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment.*

Enter SIDNEY, and FANNY TRANSIT.

Sid. So, these are her pranks, are they? What a thorough-paced devil it is; but I have discovered her tricks, that's one comfort. So—she never gave you one of my letters for the last half-a-dozen years, hey?

Fanny. Not one, Sir; and scarce money enough to buy pins.

Sid. Well, Fanny, I suppose you have plenty of lovers? Now I'll try her. (*aside*)

Fanny. I did not think it right to encourage any, Sir, 'till I knew your pleasure.

Sid. What then you have accepted no one.

Fanny. None, Sir; sent them all to the right-about. "March"—said I—and away they went.

Sid. Never gave your promise to any?

Fanny. What mean these questions (*aside*.)—No, Sir, never.

Sid. She sticks to her story. (*aside*) Well, I'm glad to hear it—for you must know, I have found a husband for you. You are not engaged—therefore, I suppose, you'll hardly refuse my son, and twenty thousand pounds.

Fanny. Your son, Sir! your son!

Sid. Don't be uneasy; If you don't like him, when you see him, say so honestly; whatever you do, Fanny, never create hopes you do not mean to realize. Never become a coquette, at the expense of honour and honesty.

Fanny. He cuts me to the heart!

Sid. You, I trust, are above such an action, Now, I am told, there's a poor lad, by name, Oliver Whitethorn, who has been ruined by such a cha-

rafter. The report goes, that, to retrieve his father's wants (brought on by her deceiving the son) in a moment of desperation, he committed a robbery: and, for aught I know, his life may pay the forfeit. (*Fanny claps her bands.*) Eh! what's the matter?

Fanny. Oh! Sir—spare me—I cannot support this!

Sid. This interest for a stranger! How's this!

Fanny. Ch! no; he is no stranger. I have known him long—known his worth—his heart!—

Sid. Indeed!

Enter LA ROQUE.

La Ro. Ah, ah! Monsieur Sidney. Then it is not true vat I hear. Pray, Sir, tell me—Was you not robb'd and murdered—and lost in de ditch.

Sid. Why, it appears I was not. Come, cheer up Fanny, all will be well, I warrant.

La Ro. Pauvre Ma'melle—You terrify her by de news! Do not believe him. Mon enfant, you bear him fay he is not murdered.

Fanny. Was it my uncle he attacked—dreadful.

Sid. She feels it severely—I pity her. But if every giddy girl had such a lesson, 'twould soon cure 'em of flirtation. (*aside.*)

Fanny. I am better—let me retire. This instant will I send to Oliver. And tho' I have used him cruelly, he shall find that I still prize his humble merit—nor shall twenty thousand pounds tempt me to wrong the man I love. {*Exit.*

La Ro. Oh! fyé! fyé! You have no gallantrie. You have fay someting to her make her ou des espoir! He is de grand savage of de world—he never love de woman in all his life.

Sid. La Roque!

La Ro. I am come, Sair, agreeable to your order.

Sid. The poor thing's in a sad pucker; but I'll pursue my plan—I pity her—but she deserves it.

La Ro. Vat signify pity. If your plan is to break de poor child's heart—You are not Englishman.

Sid. What, your French blood is up, is it?

La Ro. If your Englis blood vas up—vat you call, you would not make one poor lady miserable. I serve you for no ting all round about de corner of de vide world—but I vil not be dam ver ever I go, for de ill usage of helpless woman.

Sid. Your sentiment is good; so I pardon its mis-application. Now, listen to what I say. My niece Fanny has been playing the fool.

La Ro. Ha! my wife play the fool too—but she could not help.

Sid. Plague take your wife.

La Ro. Vid all my heart. De devil take my wife—She plague me every hour I live.

Sid. Listen, I tell you, to me.

La Ro. I open both my ear.

Sid. In the evening you must wait at the bottom of the nut-walk, in the garden, and bring a person to me who will wait there—Now mind what I say—Don't begin chattering your damn'd broken English, or you will spoil all. I have plann'd it so that he will expect to meet me, but as I may be miss'd in the house, you must take my place. Come with me, and you shall understand me.

La Ro. You vil be very kind, indeed—at present I understand nothing—

Sid. 'Tis my son, I expect you to meet.

La Ro. Your son! your son!

Sid. Come.

[*Exit.*]

La Ro. Ha! ha! entendez vous—de littel shild—la petit garçon. Ah! ha!—I have de perception—Alon, Monsieur---Vivi la bagatille---de littel shild, ha! ha! vive l'amour.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—BABBLE'S Shop.

Enter BABBLE.

J. Bab. So, shop's shut—that's right—open to-morrow with double eclat—no longer a shew of empty Boxes—till full as a tick—over the door—Babble and Co.—charming! delightful!—neat trick of mine giving the bill—answer came safe to hand (*looking at a letter, which is returning to his pocket by drops.*) How I long to clasp her—her money, in these fond arms. Let me see—not quite time—(*looks at his watch.*)—Hope she'll be punctual. The second Mrs. Babble—draught to be repeated—Matrimony!—brimstone and treacle—sweet and bitter—never mind—four-crust to-day, honey and molasses to-morrow—stick to me like a leech all the rest of her life.—If she runs rusty, must rub her off—send her to Smithfield—poor John Hobbs sent his wife there—'twould not do—no go.—But he was happy at last.

SONG.—JEREMIAH BABBLE.

(For this Song, the Author is indebted to a Friend.)

A jolly shoe-maker, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
 A jolly shoe-maker, John Hobbs;
 He married Jane Carter,
 No damsels look'd smarter,
 But he caught a Tartar,
 John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
 Yes, he caught a Tartar, John Hobbs.

He tied a rope to her, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
He tied a rope to her, John Hobbs;

To 'scape from hot water
To Smithfield he brought her,
But nobody bought her,
Jane Hobbs, Jane Hobbs.
They all were afraid of Jane Hobbs.

Oh, who'll buy a wife! says Hobbs, John Hobbs,
A sweet pretty wife, says Hobbs;

But somehow they tell us,
The wife-dealing fellows,
Were all of them sellers,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
And none of 'em wanted Jane Hobbs.

The rope it was ready, John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
Come, give me the rope, says Hobbs,
I won't stand to wrangle,
Myself I will strangle,
And hang dingle dangle,
John Hobbs, John Hobbs,
So he hung dingle dangle, John Hobbs.

But down his wife cut him, Jane Hobbs, John Hobbs,
Yes down his wife cut him, John Hobbs,
With a few hubble bubbles,
They settled their troubles,
Like most married couples,
John Hobbs—Jane Hobbs,
Oh, happy shoe-maker John Hobbs.

[Exit.]

Enter PETER BABBLE cautiously, as BABBLE goes.

Peter. Dad's all alive—merry as a grig—a thriving
wooer perhaps—hey—what's this? (takes up the Let-
F

ter Babble *dropt.*) "Mr. Babble,"—woman's hand
 "I have too long delayed the acknowledgment—
 "that I love. I will meet you at the end of Mr.
 "Sydney's garden this evening. You can there
 "explain the particulars."—The particulars—
 Ah! poor Fanny—clear as day-light—wants to
 know about Oliver. But how came it here?—that
 bandy-legged servant of ours—always leaves my
 letters in the shop—most time to go—father's off
 shop shut—now Cupid be propitious—let not thy
 votary sue in vain—Can't marry 'em all—I'll have
 Fanny, and leave the rest to pine.—If this figure
 doesn't fetch her, nothing will—I'm off. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*The Garden (Dark.)*

LA ROQUE discovered.

La Ro. Very agreeable business I have got—dis jardain is as dark as de mouth of de dog. I have scratch and tear myself wid all de bramble, 'till I have no skin left from my head to my heel. Begar I am a flea alive—dis must be de place—I hope he vil not make me wait more as he can help.—Bew ew·ew (*shivers.*) If I had not brought de cordial Coniac, I should be petrify by de cold. (*drinks.*) Ha! bon—ver good brandy indeed!

Enter BABBLE.

J. Bab. So—she's here —Don't like her drink-ing brandy tho'—

La Ro. I hear him—he is come.

Enter MR. ANTIDOTE, on the opposite side.

Mrs. Ant. Surely I heard some one approach—
 hift—Sir, I am here.

La Ro. Vat de devil has he two sons!

Mrs. Ant. This punctuality is delightful.—You understood your instructions exactly.

La Ro. Dis most be him.

J. Bab. I did—pat as a prescription—never failed in my life. Come, the sooner we are off the better —like a bottle of soda—can't be too quick.

La Ro. No! dis most be him.

J. Bab. Pray do not hesitate—her spirits fail her —take another drop. (*La Roque drinks.*)

Mrs. Ant. Take another drop! —What does he mean by that.—Sir! Mr. Babble! —

La Ro. Babble—for what he call me Babble—I have not speak a word—

J. Bab. Now, then, give me your hand, and follow cautiously. (*Takes La Rocque's hand;*) Devil of a big fist for a wife. (*aside.*)

Mrs. Ant. 'Tis yours for ever!

J. Bab. Phew!—'tis accomplish'd—its over—Monstrous bashful tho', even in the dark—come. (*In groping about La Roque lays hold of Mrs. Antidote's dress.*)

La Ro. Begar dat most be old woman. [*Exit Babble drawing La Roque off.*]

Enter PETER BABBLE at the back of the Scene.

Peter. Just in time—hear footsteps—where are you my love—my angel—'tis she—'tis the dear creature herself. (*Takes Mrs. Antidote's hand.*) Post-chaise waiting—so's the Parson—so am I—
(*A pause.*) Her love's unutterable—can't speak a word—come—tell you all the particulars as we go.

Mrs. Ant. Here is surely some mistake. But I have ventured too far to retreat. (*Aside.*)

Peter. Bravo, Peter—hang me but this is something new! [*Exit leading Mrs. Antidote.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Chamber.**Enter SIDNEY.*

Sidney. I declare, I am quite impatient to behold this son of mine once again. I wonder he is not here. The evening is so dark, that, that blockhead La Roque may have blundered into the fish-pond for all I know. Oh! here comes Fanny—now I shall witness the effect his appearance will have on her.

Enter FANNY TRANSIT.

Well, Niece, are you prepared to meet my boy as I could wish?

Fanny. I fear not, Sir. With shame I acknowledge it was I, who inconsiderately behaved so ill to Oliver Whitethorn. I have made the only recompence in my power—and promised him my hand undivided—a heart unchangeable.—

Enter LA ROQUE.

Sid. Well, did you find him?

La Ro. Find him, you did not tell me of twins, I find two.

Sid. Why doesn't he appear—but the poor youth is agitated no doubt—he is but young—not more than twenty—and I warrant, a smart looking fellow.

La Ro. As to young, I know nothing—as to smart look—certainly—he is very smart—he head is dressed a la cheufuer like de colliflower.

Sid. Colliflower!—stupid scoundrel. Bring him here directly.

La Ro. I shall bring him to your presence.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter WHITETHORN, OLIVER, and PETER BABBLE
on the opposite side, in altercation.*

Peter. This is assault and battery—I'll bring an action!

Oliv. You can't escape—I'll make you repent your villanies, I will.—Bring an action, indeed!

Sid. Why what's the matter here?

White. Oh! here is Mr. Sidney.—We found this powder-puff, please your honor, stealing out of your garden gate with a lady;—a post chaise was waiting, and—

Peter. Well—suppose it was—the lady's my wife—and if any one dare intermeddle—Crim. Con.—bring an action for that too.

Oliv. Didn't I hear you desire the lady to say nothing—that you were off—and had all the particulars?

Peter. What then—caution was necessary—Miss Fanny had a liking for me—took a fancy to my figure and accomplishments—and so we agreed to be off—

Fanny. (*advancing.*) Insolent!—you dare not utter such a falsehood.

Peter. Ha! Miss Fanny here!—Then who, in the of wedlock, is my wife?

White. Who indeed!—I'll swear we saw a woman; she is now waiting with my daughter, Ellen—I'll soon see who she is. [*Exit.*]

Enter LA ROQUE dragging in BABBLE.

La Ro. Dare is your son, Sair. [*Exit.*]

Sid. My son—why, curse me if it is'nt the per-
fumer.

J. Bab. To think of my taking this lout for a wo-
man—I shall never be able to shew my face again.

*Enter WHITETHORN, leading Mrs. ANTIDOTE veiled,
ELLEN following.*

White. Here's his accomplice. Come, Miss, shew your face.

Mrs. Ant. (unveiling.) Behold it then—brutes—savages—

Sid. What—Mrs. Antidote—Amazement!

J. Bab. My adorable, by all that's mortifying:

Mrs. Ant. Mr. Babble there, then touch me on your peril, any of you; he is my husband.

J. Bab. Not I—keep off—had a surfeit of love—fick on't quite—glad to see you at my shop—but can't take a partner.

Mrs. Ant. Wretch—barbarian! I renounce you, and all mankind for ever. [Exit.]

J. Bab. Grapes are sour—what a dragon!

Sid. Young man, step forward.

Peter. Peter's the boy after all!—Now for a swell!—wait your commands, Sir.

Sid. Then pray wait for them behind the shop counter.—Oliver Whitethorn—there—(joining his hand to Fanny's.) Live happy, and never forget in whatever station, honesty is the best policy all over the world.

White. Sir, you could not have acted more wisely; —for know, that youth, now called Oliver, is your own son, John Sidney

Sid. Oliver my son!

Oliv. Mr. Sidney my father!

White. I've kept the secret as you desired, tho' it had lik'd to have pop'd out.

Sid. My dear boy, I am truly happy.

Oliv. Mr. Sidney, the generous kind-hearted stranger, my father—Oh! Ellen—dearest Fanny!

J. Bab. Blefs my soul, this is something new indeed—must participate in general joy—friend Oliver—Sidney—beg pardon—new titles like new prescriptions, always puzzle me to make out. You, Sir, have got a wife—I have got rid of one—mutual felicity—mutual congratulation!—There's a bill of my shop—always happy to please—and should "*Any Thing New*" be well reported—you shall have the particulars *To-morrow*.

FINALE.

They tell us, Variety's charming,
And if what they tells be true;
No fear from your frowns so alarming,
While we offer you *Any Thing New*.

THE END.

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THE MILLER AND HIS MEN,

A MELO-DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1813.

By J. POCOCK, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "HIT OR MISS," "TWENTY YEARS AGO," &c.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Grindoff, the Miller	MR. FARLEY.
Count Frederick Friberg	MR. Vining.
Karl, his Servant	MR. LISTON.
Lothair, a young Peasant	MR. ABBOTT.
Kelmar, an old Cottager	MR. CHAPMAN.
Kruitz, his Son	MAST. GLADSTANES.
Riber	{ MR. JEFFERIES.
Golotz	{ MR. KING.
Zingra	{ MR. SLADER.

WOMEN.

Claudine, Kelmar's daughter	MISS BOOTH.
Laurett, ditto	MISS CAREW.
Ravina	MRS. EGERTON.

MILLER'S MEN.

Mr. Higuau, Mr. Treby, Mr. Norris, Mr. Tinuey, Mr. Durussett.
Banditti—Officers of Count Friberg, &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Banks of a River on the Borders of a Forest
in Bohemia.*

ANSWER TO THE CHIEF QUESTIONS

• *the* *latter* *is* *not* *the* *same* *as* *the* *former* *in* *any* *way* *but* *that* *it* *is* *not* *the* *same* *as* *the* *former* *in* *any* *way*

1. *W. C. W. H. G.*
2. *W. C. W. H. G.*
3. *W. C. W. H. G.*

THE
MILLER AND HIS MEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Banks of a River—On the right a rocky Eminence, on which is a Windmill at work—Cottage in front. Sun-set. Music as the Scene opens. The Miller's Men are seen in perspective, descending the eminence—cross the River in Boats, and land near the Cottage with their Sacks—Then sing the following Round.

WHEN the wind blows,
When the mill goes,
Our hearts are all light and merry;
When the wind drops,
When the mill stops,
We drink and sing, hey down derry.

[With the concluding symphony the Millers depart, and old Kelmar enters from the Cottage.

Kel. What ! more sacks, more grist to the mill ! Early and late' the miller thrives; he that was my tenant is now my landlord; this hovel that once sheltered him, is now the only dwelling of bankrupt broken-hearted Kelmar—Well, I strove my best against misfortune, and thanks be to heaven have fallen respected—even "by" my enemies.—So, Claudine, you are returned! [Enter Claudine with a basket!]—Whero staid you so long ?

Cla. I was obliged to wait ere I could cross the ferry—there were other passengers.

Kel. Amongst whom I suppose was one in whose company time flew so fast—the sun had set before you had observed it.

Cla. No, indeed, father, since you desired me not to meet Lothair—and I told him what you had desired—I have never seen him but in the cottage here, when you were present.

Kel. You are a good girl—a dutiful child, and I believe you—you never yet deceived me.

Cla. Nor ever will, dear father—but—

Kel. But what?

Cla. I—I find it very lonely passing the borders of the forest without—without—

Kel. Without Lothair?

Cla. You know 'tis dangerous, father.

Kel. Not half so dangerous as love—subdue it, child, in time.

Cla. But the robbers!

Kel. Robbers! what then?—they cannot injure thee or thy father—Alas! we have no more to lose—yet, thou hast one treasure left—innocence!—Guard well thy heart, for should the fatal passion there take root, 'twill rob thee of thy peace.

Cla. You told me, once, love's impulse could not be resisted.

Kel. When the object is worthless, it should not be indulged.

Cla. Is Lothair worthless?

Kel. No—but he is poor, almost as you are.

Cla. Do riches without love give happiness?

Kel. Never.

Cla. Then I must be unhappy if I wed the Miller Grindoff.

Kel. Not so—not so;—independence gives comfort, but love without competence is endless misery. You can never wed Lothair.

Cla. (Sighing) I can never love the miller.

Kel. Then you shall never marry him—though to see you Grindoff's wife be the last wish of your old father's heart. Go in, child; go in, Claudine. (*Claudine kisses his hand, and goes into the cottage*) 'Tis plain her heart is riveted to Lothair, and honest Grindoff yet must sue in vain. I know not how to act, the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected embitters every moment that I live. She has been my only joy, my only comfort through an age of sorrow! To deny Lothair will but increase her hatred to the miller—I know not how to act.

Enter Lothair hastily.

Lot. Ah! Kelmar, and alone!—where is Claudine?

Kel. At home, in her father's house,—where should she be?

Lot. Then she has escaped—she is safe and I am happy—I did not accompany her in vain!

Kel. Accompany!—accompany!—Has she then told me a falsehood?—were you with her, Lothair?

Lot. No—ye—yes. (*Aside.*) I must not alarm him.

Kel. What mean these contradictions?

Lot. She knew not I was near her—You have denied our meeting—but you cannot prevent my loving her—I have watch'd her daily through the village and along the borders of the forest.

Kel. I thank you; but she needs no guard; her poverty will protect her from a thief.

Lot. Will her beauty protect her from a libertine?

Kel. Her virtue will.

Lot. I doubt it:—what can her resistance avail against the powerful arm of villainy?

Kel. Is there such a wretch?

Lot. There is.

Kel. Lothair, Lothair ! I fear you glance' at the Miller Grindoff. This is not well ; this is not just.

Lot. Kelmar, you wrong me ; 'tis true,, he is my enemy, for he bars my road to happiness. Yet I respect his character ; the riches that industry has gained him he employs in assisting the unfortunate—he has protected you and your child, and I honor him.

Kel. If not to Grindoff, to whom did you allude ?

Lot. Listen :—As I crossed the hollow way in the forest, where the old oaks twine their huge arms across, and make the road most gloomy, I heard a rustling in the copse. Claudiè had reached the bank above. As I was following, voices, subdued and whispering, struck my ear. Her name distinctly was pronounced : “ She comes,” said one ; “ Now ! now we may secure her,” cried the second ; and instantly two men advanced ; a sudden exclamation burst from my lips, and arrested their intent ; they turned to seek me, and with dreadful imprecations vowed death to the intruder. Stretched beneath a bush of holly I lay concealed ; they passed within my reach ; I scarcely breathed, while I observed them to be ruffians, uncouth and savage—they were banditti.

Kel. Banditti ! are they not yet content ? All that I had—all that the hand of Providence had spared, they have deprived me of ; and would they take my child ?

Lot. 'Tis plain they would. Now, Kelmar, hear the last proposal of him you have rejected. Without Claudiè my life is but a blank, useless to others, and wretched to myself ; it shall be risked to avenge the wrongs you have suffered. I'll seek these robbers ! If I should fall, your daughter will more readily obey your wish, and

Scene I.] THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

9

become the wife of Grindoff. If I should succeed promise her to me. The reward I shall receive will secure our future comfort, and thus your fears and your objections both are satisfied.

Kel. (affected) Lothair, thou art a good lad, a noble lad, and worthy my daughter's love ; she had been freely thine, but that by sad experience I know how keen the pangs of penury are to a parent's heart. My sorrows may descend to her when I am gone, but I have nothing to bequeath her else.

Lot. Then you consent ?

Kel. I do, I do ; but pray be careful. I fear 'tis a rash attempt ; you must have help.

Lot. Then indeed I fail as others have before me. No, Kelmar, I must go alone, pennyless, unarmed, and secretly. None but yourself must know my purpose, or my person.

Kel. Be it as you will ; but pray be careful ; come, thou shalt see her. (*The mill stops.*)

Lot. I'll follow ; it may be my last farewell.

Kel. Come in. I see the mill has stopped. Grindoff will be here anon ; he always visits me at night-fall, when labor ceases. Come.

[*Exit Kelmar.*

Lot. Yes, at the peril of my life I'll seek them. With the juice of herbs my face shall be discoloured, and in the garb of misery I'll throw myself within their power—the rest I leave to Providence—But the miller comes.

[*Exit to the Cottage.*

(*Music.* *The Miller appears in perspective coming from the Crag in the Rock.* As the Boat disappears on the opposite side the two Robbers, Riber and Golotz, enter hastily, &c.

Ri. We are too late—she has reached the cottage.

C

Go. Curse on the interruption that detained us ; we shall be rated for this failure.

Ri. Hush ! not so loud, (*goes cautiously to the window of the cottage.*) Ha ! Lothair.

Go. Lothair ! 'twas he then that marr'd our purpose ; he shall smart for't.

Ri. Back---back ; he comes. On his return he dies ; he cannot pass us both. (*Music.*)

(*They retire as the Boat draws up to the Bank—the Miller jumps ashore—Lothair at the same moment enters from the Cottage.*

Gri. Lothair ! (*appears disconcerted.*)

Lot. Ay—my visit here displeases you, no doubt.

Gri. Nay, we are rivals, but not enemies, I trust. We love the same girl ; we strive the best we can to gain her—if you are fortunate I'll wish you joy with all my heart ; if I should have the luck on't, you'll do the same by me I hope.

Lot. You have little fear ; I am poor, you are rich. He needn't look far that would see the end on't.

Gri. But you are young and likely. I am honest and rough ; the chances are as much yours as mine.

Lot. Well, time will shew. I bear you no enmity. Farewell !

Gri. He must not pass the forest (*aside.*) Whither go you ?

Lot. To the village—I must haste, or 'twill be late ere I reach the ferry.

Gri. Stay,—my boat shall put you across the river.

Ri. (*who with Golotz watches them from the side,*) He will escape us yet.

Gri. Besides—the evening looks stormy, come—it will save your journey half a league.

Ri. It will save his life !

Lot. Well, I accept your offer, and I thank you.

Gri. Your hand.

Lot. Farewell ! (*he goes to the boat.*)

Ri. Curse on this chance ; we have lost him.

Go. But a time may come (*the boat goes off.*)

Ri. A time shall come!

Gri. So I am rid of him ; if he had met Clau-
dine !—but she is safe—now then for Kelmar.

[*Exit to the cottage.*

SCENE II.

*The Forest—distant Thunder—KARL enters, dragging after
him a Portmanteau.*

Karl. Here's a pretty mess !—here a precious
spot of work !—Pleasant upon my soul—lost in
a labyrinth without love or liquor—the sun gone
down, a storm got up, and no getting out of this
vile forest, turn which way one will.

Fri. (without) Halloo, Karl ! Karl !

Karl. Ah, you may call and bawl, master of
mine; you'll not disturb any thing here but a
wild boar or two, and a wolf, perhaps.

Enter FRIBERG.

Fri. Karl, where are you ?

Karl. Where am I ! that's what I want to
know—this cursed wood has a thousand turn-
ings, and not one that turns right.

Fri. Careless coxcomb ; said you not you
could remember the track ?

Karl. So I should, Sir, if I could find the
path—but trees will grow, and since I was here
last, the place has got so bushy and briery that
---that I have lost the way.

Fri. You have lost your senses.

Karl. No, Sir, I wish I had---unfortunately, my senses are all in the highest state of perfection.

Fri. Why not use them to more effect?

Karl. I wish I'd the opportunity; my poor stomach can testify that I taste—

Fri. What?

Karl. Nothing, it's as empty as my head: but I see danger, smell a tempest, hear the cry of wild beasts, and feel—

Fri. How?

Karl. Particularly unpleasant, (*thunder.*) Oh, we are in for it; do you hear, Sir?

Fri. We must be near the river; could we but reach the ferry, 'tis but a short league to the Chateau Friberg.

Karl. Ah! Sir; I wish we were there, and I seated in the old arm chair in the servant's hall talking of.—Holloa!

Fri. What now?

Karl. I felt a spot of rain on my nose as big as a bullet. (*thunder*) There, there it's coming on again—seek some shelter, Sir; some hollow tree, whilst I, for my sins, endeavour once more to find the way, and endure another curry-combing among these cursed brambles.—Come, Sir, (*storm increases*) Lord, how it rumbles—this way, Sir —this way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Cottage—Door and Window, Fire on one side, Table, Chairs, &c. Grindoff and Kelmar discovered.

Kel. 'Tis a rough night, miller, the thunder roars, and by the murmuring of the flood the mountain torrents have descended—Poor Lothair, he'll scarcely have crossed the ferry.

Gri. Lothair by this is safe at home, old friend; before the storm commenced I passed him in my boat across the river (*aside.*) He seems less anxious for his daughter than for this bold stripling.

Kel. Worthy man, you'll be rewarded for all such deeds hereafter. Thank heaven, Claudine is safe ! Hark ! (*Thunder heard*)

Gri. She is safe by this time, or I am much mistaken. (*aside.*)

Kel. She will be here anon.

Gri. I doubt that (*aside.*) Come, here's to her health, old Kelmar ; would I could call you father !

Kel. You may do soon, but even your protection would now, I fear, be insufficient to—

Gri. What mean you ?—Insufficient!

Kel. The robbers—this evening in the forest—

Gri. Ha !

Kel. Did not Lothair then tell you ?

Gri. Lothair !

Kel. Yes—but all's well ; be not alarmed, see she is here.

Gri. Here !

(*At this moment Claudine enters, and Grindoff endeavours to suppress his surprise.*

Claudine ! Curse on them both !

Kel. Both ! how knew you there were two ?

Gri. 'Sdeath—you, you said robbers, did you not ? They never have appeared but singly, therefore I thought you meant two.

14 THE MILLER AND HIS MEN. [Act I.

Kel. You are right; but for Lothair they had deprived me of my child.

Gri. How! Did Lothair? Humph! he's a courageous youth.

Cla. That he is; but he's gentle too. What has happened?

Kel. Nothing, child! nothing (*aside to Gri.*) do not speak on't; 'twll terrify her. Come, Claudiine, now for supper. What have you brought us?

Cla. Thanks to the miller's bounty—plenty.

Kel. The storm increases! (*a voice heard without, "Holloa, Holloa!"*) and hark! I hear a voice; listen! (*voice without "Holloa."*)

Cla. The cry of some bewildered travellér. (*The cry repeated, and a violent knock at the door.*)

Kel. Open the door.

Gri. Not so! it may be dangerous.

Kel. Danger comes in silence and in secret; my door was never shut against the wretched while I knew prosperity, nor shall it be closed now to my fellows in misfortune. Open the door I say. (*The knock is repeated, and Claudiine opens it.*)

KARL enters with a Portmanteau.

Kar. Why in the name of dark nights and tempests didn't you open the door at first; have you no charity?

Kel. In our hearts plenty—in our gift but little—yet all we have is yours.

Kar. Then I'll share all you have with my master—thank you, old gentleman; you won't fare the worse for sheltering honest Karl, and Count Frederick Friberg.

Gri. Friberg!

Kar. Ay, I'll soon fetch him—he's waiting now

Scene III.] THE MILLER AND HIS MEN. 15

looking as melancholy as a mourning coach in a snow storm, at the foot of a tree,—wet as a drowned rat—so stir up the fire, bless you; clap on the kettle—give us the best eatables and drinkables you have—a clean table-cloth---a couple of warm beds—and don't stand upon ceremony; we'll accept every civility and comfort you can bestow upon us without scruple.

[*Throws down the portmanteau and exit.*

Gri. Friberg, did he say?

Cla. 'Tis the young Count so long expected.

Kel. Can it be possible—without attendants, and at such a time too?

Gri. (*Looking at the portmanteau, on which is the name in brass nails*) It must be the same—Kelmar, good night.

Kel. Nay, not yet, the storm rages.

Gri. I fear it may increase—your visitors may not like my company—good night. [As he goes to the door Count Frederick enters, followed by Karl, and stopping suddenly eyes the Miller, as recollecting him. Grindoff appears to avoid his scrutiny.]

Fri. Your kindness is well timed, we might have perish'd—accept my thanks.—I should know that face. (*aside.*)

Gri. To me your thanks are not due.

Fri. That voice too!

Gri. This house is Kelmar's.

Fri. Kelmar's!

Kel. Ay, my dear master, my fortunes have deserted me, but my attachment to your family still remains.

Fri. Worthy old man—how happens this; the richest tenant of my late father's land, the honest, the faithful Kelmar in a hovel?

Kel. It will chill your hearts to hear.

Kar. Then don't tell us pray, for our bodies are cramp'd with cold already.

Kel. 'Tis a terrible tale.

Kar. Then for the love of a good appetite and a dry skin don't tell it, for I've been terrified enough in the forest to-night to last me my life.

Fre. Be silent, Karl. [*retires with Kelmar.*

Gri. In—in the forest?

Kar. Aye.

Gri. What should alarm you there?

Kar. What should alarm me there; come that's a good one. Why first I lost my way; trying to find that I lost the horses; then I tumbled into a quagmire, and nearly lost my life,

Gri. Pshaw! this is of no consequence.

Kar. Isn't it? I have endur'd more hardships since morning than a knight-errant. My head's broke, my body's bruised, and my joints are dislocated. I haven't three square inches about me but what are scarified with briars and brambles; and above all I have not tasted a morsel of food since sun-rise. Egad, instead of my making a meal of any thing, I've been in constant expectation of the wolves making a meal of me.

Gri. Is this all?

Kar. All!—No it's not all, pretty well too I think—when I recovered the path I met two polite gentlemen with long knives in their hands.

Gri. Hey!

Kar. And because I refused a kind invitation of their's, they sported affronted, and were just on the point of ending all my troubles, when up came my master.

Gri. Well!

Kar. Well—yes, it was well indeed, for after a struggle they made off—one of them left his sting behind though; look, here's a poker to stir up a man's courage with! (*Shewing a poniard.*)

Gri. A poniard.

Kar. Aye.

Gri. Give it me.

Kar. For what? it's lawful spoil, did'nt I win it in battle? No, I'll keep it as a trophy of my victory.

Gri. It will be safer in my possession, it may lead to a discovery of him who wore it—and—

Kar. It may—you are right—therefore I'll deliver it into the hands of Count Frederick; he'll soon ferret the rascals out; set a reward on their heads—5000 crowns dead or alive! that's the way to manœuvre 'em. Humph! don't like that chap—never saw such a ferocious black muzzle in my life—~~that miller's a rogue in grain.~~

Gri. Humph! (retires.)

Fre. Nay, nay, speak of it no more. I will not take an old man's bed to ease my youthful limbs; I have slept soundly on a ruder couch—and that chair shall be my resting-place.

Cla. The miller's man, Riber, perhaps can entertain his excellency better, he keeps the Flask here on the hill, Sir.

Gri. His house contains but one bed,

Kar. Only one?

Gri. And that is occupied.

Kar. The devil it is!

Fre. It matters not; I am contented here.

Kar. That's more than I am.

Gri. But stay, perchance his guest has left it; if so 'tis at Count Frederick's service. I'll bring you word, (aside.)—I may now prevent surprise—The storm has ceased; I will return immediately.—(Grindoff as he goes out throws down the scabbard of a dagger.)

Fri. Kelmar, tell me, who is that man? (eagerly)

Kel. The richest tenant, Sir, you have; what Kelmar was when you departed from Bohemia, Grindoff now is.

Fre. Grindoff!—I remember: in my youth, a favoured servant of my father's, who resembled

him in countenance and voice, the recollection is strong upon my memory, but I hope deceives me, for he was a villain who betrayed his trust.

Kel. I have heard the circumstance, it happened just before I entered your good father's service—his name was Wolf.

Fre. The same.

Kar. And if this is not the same I suspect he is a very near relation.

Kel. (*Angrily*) Nay, Sir, you mistake—Grind-off is my friend,—come, Claudine, is all ready?

Kar. Oh, it's a sore subject, is it? (*Kelmar retires*) Your friend is he, old gentleman?—Sir—Sir—

Fre. (*Who has become thoughtful*) Well! what say you?

Kar. I don't like our quarters, Sir; we are in a bad neighbourhood.

Fre. I fear we are; Kelmar's extreme poverty may have tempted him to league with—yet his daughter.

Kar. His daughter—a decoy!—nothing but a trap; don't believe her, Sir; we are betrayed; murdered if we stay here. I'll endure any thing, every thing, if you will but depart, Sir. Dark nights, bad roads, hail, rain, assassins, and—hey! what's this? (*sees and picks up the scabbard dropt by Grind-off.*) Oh, Lord, what's the matter with me? my mind misgives me; and here (*he sheathes the dagger in it and finds it fit*) fits to a hair—we are in the lion's den!

Fre. 'Tis evident, we are snared, caught.

Kar. O Lord!—don't say so.

Fre. Kelmar; I have bethought me; at every peril, I must on to-night.

Kel. To-night!

Cla. Not to-night I beseech you, you know not half your danger.

Kar. Danger! (*aside*) Cockatrice!—I'll thank you for that portmanteau.

Fre. Let it remain—(*to Kar!*) it may be an object to them, 'tis none to me,—it will be safer here with *honest Kelmar*.

Kel. But why so sudden?

Kar. My master has recollect ed something that must be done to-night—or to-morrow it may be out of his power.

Cla. Stay till the miller returns.

Kar. Till he returns! (*aside*) Ah, the fellow's gone to get assistance, and if he comes before we escape we shall be cut and hash'd to mince-meat.

Fre. Away! (*as Fre. advances to the door Grindoff enters suddenly.*)

Kar. It's all over with us.

Kel. Well, friend, what success?

Gri. Bad enough, the Count must remain here.

Fre. Must remain!

Gri. There is no resource.

Kar. I thought so.

Gri. To-morrow Riber can dispose of you both.

Kar. Dispose of us!—(*aside*) Ay, put us to bed with a spade—that fellow's a grave-digger.

Fre. Then I must cross the ford to-night.

Gri. Impossible; the torrent has swept the ferry barge from the shore and driven it down the stream.

Kar. Perhaps your boat?

Gri. Mine! 'twould be madness to resist the current now—and in the dark too.

Fre. What reward may tempt you?

Gri. Not all you are worth, Sir, until to-morrow.

Kar. To-morrow!—Ah! we are crow's meat to a certainty.

Gri. (*Looking askance round the room.*) All is right, they have got the scabbard, and their suspicions now must fall on Kelmar (*aside*.)

[*Exit Grindoff.*

Fre. Well, we must submit to circumstances

(aside to Karl) Do not appear alarmed; when all is still we may escape.

Kar. Why not now?—there are only two of 'em,

Fred. There may be others near.

Enter Krenitz and Laurett.

Kel. Come, children, prepare supper.

SESTETTE.

Cla. Stay, prithee, stay,—the night is dark,
The cold wind whistles—Hark! hark! hark!

Fred. We must away,

Kar. Pray come away,

Cla. The night is dark,
The cold wind whistles,

All. Hark! hark! hark!

Cla. Stay, prithee stay, the way is lone,
The ford is deep—the boat is gone,

Kel. And mountain torrents swell the flood,
And robbers lurk within the wood.

All. Here { you } must stay till morning bright
Breaks through the dark and dismal night,
And merry sings the rising lark,
And bush'd the night bird—Hark! hark! hark!

(Claudine tenderly detains Friberg, Kelmar the same with Karl—and the group is enclosed by

SCENE IV.

Representing the depth of the Forest. Enter Lothair, whose dress and complexion are entirely changed, his habiliments are wretched, &c.

Lot. This way, this—in the moaning of the blast, at intervals, I heard the tread of feet—and as the moon's light burst from the stormy clouds, I saw two figures glide like departed spirits to this deep glen—Now heaven prosper me, for my attempt is desperate! ah, they come!

(Music. Enter Riber—Golotz follows; they look round cautiously—then advance to a particular rock which is nearly concealed by underwood and roots of trees.

Lot. Hold!—(the robbers start and eye him with ferocious surprise) So my purpose is accomplish'd, at last I have discovered you.

Ri. Indeed ! it will cost you dear.

Lot. It has already—I have been hunted through the country—but now my life is safe.

Ri. Safe !

Lot. Ay, is it not ? would you destroy a comrade ?—Look at me, search me, I am unarmed, defenceless !

Go. Why come you hither ?

Lot. To join your brave band—the terror of Bohemia.

Ri. How knew you our retreat ?

Lot. No matter—in the service of Count Friberg I have been disgraced---and fly from punishment to seek revenge.

Go. (to Riber) How say you ?

Lot. They hesitate (*aside*) The young Count is far from home--and his name I may use without danger—I lead me to your chief.

Ri. We will—not so fast, your sight must be concealed, (*offering to bind his forehead.*)

Lot. Ah ! (*hesitates*) May I trust you ?

Go. Do you doubt ?

Ri. Might we not dispatch you as you are.

Lot. Enough, (*they conceal his sight*)—Bind me and lead on.

(Music. Riber lets down a flat Stone in the Rock—Golots leads Lothair to it—they enter, and he is drawn up.

SCENE V.

A Cavern. Banditti grouped—variously employed, chiefly carousing round a Table—on which are Flasks of Wine, &c. &c.' in the back Ground, elevated, is seen a Recess ; on which is inscribed " Powder Magazine :"—Steps rudely cut in the Rock lead to it—on the right, other Steps lead to an opening in the Cave.

CHORUS—BANDITTI.

Fill, boys, and drink about,
Wine will banish sorrow ;
Come drain the goblet out,
We'll have more to-morrow.

SLOW MOVEMENT.

We live free from fear,
 In harmony here,
 Combin'd, just like brother and brother,
 And this be our toast,
 The free-booter's boast,
 Success, and good will to each other !
 Chorus—Fill, Boys, &c.

As they conclude, enter RAVINA.

Rav. What !---carousing yet, sotting yet !

Zin. How now, Ravina; why so churlish ?

Rav. To sleep, I say--or wait upon yourselves.
 I'll stay no longer from my couch to please you.
 Is it not enough that I toil from day-break but
 you must disturb me ever with your midnight re-
 vélry ?

Zin. You were not wont to be so savage, wo-
 man.

Rav. You were not wont to be so insolent. Look
 you repent it not.

1st. Pshaw ! Heed her no more. Jealousy
 hath soured her. I forgive her railing.

Rav. Forgive !

Zin. Ay, our leader seeks another mistress, and
 'tis rather hard upon thee I confess after five years
 captivity, hard service too, and now that you are
 accustomed to our way of life,—we pity thee.

Rav. Pity me !—I am indeed an object of com-
 passion; seven long years a captive, hopeless still
 of liberty, habit has almost made my heart cold
 as these rude rocks that screen me from the light
 of heaven—Miserable—lost Ravina—by dire ne-
 cessity become an agent in their wickedness, yet
 pine for virtue and for freedom.

Zin. Leave us to our wine; come, boys, fill
 all, fill full.

Robbers. Ay, ay, a health! a health!

Zin. To our captain's bride.

Robbers. “To our captain's bride!”

(A single note on the bugle is heard from below.

Zin. Hark ! 'tis from the lower cave, (*note repeated*) She comes ; Ravina, look you receive her as becomes the companion of our chief ; remember.

Rav. I shall remember. So, another victim to hypocrisy and guilt. Poor wretch, she loves, perhaps, as I did, the miller Grindoff ; but, as I do, may lie to execrate the outlaw and the robber.

(The trap in the floor is thrown open, and Riber ascends, followed by Golotz and Lothair.

Robbers. Hail, to our new companion.

Rav. A man !

(Lothair tears the bandage from his eyes as he arrives in the cave ; the robbers start back on perceiving a man.

Lot. Thanks for your welcome.

Zin. Who have we here ? Speak !

Ri. A recruit ; where is the captain ?

Zin. Where is the captain's bride ?

Ri. Of her hereafter. (A bugle is heard above.)

Robbers. Wolf ! Wolf !

(Grindoff, in Robber's apparel, descends the opening, advances, and seeing Lothair, starts.

Gri. A stranger !

Lot. Grindoff ! (the Robbers lay hands on swords, &c.)

Gri. Ha ! betray'd ! who has done this ?

Ri. I brought him hither, to—

Gri. Riber ; humph ! You have executed my orders well, have you not ? where is Claudine ?

Lot. Claudine ! (aside) Villain, hypocrite.

Gri. Know you Claudine, likewise ?

Ri. She escaped us in the forest, some meddling fool thwarted our intent, and—

Gri. Silence, I know it all ; a word with you presently : now, stranger, but I mistake ; we

should be old acquaintance, my name is so familiar to you : what is your purpose here?

Lot. Revenge.

Gri. On whom?

Lot. On one whose cruelty and oppression well deserve it.

Gri. His name?

Lot. (Aside) Would I dare mention it!

Ri. He complains of Count Friberg.

Gri. Indeed ! then your purpose will be soon accomplished ; he arrived this night, and shelters at old Kelmar's cottage ; he shall never pass the river ; should he once reach the Chateau Friberg, it would be fatal to our band.

Lot. Arrived ! (aside) What have I done ! My fatal indiscretion has destroyed him,—let him fall by my hand.

Gri. It may tremble, it trembles now ! The firmest of our band have failed (looking at Riber.) Henceforth the enterprise shall be my own.

Lot. Let me accompany you.

Gri. Not to-night.

Lot. To-night !

Gri. Ay, before the dawn appears, he dies—Riber ! (Lothair clasps his hands in agony; Riber advances.)

Rav. What, more blood ! Must Friberg's life be added to the list ?

Gri. It must ; our safety claims it.

Rav. Short-sighted man ! will not his death doubly arouse the sluggish arm of justice ? Is this your policy ? The whole country, hitherto kept in awe by dissension and selfish fear, will join ; reflect in time : beware their retribution !

Gri. When I used a woman's counsel, I'll seek it of the compassionate Ravina : Riber, I say !

[Exit Ravina.]

Ri. I wait your orders.

Gri. Look you, execute them better than the last, look to't—the count and his companion rest at Kelmar's; it must be done within an hour: arm and attend me: at the same time, I will secure Claudine; and should Kelmar's vigilance interpose to mar us, he henceforth shall be an inmate here.

Lot. Oh, villain!

Gri. How mean you?

Lot. Friberg—let me go with you.

Gri. You are too eager, I will not trust thy inexperience: Trust you! what surety have we for your faith?

Lot. My oath.

Gri. Swear then never to desert the object, never to betray the cause for which you sought our band,—Revenge on—

Lot. On him, who has deeply, basely injured me, I swear it.

Gri. (to Riber,) Quick, arm and attend me, (Riber retires) Are those sacks in the mill disposed of as I ordered?

1st R. They are.

Gri. Return with the flour to-morrow, and be careful that all assume the calmness of industry and content. With such appearance, suspicion itself is blind; 'tis the safeguard of our band: come, some wine,—your name?

Lot. Spiller.

Gri. Fill me a goblet, and then to business,—The Miller and his Men.

Robbers. The Miller and his Men.

(Grindoff then puts on his Miller's frock, hat, &c. Riber advances, armed with pistols in his belt, a dark lanthorn, &c. and they retire up the opening as the Banditti sing the Chorus.

CHORUS,

Now to the Forest we repair,
Awhile like spirits wander there;
In darkness we secure our prey,
And vanish at the dawn of day.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The interior of Kelmar's cottage as before. Frederick asleep in a Chair, reclining on a Table, beneath which and at the opposite Side near the Fire, Karl is seen likewise asleep. Frederick's Sword lies on the Table. The Fire nearly extinguished.

Enter CLAUDINE with a lamp.

Claudine.

A LL still—all silent ; the Count and his companion are undisturbed !—What can it mean ? My father wanders from his bed, restless as myself. Alas, the infirmities of age and sorrow afflict him sorely. Night after night I throw myself upon a sleepless couch, ready to fly to his assistance, and—hush—hush !

KELMAR enters, CLAUDINE extinguishes the light, and avoids him.

Kel. They sleep—sleep soundly—ere they awake, I may return from my enquiry. If Grindoff's story was correct, I still may trust him—still may the Count confide in him—but his behaviour last night, unusual and mysterious, hangs like a fearful dream upon my mind—his anxiety to leave the cottage, his agitation at the appearance of Count Friberg ; But above all, his assertion that the ferry-barge was lost, disturbs me. My doubts shall soon be ended. At this lone hour I may pass the borders unperceived, and the grey dawn that now glimmers in the east will direct my path.

[Looks about him as fearful of disturbing the sleepers, and Exit.

CLAUDINE advances.

Cla. Yes; it was my father. He appears unusually agitated—Ah ! it may be—sometimes he wanders on the river's brink watching the bright orb of day bursting from the dark trees, and breathes a prayer, a blessing for his child ; yet 'tis early, very early, yet it may be—oh father, my dear, dear father !

[Exit.

Kar. Yaw ! (snoring)—damn the rats ! Yaw ! what a noise they keep—Hey, where am I ?—Oh, in this infernal hovel ; the night-mare has rode me into a jell ; then such horrible dreams, yaw ! and such a swarm of rats; damn the rats, (lays his hand on his poniard) they'd better keep off, for I am hungry enough to eat one—bew—eu (shivering) I wish it were morning.

(A dark lantern borne by Riber has appeared at the window; at this moment Riber half enters the room, but suddenly retires, observing a light occasioned by Karl's stirring the fire with his dagger. This gives more light to the stage.

Karl. What's that ? (listens) Nothing but odd noises all night: wonder how my master can sleep for such a yaw !—aw !

(Lies down, Riber enters cautiously, holding forward the lantern; Grindoff follows. Riber on seeing Frederick draws a poniard. As he raises his arm, Grindoff catches it and prevents the blow. Music appropriate.

Gri. Not yet—first to secure my prize—Claudine—These are safe.

Kar. How the varmint swarm !

Gri. Hush, he dreams.

Ri. It shall be his last.

Kar. Rats !

Ri. What says he?

Kar. Rats!—they all come from the milk.

Ri. Do they so?

Kar. Ay—set traps for 'em, poison 'em.

(Riber again attempting to advance, is detained by Grindoff.)

Gri. Again so rash—remember!

Kar. I shall never forget that fellow in the forest.

Ri. Ha—Do you mark?

Gri. Fear them not, be still till I return; he is sound, none sleep so hard as those that babble in their dreams—stir not, I charge you—yet should Kelmar—ay—should you hear a noise without, instantly dispatch. [Exit Grindoff.]

Ri. Enough!

(At this time Karl again awakes, and observes Riber; he grasps his dagger, and watching the motion of the Robber acts accordingly—)

This delay is madness, but I must obey.

(he looks at the priming of his pistol—then towards the table—Karl drops to his position.

Hey, a sword!

(he advances and removes it from the table.

Now all is safe—Hark!

(A noise without, as of something falling)

'Tis time—if this should fail my poniard will secure him.

(Riber advances hastily, and in the act of bringing his pistol to the level against Frederick, is stabbed by Karl, who has arisen and retreated behind the table to receive him; at the same instant Grindoff enters, and Frederick rushing from the chair at the noise of the pistol, seizes him by the collar, and Group stand amazed. Music.)

Fre. Speak, what means this?

Kar. They've caught a Tartar, Sir—that's all—Hey! the Miller! [advancing.

Gri. Ay!

Fre. How came you here?

Gri. To—to do you service.

Fre. At such in ~~hour~~ !

Gri. 'Tis never too late to do good.

Fre. Good !

Gri. Yes—you have been in danger.

Kar. Have we ? Thank you for your

Gri. You have been watched by the banditti.

Fre. So it appears.

Kar. But how did you know it ?

Gri. (*Confused*) There is my proof (*pointing to the body of Riber.*)

Kar. But how the plague got you into the house—thro' a rat-hole ?

Fre. Explain ?

Gri. Few words will do that:—On my return to the mill I found you might repose there better than in this house ; at all events, I knew you would be safer in my care.

Fre. Safer ! Proceed---what mean you ?

Kar. Safer ! (*aside.*)

Gri. Kelmar !

Fre. Hah !

Gri. Had you no suspicion of him--no mistrust of his wish to---to detain you ?

Fre. I confess, I—

Gri. (*to Karl*) the poniard you obtained in the forest, that you refused to give me.

Kar. This !

Gri. -- is Kelmar's.

Fre. Wretch !

Kar. I thought so ; I found the sheath here.

Gri. I knew it instantly---my suspicions were aroused---now they are confirm'd ; Kelmar is in league with these marauders---I found the door open, you still slept. I searched the house for him, he is no where to be found, he and his daughter have absconded--are you satisfied ?

Fre. I am.

Kar. I am not ; I wish we were safe at home.

I'm no coward by day-light, but I hate adventures of this kind in the dark.

Gri. Follow me—you cannot mistake, see 'tis day-break—at the cottage close to the narrow bridge that passes the ravine you will find repose.

Fre. We'll follow you.

Kar. Lord ! how a man may be deceived! I took you for a great rogue now, but I find you are a good christian, tho' you are a very ill looking man.

Gri. We can't all be as handsome as you---

[Exit Grindoff.

Kar. No, nor as witty as you---I don't half like that fellow yet (*gets the portmanteau.*) Now the sooner we are off the better, Sir. As for this fellow, the rats may take care of him.

(A shriek heard without. Frederick draws his sword and rushes out.

Fre. Karl---follow me!

Kar. What, more adventures ! I'm ready. I say, (*to the body of Riber*) take care of the portmanteau, will you ?

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Forest.

Grindoff enters with Claudine in his arms, and is seen concealing her and himself in the Secret Rock; he lets

down the flat stone and disappears as Frederick in haste enters.

Fre. Gone ! vanish'd ! Can it be possible ? Sure 'tis witchcraft. I was close upon him---Karl ! The cries of her he dragg'd with him too have ceased, and not the faintest echo of his retiring footstep can be heard---Karl !

Enter KARL.

Kar. O Lord---pho ! that hill's a breather, why where is he ? didn't you overtake him ?

Fre. No, in this spot he disappeared and sunk as it should seem, ghost-like into the very earth ---Follow !

Kar. Follow ! follow a Will-o'-the-wisp !

Fre. Quick,—aid me to search.

Kar. Search out a ghost ; mercy on us not I.

Fre. He must be near.

Kar. So much the worse. I hate spirits and bugaboos, and all their kin---can't abide 'em.

Fre. Ridiculous.

Kar. So I think---I'll follow you thro' the world---fight for you---the best cock giant robber of 'em all---but if you are for hunting gob-blins---I'm off---Hey, where the devil's the woman tho' ? If she was a spirit, she made more noise than any lady alive.

Fre. Perchance the villain so closely pursued has destroyed his victim.

Kar. No doubt on't; he's kill'd her to a certainty ; nothing but death can stop a woman's tongue.

Fre. (*Having searched in vain.*) From the miller we may gain assistance ; Grindoff no

doubt is acquainted with every turn and outlet
of the forest;—quick, attend me to the mill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III:

The Cavern.

Music. Robbers discovered asleep in different parts of the stage. Lothair as on guard, with a Carbine, stands beneath the Magazine.

Lot. Ere this it must be day-light—yet Grindoff returns not—perchance their foul intent has fail'd—the fatal blow design'd for Friberg may have fallen upon himself. How tedious drags the time when fear, suspense, and doubt thus weigh upon the heart!—Oh, Kelmar, beloved Claudine, you little know my peril (*looks at the various groupes of Banditti, and carefully rests his carbine at the foot of the rugged steps leading to the Magazine*) While yet this drunken stupor makes their sleep most death-like—let me secure a terrible but just revenge.—If their infernal purpose be accomplish'd, this is their reward—(*draws a coil of fuze from his bosom*) These caverns that spread beneath the mill, have various outlets, and in the fissures of the rock the train will lie unnoticed.—Could I but reach the magazine!

Music. Lothair retires cautiously as he places his foot over the body of a Robber, who is seen asleep on the steps leading to the Magazine; by accident he touches the carbine which slips down; the Robber being disturbed alters his position while Lothair stands over him—but again re-

poses—Lothair advances up the steps. As he arrives at the magazine, Wolf's signal is heard from above, the Robbers instantly start up, and Lothair at the same moment springs from the steps, and seizing his carbine stands in his previous attitude; immediately Wolf is seen descending the opening on the right with Claudine senseless in his arms.

Robbers. The signal!

Go. Wolf! We rejoice with you.

Lot. Have you been successful?

Gri. (Having set down Claudine) So far, I have.

Lot. Claudine—merciful powers! (aside) But Kelmar—

Gri. Shall not long escape me—Kelmar once secure, his favourite, my redoubted rival, young Lothair, may next require attention. Where is Ravina?—Oh, you are come.

Enter RAVINA,

Ra. I am; what is your will?

Gri. That you attend Claudine—treat her as you would treat me.

Ra. I will, be sure on't.

Gri. Look you, fail not. Lead her in (Ravina assisted leads off Claudine.) I cannot wait her recovery, danger surrounds us.

Robbers. Danger!

Gri. Ay, every eye must be vigilant, every heart resolved—Riber has been stabbed.

Lot. Then Friberg---

Gri. Has escaped.

Lot. Thank heaven! [Re-enter Ravina.

Gri. How?

Lot. Friberg is still reserved for me.

Gri. Be it so—your firmness shall be proved,

Ra. So—one act of villany is spared you; pursue your fate no farther—Desist, be warned in time.

Gri. Fool! Could woman's weakness urge me to retreat, my duty to our band would now make such repentance treachery.

Robbers. Noble captain!

Gri. Mark you, my comrades, Kelmar has fled; left his house—no doubt for the Chateau Friberg. The suspicions of the Count are upon him. All mistrust of me is banished from his mind, and I have lured him and his companion to the cottage of our lost comrade Riber.

Lot. How came Claudine to fall into your power?

Gri. I encounter'd her alone as I left Kelmar's cottage. She had been to seek her father; I seized the opportunity, and conveyed her to the secre pass in the forest; her cries caused me to be pursued, and one instant later I had fallen into their hands—by this time they have recovered the path-way to the mill. Spiller shall supply Riber's place—be prepared to meet them at the Flask, and prove yotrselv—

Lot. The man I am; I swear it.

Gri. Enough, I am content.

Ra. Content!—Such guilt as thine can never feel content. Never will thy corroded heart have rest—Years of security have made you rash, incautious—wanton in thy cruelty—and you will never rest until your mistaken policy destroys your band.

Gri. No more of this—Her discontent is dangerous—Spiller!—when you are prepared to leave the cavern, make fast the door; Ravina shall remain here confined until our work above is finished.

Lot. I understand—

Gri. Goletz and the rest—who are wont to cheer our revels with your music, be in waiting at the Flask, as travellers, wandering Savoyards—till the Count and his follower are safe within our toils; the delusion may spare us trouble. I know them resolute and fierce—and should they once suspect, tho' our numbers overpower them, the purchase may cost us dear---away—time presses. Spiller—remember!---

[Exit *Gri.* and *Robbers.*

Lot. Fear me not—you soon shall know me.

(As *Wolf*, &c. go off, *Lothair* immediately runs up the steps to the Magazine, and places the fuze within, closes the door, and directs it towards the trap by which he first enter'd the cave.

Ra. Now then hold firm my heart and hand; one act of vengeance, one dreadful triumph, and I meet henceforth the hatred, the contempt of *Wolf*, without a sigh. Accustomed here to scenes of death, deeds that once had made me shrink, with horror, degenerate nature now consents to act---(in great agitation)—

(She advances to the table, and taking a phial from her bosom pours it into a cup---some liquor on it---and goes cautiously across the stage to where *Claudine* has been conducted,

Ra. As she revives---ere yet her bewilder'd senses proclaim her situation, she will drink---and---

(*Lothair* who has watched the conduct of *Ravina*, at this moment seizes the cup and casts it away.

Lot. Hold, mistaken woman; is this your pity for the unfortunate---of your own sex too? Are you the advocate of justice and of mercy—who dare condemn the cruelty of *Wolf*—yet with your own hand would destroy an innocent fel-

low creature---broken-hearted, helpless, and forlorn? Oh shame! ---shame! ---

Ra. And who is he that dares to school me thus?

Lot. Who am I!

Ra. Ay! that talk of justice and of mercy,
yet pant to shed the blood of Friberg!

Lot. (aside) Now, dared I trust her---I must,
there is no resource, for they'll be left together.
Ravina---say, what motive urged you to attempt
an act that I must believe is hateful to your na-
ture?

Ra. Have I not cause---ample cause?

Lot. I may remove it.

Ra. Can you remove the pangs of jealousy?

Lot. I can---Claudine will never be the bride
of Wolf.

Ra. Who can prevent it?

Lot. Her husband.

Ra. Is it possible?

Lot. Be convinced---Claudine, Claudine!

Cla. (Entering) 'Tis he, 'tis he, then I am safe. Ah! who are these, and in what dreadful place am I?

Lot. Beloved Claudine, can this disguise con-
ceal me?

Cla. Lothair---I was not deceived! (*falls into his arms.*)

Ra. Lothair!

Lot. Ay, her affianced husband---Ravina, our
lives are in your power; preserve them and save
yourself; one act of glorious repentance, and the
blessings of the surrounding country are yours.
Observe!

(Music. Lothair points to the Magazine; shews the train to Ravina, and explains his intention; then gives a phosphorus bottle which he shews the purpose of; she comprehends him. Claudine's action, astonishment and terror. Lotheir opens the trap.)

—Be careful, be cautious, I implore you;—convey the train where I may distinctly see you from without the mill; and above all, let no anxiety of mind, no fear of failure, urge you to fire the train, till I give the signal.—Remember, Claudine might be the victim of such fatal indiscretion.

Ra. But, Wolf.

(At this moment Wolf returns, and hearing his name halts at the back of the scene.

Lot. Wolf with his guilty companions shall fall despised and execrated—Ah! remove the train. [aside.

Wolf. Villain!

(Levels a pistol at Lothair, Ravina utters an exclamation of horror—Claudine retreats, and removes the train to the foot of the steps.

Lot. Hold!—you are deceived.

Wolf. Do you acknowledge it?—but 'tis the last time.

Lot. One moment.

Wolf. What further deception?

Lot. I have used none—hear the facts.

Wolf. What are they?

Lot. Hatred to thee—jealousy of the fair Claudine urged this woman to attempt her life, (points to Claudine.)

Wolf. Indeed!—for what purpose was that pass disclosed? (pointing to the trap.)

Lot. I dared not leave them together.

Wolf. Vain subterfuge—your threat of destruction on me and my companions—

Lot. Was a mere trick, a forgery, a fabrication to appease her disappointed spirit—induce her to quit the cave, and leave Claudine in safety.

Wolf. Plausible hypocrite—Ravina has no weapon of destruction—how then?

Lot. Ah! We are saved (*aside*)—Behold, let conviction satisfy your utmost doubts.

(*He snatches the phial which Ravina has retained in her hand.*

Wolf. (*Looking on the label*) Poison!—you then are honest—Wolf unjust—I can doubt no longer. Fiend! descend instantly, in darkness and despair anticipate a dreadful punishment [*Music.* (*Ravina clasps her hands in entreaty, and descends the trap, which is closed violently by Wolf.*

Wolf. Now, Spiller, follow me.

(*Wolf takes his broad Miller's hat which had caused his return, and Exit. Lothair following, and looking back significantly at Claudine, who then advances, cautiously opens the trap, gives the train to Ravina--and Exit. to the side to where she was first conducted. Music appropriate during this.*

SCENE IV.

The Cottage of RIBER. The Sign of the Flask.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fre. How long must these perplexing strange events keep me from my home, my friends, my wife? Wearied with the toils of war, on the wings of expectation I flew to the enjoyment of repose and peace!—Well, a few short hours, and patience—

Enter KARL.

Fre. This must be the house!

Kar. Clear as day-light ; look, Sir, the "Flask!" oh, and there stands the mill!—I suppose old rough and tough, Master Grindoff, will be here presently. Well, I'm glad we are in the right road at last; for such ins and outs, and ups and downs, and circumbendibusses in that forest I never—

Fre. True; we may now obtain guides and assistance to pursue that ruffian!—

Kar. Pursue again!—not to save all the *she* sex!—Flesh and blood can't stand this. (*aside.*)

Fre. (*Abstracted*) Yet after so long an absence delay is doubly irksome—could I but see her my heart doats on!

Kar. Ah! could I but see what my heart doats on—a plate of alamode beef.

Fre. My sweet Lauretta—

Kar. A dish of sour crout.

Fre. Fool!

Kar. Fool! so I musn't enjoy a good dinner even in imagination. Eating and drinking seems to be high treason now-a-days.

Fre. Still complaining!

Kar. How can I help it, Sir? I can't live upon air as you do.

Fre. You had plenty last night!

Kar. So I had last Christmas, Sir; and what sort of a supper was it after all?—One apple, two pears, three bunches of sour grapes, and a bowl of milk: one of your forest meals—I can't abide such a cruel cold diet—Oh for a bumper of brandy! but unfortunately my digestion keeps pace with my appetite—I'm always hungry.

(*Music heard within the Flask.*)

Fre. Hush!

Kar. What's that? somebody tickling a harp into fits? Soft music always makes me doleful as a duck in dry weather.

Fre. Go into the house---stay; remember I would be private.

Kar. Private---in a public house. Oh, I understand, incog.; but the miller knows you, Sir.

Fre. That's no reason all his people should.

Kar. I smoke—they'd be awed by our dignity and importance—poor things, I pity 'em---they are not used to polish'd society---Holloa! house! landlord! Mr. Flask.

Enter LOTHAIR.

Good entertainment here for man and beast, I'm told.

Lot. You are right.

Kar. Well! here's master and I!

Lot. You are welcome, I dare not say otherwise; Wolf is on the watch (*aside*) (*Wolf has appeared at a window.*)

Kar. Have you got any thing ready? (*smacking his lips.*)

Lot. Too much I fear.

Kar. Not a bit, I'll warrant. I'm devilish sharp set.

Lot. Well, you are just in pudding-time.

Kar. Pudding! have you got no meat?

Lot. I must ask him (*aside, and looking round anxiously*) won't your master--

Kar. No! he lives upon love; but don't be alarm'd, I'll make it worth your while; I'm six meals in arrear, and can swallow enough for both of us. [*Exit Karl with Lothair to the Flask; Wolf, who has watched, closes the window.*]

Fre. Yes, I'm resolved—the necessity for passing the river must by this time have urged the peasantry to re-establish the ferry---delay is needless. I'll away instantly to the Château Friberg, and with my own people return to redress the wrongs of my oppressed and suffering tenantry—well, your news? (*Enter Karl.*)

G

Enter KARL.

Kar. Glorious!—The landlord, Mr. Flask, is a man after my own heart, a fellow of five meals a day.

Fre. Pshaw!—who are the musicians?

Kar. Ill-looking dogs, truly;—Savoyards, I take it; one plays on a thing like a frying-pan, the other turns something that sounds like a young grindstone.

Fre. What else?

Kar. As fine an imitation of a shoulder of mutton as ever I clapt my eyes on.

Enter KELMAR, exhausted by haste and fatigue.

Fre. Kelmar!

Kel. Ah! the Count and his companion, thank heaven I am arrived in time; my master will be saved, tho' Claudine, my poor unhappy child, is lost.

Kar. Lost, is she?—No great catch for him that finds her.

Kel. Fly, I beseech you—fly from this spot—do not question me; this is no time for explanations— one moment longer, and you are betrayed —your lives irrecoverably sacrificed.

Fre. Would you again deceive us?

Kel. I have been myself deceived; fatally deceived!—let an old man's prayers prevail with you; leave, oh, leave this accursed place—

Enter GRINDOFF.

—Ah! the miller! then has hope forsaken me —yet one ray—one effort more, and—

Gri. Thy treachery is known. (*He seizes Kelmar by the collar.*)

Kel. One successful effort more, and death is welcome.

Gri. Villain !

Kel. Thou art the villain—see—behold !

(With a violent effort of strength, the old man suddenly turns upon the Miller, and tears open his vest, beneath which he appears armed. Grindoff, at the same instant, dashes Kelmar from him, who impelled forward is caught by Frederick. Frederick draws his sword, Wolf draws pistols in each hand from side-pockets, his hat falling off a the same instant. Appropriate music.)

Fre. 'Tis he ! the same ; 'tis Wolf !

Gri. Spiller ! Golotz ! (*rushes out.*)

Kar. Is it Wolf ?—Damn his pistols ; this shall reach him.

(Throws down the poniard and catching Frederick's sword, hastens after Wolf. The report of a pistol is immediately heard.)

Fre. Cheerly, old heart ; how fares it ?

Kel. Well !—very well !—but stay not here---away, away—I have brought assistance---your people are at hand.

(Exit Fred. and Kelmar. At the same moment Golotz, followed by Lothair, bursts from the house.)

Go. We are call'd, Wolf call'd us ;—Bh ! they have discover'd him.

Lot. 'Tis too late to follow him, he has reach'd the bridge.

Go. Then he is safe ;—but see, at the foot of the hill, arm'd men, in the Friberg uniform, press forward to the Mill.

Lot. This way, we must meet them then ; in, in to the subterranean pass. (*Exit Golotz.*) Now, Claudine, thy sufferings shall cease, and thy father's wrongs shall be revenged.

SCENE THE LAST

Discovers a near view of the Mill standing on an elevated projection, from the foreground a narrow bridge passes to the rocky Promontory across the Ravine.—Music.—Ravina appears ascending the gully with the fuse, which she places carefully in the crannies of the rock.

Ra. My toil is over—the train is safe. From this spot I may receive the signal from Lothair; and at one blow, the hapless victims of captivity and insult are amply, dreadfully avenged. Ah! Wolf! (she retires.)

Grindoff enters as pursued, and turning, fires his remaining pistol; then hurries across the bridge, which he instantly turns in the manner of a canal-bridge; Karl, following.

Gri. (With a shout of great exultation) Ha! ha! you strive in vain!

Karl. Cowardly rascal! you'll be caught at last.

Gri. By whom?

Karl. Your only friend, Beelzebub: run as fast as you will, he'll trip up your heels at last.

Gri. Fool-hardy slave; I have sworn never to descend from this spot alive, unless with liberty.

Karl. Oh, we'll accommodate you; you shall have liberty to ascend from it;—the wings of your own mill shall be the gallows, and fly with every rascal of you into the other world.

Gri. Golotz!—Golotz, I say! (calling towards the mill.)

Enter FREDERICK, with KELMAR, and the attendants from the Chateau Friberg, armed with sabres, in uniform.

Fre. Wretch ! your escape is now impossible, Surrender to the injured laws of your country.

Gri. Never. The brave band that now await my commands within the mill—double your number.—Golotz !

LOTHAIR, in the cloak of Golotz, enters from a small door in the Mill, concealing his face as much as possible without its appearing intentional.

Gri. Quick—let my bride appear. { *Exit Lothair; at the same instant, Ravina enters in front; Grindoff starts.*

Ra. She is here ! what would you ?

Gri. Ravina—traitress !

Ra. Traitor ! What then art thou ? But I come not here to parley ; ere it be too late, make one atonement for thy injuries—restore this old man's child.

Kel. Does she still live ?

Gri. She does ; but not for thee, or for the youth Lothair.

Ra. Then do I know my course—obdurate man, thy career of infamy and guilt is over.

Enter LOTHAIR, conducting CLAUDINE from the Mill ; his cloak still concealing him.

Cla. Oh, my dear father !

Kel. My child ! Claudine—oh ! spare, in pity spare her.

Gri. Now, mark ; unless you instantly withdraw your followers, and let my troop pass free, by my hand she dies !

Kel. Oh, mercy !

Fre. Hold yet a moment!

Gri. Withdraw your followers.

Fre. 'Till thou art yielded up to justice, they never shall depart:

Gri. For that threat, be this your recompence!

Lot. And this my triumph! (*music.*)

[*Lothair throws aside the cloak, and his natural complexion is seen; he throws himself before Claudine, and receives Grindoff's attack; the robber is wounded, and staggers back, sounds his bugle, and the Mill is crowded with banditti. Lothair, having caught Claudine in his arms, (and previously thrown back the bridge upon his release from Grindoff,) hurries across it, and as he is on it, cries, "Now, Ravina, now, fire the train!" Ravina instantly sets fire to the fuze, the flash of which is seen to run down the side of the rock into the gully under the bridge from which she has ascended, and the explosion immediately takes place. Kelmar rushing forward, catches Claudine in his arms, and the whole form a group as the curtain descends.*

THE END.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Proprietors, for the splendid liberality bestowed on this Melo-Drame ; to Mr. Farley, for his masterly arrangement of the action ; and to the Performers, for their exertions in the representation, my best thanks are due : I therefore request them, collectively, and individually, to accept my sincere acknowledgments. The talents of the Painter, and of the Machinist, are so conspicuous in the structure of this after-piece, that I should deprive myself of a gratification, and commit an act of injustice, not to mention, with sentiments of obligation, the names of Messrs. Grieve, and Saul.

J. P.

*London,
November 5th, 1813.*

“FOR ENGLAND, HO!”

A MELO-DRAMATIC OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

**AUTHOR OF THE MILLER AND HIS MEN, HIT OR MISS,
&c. &c.**

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER,
25, BOW-STREET; SOLD ALSO BY J. BARKER, GREAT
RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.**

1814.

[Price Two Skillings.]

London: Printed by R. MacMillan,
Bow Street, Covent Garden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE talents of the Actors, in the representation of this Piece, secured to it the approbation of the Public; and never were the thanks of an Author offered with more sincerity than mine are now, for their united exertions.

To enumerate individual Performers, where all so amply gratified my hopes, would be inviolous; but I must be allowed to express my peculiar obligations to Mr. Farley, to whose office belongs the arrangement and conduct of the Stage Business; and although his well-known abilities in this department will receive small honour in the addition of my praise, yet to his experienced skill, and unwearied attentions during Rehearsals, the Author of a Melo-drama chiefly owes his success with the audience, and it should never pass without receiving the debt of acknowledgment.

I. P

16th December, 1813.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>The Commandant</i> ,	Mr. HAMERTON.
<i>Sir Francis Fiddle</i> ,	Mr. JONES.
<i>Captain Laurel</i> ,	Mr. INGLETON.
<i>Enrico Altieri</i> ,	Mr. SINCLAIR.
<i>Guillaume</i> ,	Mr. FARLEY.
<i>Jaques</i> ,	Mr. SLADER.
<i>Jerome</i> ,	Mr. SIMMONS.
<i>Michael</i> ,	Master WILLIAMS.
<i>Tom Tough</i> ,	Mr. EMERY.
<i>Block</i> ,	Mr. HIGHMAN.
<i>Officer of Police</i> ,	Mr. HOWELL.
<i>Rattling</i>	Mr. DURUSETT.
<i>Shroud</i> ,	Mr. TINNEY.
<i>Stern</i> ,	Mr. NORRIS.

WOMEN.

<i>Miss Eleanor Arundel</i> ,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
<i>Miss Eliza Arundel</i> ,	Miss COOK.
<i>Lisette</i> ,	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.

Officers of Police, Soldiers, Seamen, Peasants, &c.
The SCENE lies in and near the Port of Dieppe, in
Normandy.

* The Lines marked with inverted Commas, are omitted in
Representation.

“FOR ENGLAND, HO!”

Act I.

SCENE I.

The Interior of a Cottage, the Residence of Guillaume's Family—JEROME and MICHAEL discovered—LISETTE descends the Stairs. (Music).

TRIO—JEROME, LISETTE, MICHAEL.

Jer. List!

Lis. List!

Mich. List!

Jer. and Lis. List if he be near.

Mich. No! { No footstep do I hear.

Lis. No! { No footstep does he bear.

Jer. No! { No footstep does he hear.

Lis. Why does he linger, why does he stay?

The night flies fast, and the morning grey

Now 'gins to peep: he comes not home.

Where can he wander, where can he roam!

List! List! List! &c.

Mich. Midnight the convent bell hath toll'd;

The morning air is chill, is cold:

Soon will the swallow leave her nest;

But still he comes not home to rest!

List! List! List! &c.

Lis. Still he comes not! where can he stay?

Jer. Don't vex, don't vex Lisette—he will be here anon.

Lis. Anon! why, father, you have told me so these two hours: I have no patience!

Jer. Well, I said you had no patience, didn't I?

Lis. Then I say I have patience: haven't I waited two hours past the time?

Jer. Well, well; you have patience then—you have patience. Bless my soul! 'tis the way with all these women—if they can't contradict any one else they'll contradict themselves, rather than lose the pleasure on't.

Mich. I dare say Guillaume will not come home to night.

Lis. Very pretty, indeed—not come home to-night! Why not come home? Hostilities have ceased: the prisoners are exchanged—then what detains him?

Jer. Why, the sick, that remain. Ah! 'tis a happy time when war ceases, and peace again reigns throughout the world. I little thought to see the day—but the year 1783 brings peace and comfort to us all.

Mich. It will be his guard again soon.

Jer. Hold thy tongue, boy—hold thy tongue—you'll make her jealous if you talk at this rate.

Lis. Jealous! make me jealous!

Jer. Ay, don't think of him, Lisette: Lord bless you, my dame was just such another as yourself—so fond of me, that she half killed me with kindness; but now she's gone I never think of her, and I'm as cheerful and happy as the day is long.

Lis. Indeed!

Jer. Yes, indeed—but come, boy, we'll pass away the time with a ditty—sing, sing—when I

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

8

wase younger I was reckoned the best singer and the boldest man in all the province of Normandy. You have not my courage, 'tis true, but you have my voice exactly—ah, 'tis a sweet pipe!

Lis. My husband Guillaume shall not find mine a sweet pipe when he returns, I can tell him—a cold-hearted good-for-nothing creature.

Jer. Nay, nay, he may have found some difficulty in giving the basket of provisions we sent to the poor English prisoners here, and—

Lis. Humph! No doubt his attention to them will be the excuse for his neglect of me. Come, Michael, sing.

SONG—MICHAEL.

I.

Loud and chill was the blast,
And the bright snow fell fast,
On a maiden's fair bosom who travers'd the plain,
And oft a sad tear
On her cheek pale with fear,
Fell in sorrow for him who in battle was slain.

II.

"Down she sunk in despair,
"While her dark flowing hair
"Wildly waved in the blast that swept over the wold;
"And more white than the snow
"Was her bosom of woe,
"And the heart in her bosom, alas! was as cold."

III.

But the proud foe had fled,
Where her Henry had bled;
Still with conquest and love had he thought on her charms:
Amid the wild storm
He beheld her fair form,
And he kiss'd her, and warm'd her to life in his arms.

Jer. Well done, child, well done; ah, you have my voice exactly, so soft and so sweet (attempts to sing, but is seized with a fit of coughing)—a knock at the door). Oh, there he is at last—open the door, boy.

Lis. (aside). I won't speak to him first, if it kills me.

Enter GUILLAUME.

Guil. Ah, my old Dad! not at rest yet.

Jer. No, nor your wife either; she's not at rest—I never saw her in such a wrocker before.

Guil. Anxious for my return, I warrant, O! if every man knew the pleasure of returning after a hard day's duty, to such a wife as mine, old maids and musty bachelors would soon be extinct; and we should have nothing but merry marriages, births, kissing and christening, from morning till night.

Jer. Ha, ha! thou art a merry rogue, i' faith—ha, ha, Lisette!—what ails the child?

Lis. (aside). I can't hold much longer—(aside).

Guil. Talk of a single life—Pho!—give me a double one, for it makes a man twice as happy.

Lis. O my dear Guillaume!

(Turns suddenly and embraces him.)

Jer. Ha! there, there!—that's exactly the way my old wife worried me.

Lis. Well, did you give the basket of provisions to the poor captives?

Guil. I did; and received ten times its value, in the thanks of the unfortunate. I was once a prisoner myself, you know, on the English coast, heart-broke, unknown, and deserted by all—that thee, Lisette:

Jer. Ah, I remember—the followed you thro'

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

5

every danger, and left me at home—heights!—with nobody but my old dame.

Guil. Some English ladies witnessed my captivity—one amongst them, struck with the appearance of my poor Lisette, who at the prison-gate day after day awaited my release, heard her sad story, and, like a pitying angel, flew to our assistance.

Jer. Bless her kind heart!—I know, 'twas Miss Eliza Arundel.

Guil. The same. I was lingering in confinement hopeless—helpless—she recalled me from sickness and despair, and gave at once new life, liberty, and love!—Never shall I forget while kneeling at her feet in gratitude, how sweetly she exclaimed—"Ah, Guillaume, should you in your native land, meet a countryman of mine, like thee bereft of freedom, do not forget the English prison; nor Eliza Arundel."

Lis. But her kindness ended not here: whenever she resides in France, on the estate her father left her, she is still our protection and support.

Jer. Heaven bless her, say I, with a good husband and a large family.

Guil. Her countrymen I can only believe—but her lover—

Jer. Her lover! what! the young Altieri?

Guil. When, in a moment of intemperance, he rais'd his arm against his detested rival, the Baron Holstein, who, mark me, was his senior officer, Enrico Altieri was, by a prejudiced court-martial, sentenced to punishment, and committed to my custody. The happiness of Eliza Arundel depended on his safety, and I released him.

Lis. You, Guillaume! Was it by your means he gain'd his freedom?

Guil. It was; and I gloriéd in the opportunity of proving to our benefactress, that Guillaume had not forgotten the English prison. As yet, all attempts to discover his retreat have fail'd; although the Commandant, who is the late Holstein's bosom friend, has been active in pursuing him. But come—talking makes a man hungry—

Jer. And listening to long stories makes me thirsty, so get a pitcher of wine, boy—you'll fare the worse at home, Guillaume, for your charity abroad tho'.

Guil. The better, Dad, the better—tho' my stomach will be empty, my heart will be full; and if I haven't so much food, I shall have more happiness, depend on't.

Lis. Indeed, you'll have but a scanty meal, love. I could only get some bread and cheese, and some butter and some eggs—to be sure, there is some wine—but that's all, except a plate of fruit, and a nice salad that I gather'd from our little garden.

Guil. And that will be a banquet, at least I shall think it so—prepared by Lisette's hands, and sweeten'd by Lisette's smiles. I'll just put off this harness, and be with you again in an instant—oh, bless you! [Kisses her, and exit.

Jer. Pho! Nonsense, nonsense! Dear me, what a troublesome thing is an affectionate wife.

Lis. Good-natur'd, warm-hearted fellow! I wonder what made him stay so late, tho'—he didn't mention—no matter, a curtain-lecture for that.

Jer. Come, boy, fill some wine. (*He sits.*)

Lis. Hadn't you better fasten the door, father?

Jer. Let Michael do it—I'm so exhausted, that I'd not move from my seat if Saint Dennis himself was to knock at the door.

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

7

(At this instant a loud knock—JEROME starts forward in terror).

Mercy on us! what's that—look through the window, Michael.

Mick. Somebody in black, father.

Jer. In black!—oh, bless us! who can it be?

Lis. Ha, ha!—you were the boldest man in the province—well said, father—'tis only a messenger from the Commandant—(knock)—open the door.

[MICHAEL opens the door, and ALTIERI enters
—a large black cloak wrapped about him,
with steel clasps—a belt round it—a broad
hat and feather].

Alt. Friends, your pardon—attracted by the light from your window, a poor but honest man entreats protection.

Jer. (uneasy). An—an honest man!

Alt. I must soon depart—give me but rest and shelter—you shall not go unrewarded.

Lis. We seek no recompense for hospitality, Sir, and should my husband—

Alt. Your husband!—who is your husband?

Lis. A soldier, Sir.

Jer. Ay, he attends the prison.

Alt. Confusion!—I have no time to lose—
(aside.) My intrusion troubles you—I'll seek an asylum elsewhere.

(Wraps his cloak about him hastily, and crossing to the door, is suddenly met by GUILLAUME, whom MICHAEL went to fetch at the entrance of ALTIERI).

Gual. 'Tis the very man! (Aside).

Lis. What man?

Gual. Hush!—Stranger, you seek repose—you shall have it—if you require food, you shall have that too, and a soldier's welcome. Come,

Sir, sit and eat with us (*goes to table*)—Michael, take the gentleman's cloak and hat.

Alt. He does not remember me. (*Aside*).

(*In giving the cloak to MICHAEL, the belt, on which is a large steel clasp, falls from the cloak*).

Wandering thro' Normandy to Dieppe, I stop'd at the dépôt, for the purpose of delivering a letter to the Commandant.

Guil. (*aside*). That is true.

Alt. It was the petition of the unfortunate Altieri, for the Commandant to interest himself in his behalf, and obtain, if possible, a new trial.

Guil. Good; but why did he not wait his answer from the Commandant? (*Aside*).

(*Here MICHAEL, having laid the hat and cloak on a small table at the side, returns with a jug, and seeing the belt on the floor, picks it up*).

Mich. Here, Sir, is your—

Guil. (*who has observed him, snatches the jug with his right hand and the belt with the left, which he conceals*). Aye, right, Michael—give me leave, Sir—here is your wine.

Jer. Ay, ay, 'tis right wine, i'faith—your health, Sir.

Alt. Yours, friend, and all (*drinks*)—so—(*they offer food*).—Nay, I cannot eat—now then to repose.

Guil. At your pleasure, Sir—'tis a homely couch, but with the reflection that you have this day done a kind action, it will as much refresh your aching limbs as tho' 'twere down that pillowed them.

Alt. A heart at ease might find repose, but mine is breaking!—Accept a soldier's gratitude.

SCENE IV.—**SONG—ALTIERI.**

What'er my fate, where'er I roam,
By sorrows still oppress'd;
I'll never forget the peaceful home,

That gave a wanderer rest.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd;
Still may you claim a Soldier's thanks,
A Soldier's gratitude!

II.

The tender sigh, the balmy tears
That meek-eye'd Pity gave;
My last expiring hour shall cheer,
And bless the wanderer's grave!
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd;
Still may you claim a Soldier's thanks,
A Soldier's gratitude!

(*Altieri retires at the end of the Song; he offers money).*

Guil. Nay, Sir, I do not wish to boast a foolish pride, but here your bounty would appear a recompence—excuse me.

(*Altieri grasps Guillaume's hand, and uttering the words, "Thanks, thanks," goes up the stairs).*

Jer. What was that he muttered?

Lis. Poor creature, he looks very ill.

Jer. So I say—he's the most ill-looking fellow I ever saw in my life.

Guil. (*examining the clasp*). Here are some initials on the clasp that may lead to a discovery of the owner—How!—What can this mean—E. A.!

Jer. What's the matter? {
Lis. Guillaume! } At the same time).

Guil. Let me reflect—yes, it must be—but sorrow has so changed him—he grasp'd my hand with the warmth of gratitude—tears too were in his eyes—Yes, yes!—'twas his own petition he delivered—and I knew him not.

Lis. Whom do you mean?

Guil. Enrico Altieri! (a knock). Ha! who's that knocks at such an hour?

Jaq. (without)—Guillaume! Guillaume!

(Still knocks).

Guil. Open the door—make haste (LISETTE opens it)—Ah, Jaques—and the Commandant! To what lucky accident is my poor house indebted for this condescension?

Com. Attend! A person strangely habited has delivered a petition at the prison-gate addressed to me, in behalf of that wretch who killed my dearest friend, the Baron Holstien. A large cloak shrouded his figure, and the shade of his broad hat in part conceal'd his features—but I suspect—

Guil. What!

Com. That 'tis he himself—Altieri.

Guil. Altieri!

Jaq. I saw him enter this house, and—

Guil. This house!

Mich. Oh, father, it must be the stranger.

Guil. That was here—no doubt, no doubt,

(JEROME pushes MICHAEL to LISETTE).

Jaq. The initials E. A. were on his belt.

Mich. A belt! Oh yes, you know he drop'd it, father—and I gave it to you.

(Here LISETTE catches MICHAEL aside angrily),

Guil. You—you did—you did, Michael.

Com. Produce it—

Guil. The stranger snatch'd it from me as he fled.

Jaq. Fled!

Guil. Ay,—but come, pray sit down, Sir, and I'll inform you of the circumstance.—There, Sir, there—(they sit on a circular bench before the fire)—the air is sharp, and this old house but ill protects us.—Lisette, draw the curtains—quick, quick, and bring some wine.

(*ALTIERI at this instant appears on the stairs descending, but is prevented by a signal from LISETTE—he starts back, and is seen listening to the ensuing conversation.*)

Com. Come, your story—

Guil. I obey you, Sir—scarcely had I returned from my duty at the prison, when a man, dress'd as you describe, knock'd at my door, and was admitted—he had a soldier's mien, and you know one's heart warms towards a comrade in distress—but he was hardly seated, when, fixing my eye steadfastly upon him, I thought I remember'd the features of the Count Altieri, who eluded my vigilance when I kept guard over him, and—

(*Here GUILLAUME fixes his eyes earnestly on ALTIERI.*)

Jaq. Well!

Guil. He seemed to read my thoughts—he suspected himself to be in danger, and, from the agitation I betray'd—he knew that to remain here one instant longer might be fatal to him—and, spite of all anxiety,—of all fatigue, he darted through that door.

Jaq. (turning). What, that door?

Lis. (coming up at the instant, and interrupting the sight of JAUES)—Some wine, Sir!

Guil. Ay,—that door, and escaped the very moment he would have been taken.

Com. Which way went he? (Rising.)

Jaq. Ay—did you watch him?

Guil. No! The circumstance so much disturbed me, that, for a few moments I scarcely knew how to proceed.

Com. He must be pursued instantly; no doubt he will take the road to Dieppe—Guillaume follow me—You can identify his person; and should it be your fortune to secure him, I will double the reward to you, which is offered by the state for Altieri's apprehension—On—

Guil. If it be possible to secure him, I will do it—not for your reward, but that my own conscience will afford me.

Jaq. Come, we lostern—

[*Exeunt Com. and Jaques.*

Guil. Michael, my sword (the boy brings it, and his cap). Lisette, my dear Lisette, thou hast done this well—once again we have preserved him—Follow me to Dieppe instantly—he will surely fly that way—so follow, for without thee, I am but half myself. Farewell!

[*Music.—Exeunt.*

SCENE H.

A Forest.

Enter ALTIERI. (Music).

Alt. I have outstrip'd my pursuers, and in this obscurity I may for a time repose my wearied limbs in safety. O unfortunate Altieri, to what a fate has man's oppression, and a just resentment of it reduced thee!—the gratitude of that soldier, the noble-hearted Guillaume, has twice preserved me—but now my only hope is to escape to England. The chance is desperate.

(ALTIERI starts at the voices of his pursuers).

Jag. Follow, follow, comrades. He cannot escape.—"Follow, follow!" (*Voice without*).

Guil. (rushes in) —We are close upon him—I saw him distinctly—Altieri! Altieri! 'tis Guillaume calls.

Akt. My friend (advancing)—my only friend.

Guil. You have no time for thanks—plunge into the deepest shade, and lie conceal'd till the paroxysm is past.

Jag. "Follow—he entered this part of the forest."

Guil. Away!—to the left, to the left.

(ALTIERI retires as JAQUES enters).

Jag. Have you found him?

Guil. No, he's too nimble for us.

Jag. Too nimble! why I thought—I'm sure I heard voices.

Guil. Yes, so did he—your confounded howling gave him due notice of your approach.

Jag. Humph! you may thank yourself for it—he was safe in your custody once—you should have kept him so—but you are so plaguy compassionate.

Guil. How!—dare you suspect me!

Jag. I know you—you are too full of this humanity;—witness the English captives, the basket of provision last night—I observed it—'tis contrary to order—so look to yourself, or keep a civil tongue.

Guil. Do you threaten, scoundrel! hear me—those English, when in their power, have ever treated us with kindness and compassion—so they treated me; and if ever I forget it, may I become a wretch, mean and contemptible as thou art.

Jag. Ah! that's all very fine—but while you preach, this fellow escapes.

Guil. Well, forward then—this way he went—

but remember, that mercy to a brave Enemy is
the brightest laurel on the Conqueror's brow.

[*Exeunt—GUILLAME looking back anxiously.*

SCENE III.

*The Quay at Dieppe—An Hotel on the right of
the Stage—Merchandise of various sorts lying
at the back—Shipping in the Harbour beyond.*

GLEE.—SEAMEN*.

I.

Our ship in port, our anchor cast,
The tempest bosh'd, and calm the morn,
We little think of dangers past,
Nor those that we may meet again;
But while the cheerful can goes round,
In every draught is pleasure found,
For then we drink, and drink with glee,
The sailors' welcome home from sea.

II.

Tho' hard our toil, our peril great,
Our hours of ease but short and few,
We never murmur at our fate,
But each fond moment past renew,
And while the cheerful can, &c.

[*Exeunt Sailors.*

Mamel Block.

Enter Tom Tough.

Tom. Yeo-ho! brother Block!—what all our
stowage heav'd ashore?
Block. All right, messmate.

* In consequence of the length of the piece, this Glee was omitted after the first night.

Tom. Ecod there's a rare cargo—I reckon after the custom-house ha' römmaged them a bit—I shall swing my hammock at old Madam Arundel's—and all the French landlord's congees, and my Lor Anglais, won't better him a pinch of oakum—

Block. Ah, I never thought to see a thorough-bred seaman, like Tom Tough, sail in the wake of such a cock-boat as Sir Francis Faddle.

Tom. Why look ye, Block—I've seen some service in my time, but I'm now little better than a sheer hulk;—and when the old Admiral, Sir Frank's father, broke from the moorings of life—

Block. What, not alive?

Tom. No more life in him, than one o'the dead eyes o'the Dreadnought—stiff as the main-mast—death has brought him to, and he's safe moor'd at last in smooth water, and a blessed harbour. He was a kind heart, and as brave too, as ever laid an enemy alongside, or cut a passage thro' a boarding netting.

Block. Ah, you've weather'd some squalls together.

Tom. We haver that;—and when the Admiral struck his colours—as we all must—some time or other (*with reverence*)—I promised to stick by this son as I had by him—but I don't much understand the trim of this gingerbread sort of him—he whiffles and skims about like a dog-vaneworth the weather-quarter in a cat's-paw—while his father was as steady as his flag at the fore in a seven-knot-breeze—firm as the mast, and immovable as the colours it supported. But come, bear a hand; or Sir Frank will heave in sight afore we're clear'd for action.

[*Exit Block.*—*Tom turns up the Stage, and at goods.*

Enter Altieri.

Alt. So far I have eluded all enquiry—once on board, and I am saved—should I never return, farewell my dearest Eliza, perhaps for ever.

SONG.—ALTIERI.

I.

Dear maid, should I never return,
Oh give to remembrance a tear !
The love in my heart still shall burn,
For one who has cherish'd it here,
For ever! for ever, dear maid !

II.

Dear maid, though thy loss I deplore,
Should fate all our sorrows dispel,
I ne'er may be torn from you more,
Till in death we may sigh a farewell,
For ever! for ever, dear maid !

Tom. What cheer, brother!

Alt. A stranger, I would learn when the next packet sails for England.

Tom. When the wind shops about.

Alt. Weather-bound too ! Stranger, I am faint with hunger and with thirst.

Tom. What, hanja-day, may hap' ?—you shall mess with me,—see, here's the victualling-office—I'll line your planks with some English beef and a can of grog :—that will fetch up your sea-way with a wet sail, I warrant; no heave a-head, my hearty.

Alt. We—we shall not be interrupted ?

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

99

Tom. Interrupted! by whom?

Alt. I had forgotten this transport!

Tom. Transport! why, Lord help the man! there's not one in the harbour. Mornseer a little crazy, I take it. Come, it seems to ha' been hard a-weather with you for some time—Helms-a-lee—about you are—(*ALTIERI enters the Hotel*).—Damme, he looks as if he'd been on short allowance all his voyage—poor devil!

[*Exit.*]

Enter Captain LAUREL.

Lau. At length hostilities have ceased, and I am again at liberty—yet, ere I embark, I must inquire if my sister be now at Dieppe—twould be unkind to leave France without seeing her.—Perhaps together we may hail the white cliffs of Albion; that happy land! the guard of the weak, the support of the stranger.

SONG*—LAUREL.

I.

Undaunted in peril, and foremost in danger;
Ever ready the rights of mankind to defend;
The guard of the weak, and support of the stranger;
To oppression a foe, and to freedom a friend:
Amid the rude scenes of dismay and commotion,
Since Anarchy first her red banner unfurl'd,
Still firm as a rock in her own native ocean,
Stood England, the Anchor and Hope of the World.

II.

Sweetest spot on the earth! where true honour combining
With justice and truth, gives a strength to the whole;
Where the rose-bud of beauty with valour entwining,
Exaltest the heart, and enlargeth the soul.

* This Song was written by W. J. Lake, Esq.

O, land of my birth ! yet shall peace be thy portion,
 Thy white sails in commerce again be unfurl'd ;
 And still shalt thou stand, lovely rock in the ocean,
 The Anchor of Europe, the Hope of the World !

Enter Sir FRANCIS FADDLE.*

Fad. Custom-house officers, don't tell me—custom-house officers, indeed—they broke open all my trunks, ransack'd my whole wardrobe, put every individual thing into utter confusion, and me into a passion !—I shall not be able now, to make myself ~~irresistible~~ these two days—such a pack of savages I never—Hey ! what, Laurel ! is it possible ?

Lau. Frank !

Fad. Who, in the name of all that's wonderful, would have thought of plumping upon you the instant I set foot in France.

Lau. The fact is, I have just been liberated—the cessation of hostilities now allows me to return to England.

Fad. Ah ! that's the very reason I left England : that going abroad in time of war is prodigiously inconvenient.

Lau. Your father, the Admiral, never found it inconvenient, Sir Francis.

Fad. Oh, yes, he did—very—he absolutely lost his life in the service of his country.

Lau. For which reason, I perceive, there is no danger of your country losing you.

Fad. Oh, yes ; St. James's Street must endeavour to do without me for a short time—not that I see what I can possibly learn in France.

* It is necessary to remark, that Sir Francis, from affection, has acquired a habit of pronouncing the *r*, like the letter *y*. For instance : You rough rogue, he pronounces, “you *young* rogue”—and, critical crisis, “*cytical* crisis.”

Lau. One lesson at all events—you'll learn how to set a just value on the blessings you enjoy in your own country.

Fad. Ha! hum!—Yes, dear me, that's very prettily said. But, Captain Laurel, my motive is matrimony, with an absolute *rara avis*—an article that will do *us* credit—I protest, her *tout ensemble* is so irresistibly fascinating, that I am actually pining to death for her—positively my senses seem to be leaving me.

Lau. Upon my soul, I think so—I'm perfectly of your opinion, Sir Francis. But tell me, what is the fair one's name, Faddle?

Fad. Faddle! no; the fair creature's name is not Faddle yet, but it soon will—Lady Faddle!—no, at present she is call'd Eliza Arundel.

Lau. Eliza Arundel! my sister!—then she is still in France. (*Aside*).

Fad. You must know, she is the child of a second marriage—both father and mother are defunct—but I am told Eliza has a half-brother, an Officer of some kind in the Navy. Now these brothers are sometimes very inconvenient to *us*; and as he has been in the thick of war's alarms, I hope by this time that he's pop'd off.

Lau. He's much obliged by your good wishes.

Fad. Eliza resides at this place, with a stiff frump of an aunt, Miss Eleanor Arundel. Tom! Tom Tough! (*Calling towards the Hotel*).

Enter GUILLAUME and LISETTE.

Guil. Now, while Jaques attends the Commandant on a different route, if I can see Altieri, you, Lisette, may conduct him to the cottage of the vineyard—'twas well you followed me so soon.

Lau. Ah, Guillaume! my kind-hearted guard,
what brings you to Dieppe so suddenly?

Guil. I am in search of a fugitive—perhaps, Sir, you may have seen him. (*Retires with Laurel*).

Fad. Tom, I say—where the plague is Tom?—stuffing himself with lobscouse, I protest.

Tom. Aye, aye, Sir! (*coming from the Hotel, ALTIERI following; retreats at the appearance of strangers*).

Fad. Take this billet-doux to Mademoiselle Arundel, as they call her here—no blunder now.

Tom. To Mad' E. Arundel—what's the lady mad?

Fad. Mademoiselle—tis directed to Eliza—mind, no blunders—Adieu, Laurel, adieu! Waiter, a dressing-room immediately—Waiter! [*Exit*.]

Tom. Never sail'd in the packet service afore, so I'll stow it away under hatches—I'll give it a birth a-board my bacco-box.

Lau. I have seen no man so dress'd here—A black cloak—

Guil. And a broad hat and feather, that is the description given in this order for his apprehension.

Tom. Hey! how was he rigg'd, brother? over-hawl that article again.

Guil. A dark cloak—

Tom. So, so—a pirate has hung out the signal of distress, and I have—(*Here ALTIERI appears at the window*). Well, they may sink him without my help; I have been on a lee-shore myself before now, and damn me if I betray him. (*Here ALTIERI appears at the window, imploring Tom*).

Guil. Have you seen him?

Tom. Where should I have seen him?—I'll lead 'em into a different part o'the house—he

may then slip his cable, and scud out o'port without being hail'd.

Enter Jaques, with Soldiers.

Jaq. We have traced him at last. You station yourself at that door, the rest follow me into the house.

Guil. Then he is lost! (*Aside.*)

Jaq. Come!

Tom. Stand by, you lubber—I'll show you the way.

**QUARTETTO—LAUREL, TOM TOUGH, JAQUES,
and LISETTE.**

Tom. Now follow, I will lead the way.

Be steady—

Lau. ————— Yet a moment stay.

Guil. (*Reading paper.*) Five feet eight inches—

Lis. Pale and wan—

Guil. A broad-brim'd hat, with feathers on.

Lis. To shield his body from the cold,

Guil. A large black cloak, decay'd and old.

All. Now follow, he will lead the way:

Be steady now, be cautious, pray.

(*While the description is sung, ALTIERI is seen to throw off his dress at the articles described.*)

[*Exeunt all but GUILLAUME, LISETTE, and Centinel.*

(*The Centinel parades before the door of the Hotel—LISETTE endeavours to attract his attention, while GUILLAUME makes signs to ALTIERI to descend—this is render'd difficult, from the peculiar direction of the*

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

soldier's march backward and forward; until LISETTE engages the notice of the sentinel, when GUILLAUME lifting a pack-age on others which are about the spot, secures the descent of the fugitive, and drawing his sword, interrupts and threatens the soldier, for his gallantry to LISETTE—ALTIERI rushing off at the moment.—The soldier seizes his firelock to defend himself.—Music appropriate, which at the entrance of the COMMANDANT with other Soldiers, bursts into a Chorus.—JAQUES appears at the window from which ALTIERI has escaped—TOM returns with Soldiers, laughing at their disappointment).

Jaq. This way he has escaped. (*From window*).

CHORUS—SOLDIERS.

A short reprieve, his race is run—
In vain he flies—the game is won !
And he ere long must wait his doom
Within the dungeon's deepest gloom.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Act II.

SCENE I.

Outskirt of the Town of Dieppe—the Harbour in the distance—Cottage on the left—Peasants and Jerome discovered—The Vintage.

CHORUS.

Lads and lasses, while they labour,
Cheerly chaunt the roundelay,
Then at eve the pipe and tabor
Closes merrily the day.

Jer. Cease, lads—cease your labour; girls, give over work, for all to-day is holiday and joy.

Peasants. What, Old Jerome! Welcome, Jerome, welcome!

Jer. Thank you, thank you—but go, go and prepare a welcome for the beautiful and good Miss Arundel. She is just returned from a visit, and brought me with her—Heaven bless her for her kindness, I say. (*Bells.*)—Hark! the bells are ringing to celebrate the event, and we must have none but merry faces, and hearts as light as mine—away with you!

Enter LISETTE.

—Ah, Lisette, you run-away rogue, I am here before you!

Lis. I have heard it all.

Jer. Have you heard of Altieri?

Lis. Yes—all is yet safe.

Jer. Safe!—that's joyful news. Poor lady,

when I told her what had happened, she took on sadly—'tis pity, truly, that she who feels so much for the misfortunes of others, should have any of her own to trouble her. But where is Guillaume?

Lis. Oh, he'll soon follow me; I'll warrant.

Jer. Ah, thou hast attractions, and 'tis but right, for he can never stir but you are close at his heels—just as your mother served me—Well, child, thy love holds merrily.

Lis. Aye, truly does it.—I could follow him still in wealth or poverty, and never heave a sigh of sorrow but when his duty calls him from me.

SONG—LISETTE.

[Omitted after the first representation].

When Guillaume first tried,
To make me his bride,
Then I was the joy of his life,
And the honey-moon's light
On our wedding shone bright,
For he call'd me his dear little wife.

I sung lira, la, la, &c.
When he call'd me his dear little wife.

But the honey-moon set,
The poor man in a pet,
Began thus a conjugal strife—
I am busy, pray go,
And because I said, "No,"
He cried, "Zounds, what a plague of a wife,"
I sung lira, la, la, &c.
Yet I still am his dear little wife.

[Exit LISETTE to Cottage—JEROME up the Vineyard.

Jer. Ah, well; I must see after our little festival—You get every thing ready within. Our lady will be here anon. [Exit up Stage.

[Exit LISETTE to Cottage.]

Enter on the opposite side, the COMMANDANT and JAQUES.

Com. This is their haunt—We are arriv'd in time.

Jaq. 'Tis evident—Guillaumie is treacherous, and—

Com. Be silent—be cautious—you are too violent—should accident in any way discover that Holstien still lives—

Jaq. Lives!—does Holstien live?—I thought—
Com. (aside). 'Sdeath—'tis too late—so far I must trust him—He does; but Holstien is my dearest friend, and I wish to serve him.—He tendered his affection to this Eliza Arundel, and was rejected—she preferred the youth Altieri.—Smarting with disappointment, Holstien exerted his authority beyond endurance—he reviled, he dishonor'd, and at length he struck the boy Enrico—In a distant province they met, and fought.

Jaq. I remember—

Com. Holstien fell—Altieri fled, and concealed himself, convinced the wound he gave his enemy, was mortal; and on this belief does Holstien's future hope depend—for still he loves this girl.

Jaq. Then why not try his fortune now?

Com. Until this fugitive Altieri be taken 'tis useless; therefore lurk near the house, and watch them carefully;—but for your life mention not the Baron to a human being—should they once know that Holstien lives, 'twould mar us

instantly—This paper, signed by the Intendant of Police, is the order for his apprehension. Whatever assistance you may want, this will procure—*(gives a purse)*—be faithful, and remember your reward. [Exit COMMANDANT.

Jaq. To thwart this haughty Guillaume, would have been sufficient recompense, but this private service money has fixed me—a smart affair enough—but what does it contain *(empties the purse)*—Oh! this will do.

(Music heard.—JAQUES retires.) Enter LISSETTE from Cottage: she places a table seats, fruit, &c. as the Villagers advance with ELIZA ARUNDEL, JEROME—first, joyfully).

Lis. They are coming! I hear the music.

(Advances to meet ELIZA).

Eliz. Ah; Lisette, my poor girl—ever the first to welcome home your mistress.

Jer. 'Tis her duty, lady—

Lis. And I'm sure my greatest pleasure.

Eliz. Good girl—but where is Guillaume? Has he brought Altieri hither?

Lis. Not yet.

Jaq. Altieri!—so—

(Aside—watching from his concealment).

Eliz. Poor Enrico!—love has been thy only crime—justly, but rashly resenting the insults of a detested rival, thy only fault.

Jer. Be of good cheer, lady—in this cottage you may see him in safety.

Eliz. True, I may once again see him, whom, to my unfeeling aunt, I dare not confess is so dear to me. The unexpected appearance of my brother, Captain Laurel, has given me new hope: to him I have disclosed our situation, and he has promised to assist us.

Jaq. Indeed ! (*Aside*).

Eliz. When the tide turns at sun-set, a boat will be ready on the shore—a vessel will be lying-to in the harbour, and in a few short hours Altieri will breathe the air of liberty.

Jer. Aye, in England !—'tis the wanderer's home !

Eliz. But I interrupt your merriment—come !

(ELIZA seats herself at the table, attended by JEROME and LISETTE.—*A Pastoral Dance commences—the various implements of the Vintage, with ribbons and flowers, made use of in a gay fanciful arrangement.—JAQUES looks occasionally from his concealment.—As the Dance concludes, GUILLAUME enters in haste and alarm, followed by ALTIERI—in GUILLAUME's hand the cloak; &c.)*

Guil. Courage, Sir, courage ! this is to be your place of concealment.

Jaq. (*behind*). Is it so !—Now to the Commandant.

Guil. Ah ! whose voice was that ?

Eliz. (*Having risen from the table, at the interruption*).—Enrico ! my beloved Enrico !

Alt. Eliza, here !

Guil. Stay not in this spot—you may be observed—retire to the cottage, I entreat you.

[ELIZA, ALTIERI, and LISETTE *Exeunt*.]

Jer. (*to Peasants*). Away lasses, away boys—away—away with you. [Exit Peasants.]—What has happen'd ? (*to GUILLAUME*).

Guil. We have been seen—watch'd—this coat and this belt must be destroy'd—As we pass'd hither, the Commandant, or I am much mistaken, cross'd our path—if he has discover'd us my life is forfeit.

Jer. Your life,—Oh no, no—not your life.

Guil. Death will be more welcome than disgrace; and if nothing less will prove my gratitude, willingly for her shall I resign that life which she preserved. But come, father, our plan is laid, and when the sun sets, Enrico's free!

[*Exeunt to Cottage. (Music).*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment at Miss E. ARUNDEL's.

Enter LAUREL and TOM TOUGH.

Lau. You and your companions then promise your assistance—you will not fail?

Tom. Not we, your Honour—when I pipe all hands they'll obey the signal. But who'd have thought of seeing my old Commander here! I haven't been better pleas'd since you made Tom Tough a boatswain.

Lau. Well, brother sailor, wait within, and when you have delivered Sir Frank's message, remember my request.

Tom. I warrant your Honour. [Exit.

Lau. So far all bids fairly—My sister's explanation has been ample—her aunt's obstinate refusal to sanction the addresses of Altieri, was the chief cause of their misfortunes; and if I have power to prevent it, they shall no longer be the victims of injustice and oppression—that done, the ocean, again shall be my element, a ship my cradle, and the rough wind my lullaby.

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

22

SONG.—LAUREL.

I.

Scarce had the tempest ceas'd to roar,
Scarce had our ship beat off the shore,
When beam'd the morning light,
All hands make sail ! the boatswain cries,
Our flying royals sweep the skies,
A vessel hove in sight !

II.

We near'd the chase, the fight began—
When ship to ship, and man to man,
Each Briton's heart beat high !
Longside the foe our guns we plied,
Till a mere reck on ocean's tide,
We shouted victory !

III.

A crippled hulk, now home we steer,
To friend and mistress doubly dear,
With hearts elate we fly ;
For those who fell, a sigh they heave,
For us a crown of laurel weave,
And hail our victory !

Re-enter TOM.

Tom. Now for a peep at Sir Frank's sweetheart
—I shouldn't wonder now if my Nell wasn't the
tighter vessel o'the two, tho' she ban't so smartly
rigg'd—(*pulls the letter out of his tobacco box*)—
Wheugh!—(*gives a long whistle*) black as a collier
in the Pool—Ecod there she is, stately as a three-
decker—How large she looms—she's about, and

stands this way—My eye ! how her canvas shakes in the wind. (*Retires*).

Enter Miss ELEANOR ARUNDEL.

Miss A. So, the hour approaches when I shall again behold the elegant Sir Francis Fiddle—when last in England, his attentions to me were too evident to be misunderstood, and this opportunity will no doubt be chosen to lay his title and fortune at my feet.—I am surprised he is not here—the weather appears favourable—I wonder what's the hour.

Tom. (*suddenly—who during the speech, has been making observations*)—Half past-four P.M. scud flying, with squalls, and a gale of wind from the northward, please your Ladyship; at least that's the reckoning by the log-book of my understanding.

Miss A. Mercy on me, what a voice!—why, who are you, fellow?

Tom. By name Tom Tough, please your worship. I'm rated on Sir Frank's books as a sort of loblolly boy, and ha' brought this here billy doo—I think he called it.—(*Miss Arundel receives the letter—turns it in amazement, &c. which disconcerts Tom.*)

Miss A. To Mad^{ie} E. Arundel—

Tom. That's right mun—E. stands for—

Miss A. Eleanor—it should have been written at full.

Tom. Eleanor—oh!—that's French for Nell, I take it—they call my wife so sometimes.

Miss A. This is very strange!

Tom. Bless you—Sir Frank be as strange as his writing every bit—afore I went to sea the last cruise, he was as tight a lad as ever crack'd bis-

cuit ; but since the Admiral died, he has hoisted the standard of Folly—crowded more sail than he's ballast to carry, and yaws confoundedly—

Miss A. (*finishing the letter*) "Your devoted admirer, Francis Faddle."—Your master is well, I hope.

Tom. Mortal bad, I tell you—the topping lists of jaws ha' given way, and he clips the king's English cruelly—aw-yaw, then the main and back stays of his leg are gone, and he swags starboard and larboard like a crippled mast after an action, as if he'd go by the board every roll: (*imitating Sir F.*)

Miss A. Dreadful indeed!—I was not prepared for this—his constitution must be greatly impaired.

Tom. Bless your heart, no—but you see, he rigs himself out as gay as a French galley—keeps race-horses, and hunters, and hounds—then he keeps a—but that's no affair of yours.

Miss A. What, he delights in rural sports?

Tom. No, but his friends do—O he's got plenty o' friends since he's had plenty o' shot in his locker.—Then he plays billiard and hazard—talks of cannons—and the main—and then the yellow boys fly about like so many spent shot.

Miss A. Is Sir Francis successful at play?

Tom. Oh no—but his friends are, and that's the same thing; you know, Ma'am.—Ah, the old Admiral was the lad for Tom Tough—he knew of no main but the salt sea—no cannons but the guns of his fleet; and talk of hunting—no chace was like the pursuit of an enemy, and no colour so glorious as the red rags of Old England flying over an enemy's Ensign.

Miss A. Inform your master I am impatient till I behold him.

Tom. I'll pass the word. (*As she turns away, he snaps his fingers aside.*) I thought no more to be compared to my Nell, than a parson's shirt is to a main-top-sail.

Miss A. This secures my fondest hope—I shall be the bride of Sir Francis—and triumph over a niece, who would degrade her family by marriage with the worthless Altieri. I know at this moment she is exerting all her interest to have his rank restored; but the fatal termination of the duel, will for ever banish him the country, and Eliza's presence. [Exit]

Tom. Well, I wonder what Sir Frank can see in her—but it's the way with these fair-weather chaps now-a-days—they covet the command of these crazy old vessels, and let some o'the tightest little frigates in the service sail by 'em.

Enter Sir FRANCIS FADDLE, dressed.

Fad. At last I have made myself tolerable look-at-able—hope the ladies will admire them raptures no doubt, tho' they won't say so—but really this is a very disagreeable affair of Eliza's with that—that—I forget the fellow's name—but, however, it has not gone too far, and I'll take pity on her—wonder she didn't answer my tender billet, tho'—perhaps that sea-horse, my man Tom, has never deliver'd it—never seen her face, I dare say.

Tom. O yes, I have—and such a fad—no right worshipful.

Fad. Right worshipful!

Tom. Yes; like my Lord-Mayor's.

Fad. Did you deliver my letter to the accomplished and beautiful—

Tom. Beautiful!—why I took an observation,

your Honour, but from the size and redness of her face, damn me if it wasn't a lunar one—Bless your heart! she's not half so handsome as the figure-head of the Venus, tho' she was fresh painted.

Fad. Fresh painted! she never wore rouge in her life.

Tom. She did when I saw her—look'd like the Red Commodore's broad pennant run up to her topmast-head.

Fad. Hold your horrid jargon, pray—I say her face is beautiful.

Tom. Might ha' been when first launched—but its laid up in ordinary now, however.

Fad. Ordinary! you Vandal!—Oh, here comes her aunt—stand aside, Goth!—that tar-barrel sees no beauty but in a mermaid. Now should Eliza accept me, the aunt's consent will still be necessary, or some of her golden charms will be lost—I must endure the bore of wheedling the old one first; for the matrimonial pill, properly gilded, slips down easy enough, but I can't swallow a bolus.

Enter Miss ARUNDEL.

Ah! my dear Madam, I rejoice to see you, I protest.

Miss A. Sir Francis Faddle is most welcome—how elegantly modern! (*Aside*).

Fad. Shockingly antique! (*Aside*). I am sorry to intrude—but a tender anxiety respecting—

Miss A. Oh, Sir, I will no longer oppose an union that will, I trust, be productive of mutual felicity.

Fad. Dearest Madam, how shall I thank you?

Tom. Give her a one-and-twenty!—a Royal Salute! your Honour.

Fad. Get out!

Tom. Get out!—Oh, hem!—I know—time for me to sheer off—I'll bring to within hail, tho'. [Exit Tom.]

Miss A. Yet there are circumstances which should be consider'd.

Fad. Hey!—I—I don't comprehend.

Miss A. A certain difference of manner, of habit—a—a—a difference of age too.

Fad. Difference of age! Why I am only thirty, and Eliza must be (*aside*)—oh, a trifle—a mere trifle, I protest:—besides, a little experience of the world will be useful, and I intend to reform immediately.

Miss A. Then I may hope—

Fad. Yes, yes—I shall endeavour with all possible dispatch to regain the perfect use of my faculties, for the facetious rogues in Saint James's Street, say I'm quite effeminate; and because my name happens to be Francis, salute me with the title of Fanny—Fanny Faddle,—they do, I protest—then the people laugh.

Miss A. Insolent, indeed! Why do you permit such liberties?

Fad. I can't help it—but none of us mind being laugh'd at. It was but t'other day; I caught my rascal of a valet displaying every fashionable eccentricity with as much ease as he did my cast-off cloathes: the fellow had contrived to get near-sighted too! and what with the abrogation of the R's, the lassitude of his voice, and the apparent dislocation of his joints, curse me if I didn't take him for one of us! and actually made my bow, before I discover'd my error.

Miss A. Is it possible!—

Fad. Fact, I protest. I actually blush'd, to see how completely a fellow devoid of education, could in one moment attain qualifications, which cost all us so much assiduity to acquire. Oh, I'll reform—I'll make an excellent husband—therefore let me be bless'd by hearing an avowal.

Miss A. Sir Francis, I will no longer refuse a consent on which depends my future happiness.

Fad. Charming woman! on my knees—

Miss A. Approach, and take the hand you have so long and anxiously solicited (*holding her hand out affectedly*).

(FADDLE having dropped on his knees, is electrified by the conclusion of Miss ARUNDEL's speech).

Fad. Hey! Your—your hand, Madam?

Miss A. What means this coldness?

Fad. Coldness! (rising)—Curse me if I am hot in a fever!

Enter Tom.

Tom. They've been telegraphing a long while; but neither vessel seems to know its number. (She scolds)—I thought how 'twould be—ship has miss'd stays, and run bump ashore!

Fad. This is a very awkward accident—quite a critical crisis—I presumed it was Miss Arundel's fair hand that—

Miss A. Well, Sir, am not I Miss Arundel?

Fad. Miss Eliza Arundel, I presumed.

Miss A. Miss Eliza!

Tom. Ods bobs! I ha' given the letter to the wrong woman.

Miss A. Miss Eliza!—but I'll restrain my anger. Sir, this insult is not to be borne, after

your repeated tenders of affection to me; after your vows, your protestations, your letters.

Fad. Letters! letters!

Tom. So, now we shall go a voyage of discovery, and I shall be cast away on the rocks, and shoals of explanation.

Miss A. Yes, Sir (*produces the Letter*)—Here, (*to Tom*) did you not deliver this to me from your master?

Tom. Please your ladyship's honour, I—I—I'm swamp'd, split my topsails.

Fad. Speak, rascal!

Tom. Rascal!—lookey, Sir Frank, 'twas hazy weather, and I lost my bearing—the letter was superscribed to Miss E. Arundel. This old woman called herself Miss E. something, so I gave it her.

Miss A. Old woman, indeed! Enough! I have deserv'd this for a condescension so derogatory to the family of Arundel; but I thank fortune for my escape.

Fad. So do I for my escape, I protest.

Tom. Humbly axes your worship's pardon.

Miss A. Out of the way, porpuss!—Sir Francis Faddle, I leave you with the contempt you merit; and be this your consolation, as it is mine, my niece Eliza shall never be your wife, unless she sacrifices half her fortune, which, without my consent, she forfeits—So fare you well, Sir Francis Faddle. [Exit.]

Tom. Mercy on us! Why she bounces like a bomb-vessel: three such fire-ships as that would set Portsmouth in a blaze.

Fad. I'll be reveng'd on that terrible old woman.—What an escape!—Her husband—saugh!—If this be her temper, she would certainly have

clapt that family extinguisher, a monument, over
my unfortunate body, before the brightness of
our honeymoon had waxed dim.—Oh, you blun-
dering, rascally rapscallion ! [Exit.

—*Tom.* Talk of troubles at sea—Pooh! give me
sea room enough, and a snug berth a-board, after
all—a man may live or die ashore, as it suits him,
but let *Tom Tough* live as he has always done,
and die as he hopes to do, like a true British
Sailor.

SONG—*Tom Tough.*

I.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, on the ocean to rove,
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
And was true British Oak, boys; when older he grew!
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was heard, he the first went aloft;
And veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van,
For tho' fitted a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British Sailor!

II.

When in spankhood promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace and in war, Harry Bluff was the same,
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
For this country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
~~His flag shot away,~~ fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung, *Avaunt!*
And the Colours of England he nail'd to the mast!
On when he died like a true British Sailor!

SCENE III.

Same as the first, but varied in effect by the setting Sun.

Enter from the Cottage, LAUREL and ALTIERI.

Lau. You must now prepare for your departure—the wind is favourable, and when the sun has set, you can leave us without fear of interruption.

Alt. Your generous friendship will ever live in my remembrance—but thus to part from my beloved Eliza—

Lau. Hope the best—and remember, you have friends that never will desert you.

Enter GUILLAUME, in haste.

Guil. It was surely he—I could not mistake him.

Lau. What mean you?

Guil. Danger is abroad—you must retire, Sir, How he has discovered us I know not; but if I live, I saw that villain Jaques.

Enter LISETTE from the Cottage.

Lis. The sun is setting, and our friends have not appeared.

Lau. I begin to fear some accident. *(Aside).*

Guil. Lisette, conduct this gentleman to the room above—there, Sir, you must remain, and do not stir till I pronounce aloud the name of Enrico Altieri. *[Exit ALTIERI and LISETTE.]*

Lau. Where can these fellows loiter—tis

well Eliza feels not my anxiety ; but the object of her affection, at every risk, shall be preserved.

Guil. Hush ! I hear a footstep.

Lau. It cannot be the seaman, or his companions—you would have heard the signal.

Guil. I hear the tread of feet distinctly—the house is watch'd.

Lau. Let us enter the house, and secure the door.

Guil. I will—*(as GUILLAUME advances to the door, JAQUES enters and interrupts them).* Jaques !

Jaq. Aye !

Guil. What brought you hither ?

Jaq. My duty. I am an unwelcome visitor, no doubt.

Guil. Right—What seek you here ?

Jaq. The runaway described in this paper.

Lau. You must find him elsewhere.

Jaq. But I'll search this house first.

(As JAQUES turns to speak to LAUREL, LISSETTE enters, and seeing him, immediately starts on a signal from GUILLAUME).
—Here is my authority.

Lau. Sign'd by the Intendant of Police.

Guil. Indeed ! that's strange.

Jaq. Aye *(pats up the paper)*.

Guil. Well, convince yourself he is not here.

Jaq. I will *(looking round)*. I'll not take your word for it, however. *[Exit after LISSETTE]*

Guil. 'Tis unusual for the police to interfere—but 'twill be vain to resist that order, Sir.—Now Lisette, if ever woman's cunning served you at a pinch, this is your time.

Enter LISSETTE.

Lis. He's safe, he's safe !—he drop'd from the

window as Jaques entered the apartment; and lies concealed at the back of the house.

Guil. Then I live again!

Lis. From the window I observ'd your friends approaching.

Lau. Listen!—'tis the signal.

(*a whistle heard.*)

Enter TOM.

Tom. The boat's crew are at hand, your Honor.

Guil. Hark! So far all is well—Now Lisette, while Jaques toils upon a fruitless search, bring Altieri forth.

Lis. I will instantly.

Guil. But remember, not before you hear his name pronounced aloud.

Lis. I'll remember. [*Exit LISETTE.*]

Lau. Another interruption might destroy us—I'll hasten forward, and prevent all difficulty.

[*Exit LAUREL.*]

Jaq. (*bursting from the house.*) You are too late.

Guil. For what?

Jaq. Escape!—if you attempt further to conceal him, I arrest you in his place—Do you know this belt? (*Producing the belt, which he has found with the cloak in the house.*)

Guil. Ah, fool! I neglected to destroy it—(*aside*)—What belt?

Jaq. This—do you know the initials on the clasp?

Guil. Ye—yes—what of them, E. A.?—they are those of my benefactress, Eliza Arundel.

Jaq. Indeed! is this cloak too hers, with the same initials—the same clasp upon the collar? No, 'twas Enrico Altieri's. (*Speaking very loud.*)

Enter LISETTE and ATTIERI.

Jacq. I am call'd—I come.

Jaq. You are welcome, Sir. (Seizing him).

Guil. Then our course is desperate. Seize that fellow! (Tom grapples him).

Jaq. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. You needn't grin, mun—you'll find it no joke—I'll give you a salt eel for your supper.

Jaq. I have assistance near.

Tom. So have we, mayhap.

Guil. Search him (Tom forcing away the paper, the purse falls on the ground). Speak! from whom did you receive this purse?

Jaq. From the Commandant.

Guil. Indeed!—the name of Holstien is upon it, emboss'd in gold.

Jaq. Holstien!

Guil. Now, give me that paper, as I suspected, 'tis a forgery.

(Jacques attempts to fly, and is caught by Tom, but not before he has sounded a bugle, and armed men rush forward).

Jaq. Seize that traitor, Guillaume, and the long-sought fugitive, Count Altieri.

(They are surrounded—LISETTE and ELIZA enter from the House).

Lis. Hold! hold! Spare my husband!

Eliz. Oh, my Altieri!

Alt. My Eliza!

Jaq. Bear them away!

Tom. Nay then, we must clear ship for action! (Whistles). "FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

(Sailors rush on, led by Captain LAUREL, and front the Soldiers).

Tom. I say, how do you like 'em?

(Distant drums heard).

Jaq. The Commandant, and the Intendant of Police!—now escape if you can.

Enter COMMANDANT, &c. &c.

Lis. Oh, Sir, spare him—spare my husband!
(Clinging about him).

Eliz. (On the opposite side) Turn not away—
hear—in pity hear me!

*(They, in the struggle, force the cloak from
the face of the COMMANDANT).*

(Eliz. starting)—Holstien!—then we are free.

Guil. Jaq. &c. Holstien! you the Baron Holstien?

Hol. Aye, Holstien! but a day of vengeance may arrive.

Inten. of Pol. Never to gratify your malice; for know that a new trial has been granted to Altieri; and I am deputed to bring you, Baron Holstien, before the Court.

Hol. Well, lead on—whatever be their sentence, no punishment can equal the torture I now feel at Altieri's triumph. [Exit, guarded.]

Lau. Honest Guillaume, it shall be my first care to purchase your discharge from the army, that my sister still may have your loves and service.

Guil. We'll follow her thro' the world—accept our gratitude and thanks—may all, like Guillaume and Lisette, find in their hearts the rich reward we feel, for assisting the unfortunate—and protecting those who have protected us.

JEROME enters, with Peasants.

FINALE.

All our cares are ended—
Those we love are free,
While by them befriended,
Happy must we be !

Hail! Supreme protecting Power,
Hail! Triumphant joyous hour.

All our cares, &c.

THE END.

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JOHN OF PARIS;

A COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1814.

BY I. POCOCK, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE MILLER AND HIS MEN, FOR ENGLAND, NO!
HIT OR MISS, &c.

LONDON:

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1814.

[Price Two Shillings.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOSE who wish to know how much I am indebted to the original of this Piece, or how little the original is indebted to me, must peruse the opera of "Jean de Paris," written by Mons. Saint Just; the Music of which is composed by Boieldieu, and considered the most successful that has been heard for some time on the French stage.

The masterly manner in which my coadjutor, Mr. Bishop, has executed the arduous task of selecting and adapting those parts which were thought most valuable, has been approved by the auditors in a way that leaves me nothing to praise. I have only to add my thanks.

To the Performers, it is my duty, and at the same time my greatest pleasure, to acknowledge how much I am indebted for their exertions in the representation; and take this opportunity of requesting them individually and collectively to accept my sincere thanks, for efforts, which have rendered this trifle acceptable to the Public.

I. P.

DRAMATIS PÉRONÆ.

John of Paris,	Mr. SINCLAIR.
Grand Chamberlain,	Mr. TAYLOR.
Vincent,	Mr. DURUSET.
Pedrigo Potts,	Mr. LISTON.
Gregory, a Waiter,	Mr. TREBY.
Philip, ditto,	Mr. TINNEY.
Princess of Navarre,	Miss STEVENS.
Rosa,	Miss MATTHEWS.

*Suite of John of Paris—Suite of the Princess—
Suite of the Chamberlain—Attendants—Waiters
—Villagers, &c.*

SCENE—An Inn on the Road from Navarre to Paris.

JOHN OF PARIS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Ringing of Bell; &c. denoting the confusion of an Inn.

PHILIP and **GREGORY** discovered, directing *Waiters and Female Servants*, who are busily employed cleaning and removing Furniture.

CHORUS, &c.—Rosa, Philip, and Attendants.

Chorus. Now prepare,
The guests are near,
To your work be steady;
Now prepare,
They'll soon be here,
We must all be ready.

Phil. { Now attend: no delay:
and { We attend, we obey;
Chor. { Oh, happy, happy day! &c.

Enter Rosa.

Rosa. Did you not say this lady fair,
This noble dame,
In birth and fame,
For whose reception we prepare,
Was call'd the Princess of Navarre?

Phil. The very same;
That is her name;
It is the Princess of Navarre.

Chorus. It is the Princess of Navarre,
And she whose matchless beauty's praise,
Thus flies thro' every land, renown'd;
By virtue's softest spirit sways,
And firm by love our duty's bound.

Phil. My words believe—
You'll now receive
The sister of your King.

Rosa. Indeed 'twill be
Delight to see,
The sister of our King.

Chorus. Now prepare, &c.

Rosa. Now then, away and prepare the chambers.

Enter PEDRIGO POTTS.

Ped. Oh, I'm a happy man—I'm a happy man!
Pedrigo Potts is a happy man! My house will be celebrated for ever! I shall be celebrated for ever, and—What do ye stand gaping there for? Do you want to see me ruin'd, you pack of idle, abominable— [Exeunt Gregory, Philip, &c.]

Rosa. Patience, father, patience.

Ped. Oh! Pedrigo Potts, Pedrigo Potts! who would have thought it? The Princess of Navarre, with all her attendants, and the Grand Chamberlain to boot, put up at my hotel! It will be the making of me. Oh, I'm a happy man! I haven't ate, drank, or slept, these four days—I'm dying with impatience—and Pedrigo Potts is a happy man!

Rosa. Very happy indeed—four days have we been waiting for this august Personage, and in all

probability we shall wait four days longer." I fancy you have as little return for your expence, as I for my trouble—here we are just as we began.

Ped. Not quite, for I have half ruin'd myself in providing for her. To be sure the Chamberlain gave me fifty piastres, by way of earnest—but, mercy on us, he swallow'd them all up, in the dinner he order'd, when he engaged my house for her Highness.

Rosa. Did he tell you when the Princess would set out?

Ped. Yes, but not when she'd arrive—and now its just four days—

Rosa. I'll be bound she's gone by the other road.

Ped. And if she is, I shall be bound and sent to prison. I shall never be able to pay for a tenth part of the victuals I've ordered. Why, I've laid waste the whole country—did you see the larder?

Rosa. I did—there's enough in it to feed an army.

Ped. May be so; but let me tell you, for a Princess and her train, its a mere snack—only a relish. By the bye, that butcher's meat ought to be drest—the fish too, is rather on the go—and as to the poultry—there's destruction!—there's devastation! We shan't have an egg to breakfast these six months.

Rosa. Oh, I have no fear about that; the Chamberlain's cook knows how to get up a dinner.

Ped. Yes, and his master knows how to get it down; he has given one specimen of his abilities that way, and I'm not very anxious for another; for if all the great folks in her Highness's train bring such devilish twists as this Chamber-

lain, we shan't have a scrap left to stick into a stray customer.

Rosa. But tell me, father, is it by the King's desire, that the Princess returns to court?

Ped. It is—she's going to pick and choose a husband among all the gay sparks of Princes that are now assembled at Paris. I must say, I feel a little flatter'd at the preference given to my house on this occasion—but appearance and behaviour is every thing in an inn-keeper (*conceitedly*).—She'll stop at no other house, depend on't.

Rosa. Why, she has no choice—there is no other on this road.

Ped. So much the better. Not that pride or interest have any influence with me. No, I take in the prince and the peasant with equal satisfaction.

Rosa. That's true indeed, father.

Ped. Every body knows Pedrigo Potts;—so that my guests are but honest—

Rosa. And pay well—

Ped. That's all I require—Hey! who's this—a foot-passenger? Rosa, tell him he can't stop here—I wish to be civil, but foot-passengers won't do to-day—any other time I shall be proud of his custom.

[Exit Pedrigo.]

[Enter PHILIP, conducting VINCENT.]

TYRO.—*Rosa, Philip, and Vincent.*

Kin. To day at this inn I shall rest;
To please, you must all do your best,
To please, &c.

Rosa. He does not surely mean to stay to-day.
We can't attend on him to-day.

Phil. What must we say?—
and { What would you, pray?

Rosa. We can't attend on you to-day.

Vin. Now will you, Sir, pay attention.

Phil. Not { I have no time to stay.

Vin. Rascal! dare that word to mention.

Phil. With fatigue I nearly expire;

To remain here, is all I desire,

Fair Damsel, take compassion, pray,

—Oh give repose—Oh let me stay,

Rosa. This art in vain; now leave us, pray,

Phil. { We can't attend on you to-day.

Enter PEDRIGO.

Ped. Holloa! holloa! what's all this noise?

Rosa. Really a good looking young man, father,
but he won't go.

Ped. Won't go!—oh, oh—

Rosa. I suspect he's a Page of the Princess—

Ped. A Page, pho!—a Pedlar, you mean;—
but I'll talk to him.

Vin. If civility won't gain admittance, impudence must. Your most obedient, Sir, your name
I take it is—is—

Ped. Pedrigo Potts—what then?

Vin. Then this fair maid is—

Ros. Rosa, Sir, that's my name;—I'm,—I'm
my father's daughter, Sir.

Vin. Indeed—(kisses her hand)—a fine girl
this, Pedrigo;—I'll stay a day or two in your
house;—show me an apartment, and be attentive.

Ped. Come, that's a high touch for a foot passenger. I'm not quite sure that I have a room to spare.

Vin. But I am, therefore let me have refreshments directly—none of your trash, but a bottle of Burgundy and a venison chop.

Ped. A bottle of Burgundy and a venison chop! here's a dainty dog—not a mouthful of either. (*Getting between them*) I tell you my whole house is engag'd—I'm engag'd—and my daughter's engag'd—Go and mind your business, Rosee.

Rosa. I'm going, father, (*aside to Vincent*) to get you some refreshment.

Ped. Leave the room, hussey.

Rosa. Well, I will—I'm going, but don't you leave it (*aside to Vincent*).

Vin. Delightful creature! as unlike Mr. Potts in the face, as she is in her behaviour.

Ped. I must take this young fellow down a peg or two—let me say—

Vin. Pho, pho, Potts, the less you say the better.—Don't be ridiculous.

Ped. But I will be ridiculous. Zooks, this is the coolest chap I ever met with.

Vin. Don't stand chattering thiere, but go and make ready—my master will be here immediately.

Ped. Master!—Your master! A laquey, as I hope for custom. Why, you unspeakable coxcomb,—Do you know who I am?

Vin. Pedrigo Potts. You just told me so.

Ped. Very facetious truly—the master of such a man must needs be a person of vast importance.

Vin. No doubt.

Ped. And pray what's his name?

Vin. John of Paris.

Ped. John of Paris! And who the plague's he?

Vin. A person who means to stop at this hotel, and has sent me forward to give due notice of his approach.

Ped. Indeed! then pray go back to John of Paris, and give him due notice that the Grand Chamberlain and the Princess of Navarre—

Vin. Pho! Pho!

Ped. Pho, pho, to a Princess!—I'm galvanised—I tell you I haven't room for man nor beast.

Vin. Don't be agitated, make yourself easy—this is a public Inn, and first come, first served—so here I stick—Mr. Potts. (Sitting down.)

(Confusion and ringing of Bells without.)

Ped. Well, hang me if ever I—

Enter GREGORY.

What's the matter now?

Greg. Oh, Sir, a quantity of horses and carriages are just arrived, and—

Ped. Come, are they? that's lucky; they have forestalled Mr. John of Paris at all events.

Greg. Where are they to go?

Ped. Go! into the stables, to be sure.

Greg. The stables!

Ped. Why, would the booby bring them into the house?

Greg. But the stables are engaged for the Princess of Navarre.

Ped. Well, blockhead; isn't this part of her equipage?

Greg. Her name's not on the saddle-cloths.

Ped. No!—whose then?

Greg. John of Paris. [Exit Gregory.

Ped. John of Paris! (looks with surprise at Vincent)—horses and carriages!

Vin. Yes, horses and carriages.—He often sends his retinue forward.

Ped. His retinue!—retinue?

Vin. If so it may be call'd—merely a dozen carriages or so, thirty or forty pair of horses, and attendants in proportion.

Ped. (Aside.) A bird in the hand is worth two

in the bush—four days are gone, and here's no Princess—high time the provisions were drest too—if I could but manage them both, there'd be picking!—Pray, Sir, take a chair—be cover'd, I beg; this room is rather damp, and—Roses! Rosee, my dear! bring a bottle of Burgundy and a biscuit.—I'll endeavour to accommodate; but I fear I can't quite contrive—

Vin. Don't bother, Potts.

Ped. This may be a better catch than t'other.

Enter ROSA, with Wine, Glasses, &c.

Now for it—there, Sir, there! (*pouring Wine*) that's what I call a glass of wine.

Vin. I dare say you often call it so; but I am not sure till I taste (*drinks*)—Hem! very well for an Inn.

Ped. Very well for an Inn, hey! You shan't say that of the bill, my boy. So, Mr. John of Paris will do me the honour—

Vin. I've told you so a dozen times.

Ped. Well, there is one small room that I can give up—rather smoky, to be sure,—but if the smell of the larder—the kitchen, I mean—isn't unpleasant—

Vin. You admit us then?

Ped. I do.

Vin. That is sufficient, Mr. Potts (*aside*)—So far all's right.

Ped. That affair's settled. Nothing gives me so much pleasure as accommodating my customers. Every body knows me—

Vin. For one of the most time-serving rascals that ever kept an Inn.

(*Violent ringing of Bells, and confusion of Voices without.*)

Enter Rosa.

Rosa. Father! father! there are so many more fresh comers on horseback and on foot! I don't know where we shall put them.

Ped. What, more! here's a pretty business! the train of the Princess arrived before I've done with John of Paris!—I told you how 'twould be (*to Vincent*)—Plague on't—I told you what a cavalcade I expected—now do, pray take another glass of wine, and be off.

Vin. Don't be troublesome, fellow—I'll neither drink wine nor leave the house. (*Ringing bells.*)

Ped. Oh, I'm in for it—is the Chamberlain with them?

Rosa. They don't belong to him.

Ped. No! who then?

Rosa. John of Paris.

[*Exit Rosa.*]

(*Pedrigo in amazement drops the glass, &c.*)

Ped. John of Paris!—I never heard of this man before to-day—he must be the Walking Philosopher. This Mr. John must be amazingly rich.

Vin. He is—and when pleased with his host, always leaves the most palpable proofs of his magnificence and generosity.

Ped. Indeed! well, it's not my place to affront a customer, you know.

Vin. Certainly not.

Ped. And such a customer, e'cod if I give up business, business will soon give up me.

Vin. Unquestionably.

Ped. It's a done thing,—that for the Chamberlain! (*snapping his fingers*).—I'll run all risks—Rosa! my dear, where are you? I'll go and see about it directly: Miss Potts, I say—Miss Potts!

[*Exit.*]

Vin. At last I have secured the house for Mr. John. These love-affairs are really very troublesome, yet true it is, no pleasure on earth equals the return of affection from the girl that we love.

SONG—VINCENT.

When the girl that I love, this true heart is tormenting,
 Her eyes to my rival incessantly rove;
 In a medley of passions her falsehood resenting,
 I ne'er can depart from the girl that I love!

When the girl that I love with good humour is smiling,
 Her eyes fondly beaming affection to prove,
 All the cares of my bosom so sweetly beguiling,
 I ne'er can depart from the girl that I love.

Enter PEDRIGO, followed by ROSA.

Rosa. But, father—

Ped. Don't talk to me, Rosa—I insist upon it, he'll be gone long enough before the Princess arrives, and therefore I'll venture to put him into the best apartment.

Rosa. The best apartment! I have prepared that for the Princess of Navarre, not for a mere—

Ped. A mere what? No disrespect, if you please; have not I told you a thousand times, to receive all comers with equal attention? Did you ever know me vary in my principles? Oh fie! —fie for shame, Miss Potts, I'm shock'd!

Rosa. Indeed, sir, I beg your pardon, but—

Vin. Don't be cast down, Rosa—endeavour to acquire some of your father's principles,—they will soon cure you of this diffidence.

(*Rosa takes away bottle, &c.*)

Ped. That's what I tell her over and over; but she never minds what her poor father says: Now, if I may make so bold, pray what is this Mr. John?

Vin. A man?

Ped. I suspected so—but what—what is he?

Vin. A citizen.

Ped. Ay, but what does he do?

Vin. A vast deal—eats, drinks, sleeps, walks, and talks.

Ped. Bless my soul! he can't have a moment to himself. Well, I never in my life was so anxious to see a customer as this Mr. —

Greg. (*Enters*) John of Paris!

Ped. Hey! Zooks, I'm all in a flutter.

Enter JOHN OF PARIS and Suite, ROSA, &c.

SOLO AND CHORUS—JOHN and Suite.

John. Be welcome, my friends, and pass gaily the hours

That freedom and mirth are combining to charm,

While Love, join'd with Hope, strew the pathway with flowers,

And doubt, of it fears and its terrors disarm.

Chor. Be welcome, &c.

John. Now, Vincent, shew me the Landlord,

Vin. Certainly, Sir; but I thought every body knew Pedrigo Potts [*Presents* Pedrigo, who in great alarm hangs back, and supplicates Vincent.]

John. This house appears convenient, and I engage it.

Ped. Un-unfortunately—

John. How! unfortunately?

Ped. That is, I mean—if the Princess should come now! (*Aside*).—Some persons of quality

have been before-hand,—and—*and*—do pray help me out (*Aside to Vincent*).

Vin. It seems the house has been already engaged.

Ped. That's right, I only want to explain, in case of accidents (*Aside to Vincent*.)

Vin. But Mr. Potts willingly waves their pretensions in favour of so distinguish'd a visitor as John of Paris:

Ped. No, no, no!

John. Who were these persons?

Ped. (Eagerly.) So please you, Mr. John, the Grand Chamberlain and her Royal Highness the Princess of Navarre.

John. Indeed, and what have they given you?

Ped. Fifty piastres, Mr. John.

John. There are a hundred—the house is mine.

Ped. But consider, Sir—how am I to provide for—

John. Well remember'd—we shall need all you can procure; there, (*giving more money*)—provide immediately.

Ped. Oh, he's irresistible (*pocketing the purses*)—its no use to talk,—he won't understand.

Rosa. What's to be done, father?

Ped. I'll be hang'd if I know; don't ask me—Mr. John and the Chamberlain must settle it—I give it up—I've done with it!

Rosa. But only imagine—if she should come, if the Chamberlain should arrive.

Ped. Yes, yes, there'll be a precious uproar presently—I know there'll be a row—I see it coming!—but if they will both insist on paying for the same articles, I'm sure the last person to find fault will be Pedrigo Potts—so come along, Gentlemen, this way, if you please.

[*Exeunt Pedrigo, with Rosa, and John of Paris's train, with Vincent.*

John. I am arriv'd before the Princess, and so far my journey prospers. What fatigue, what danger will not a lover brave, to win from his mistress one smile of affection.

SONG—JOHN.

“ Each art, each device, the fond lover essays,
 “ To win the sweet smile that bewitchingly plays
 “ On the lip of his charmer dear ;
 “ Through dangers he'll toil to obtain the rich prize,
 “ Of one ravishing glance, from her love-beaming eyes,
 “ Or that gem of the soul—a Tear !
 “ Though the fondest of lovers, he often may prove
 “ A culprit in all the small treasons of love,
 “ To his bosom she only is dear ;
 “ From that bosom indignant he'd tear forth his heart,
 “ Ere see from those eyelids in agony start,
 “ That bright gem of the soul—a Tear !”

Vin. (*Entering.*) Ha ! ha ! poor Mr. Potts.

John. This new system of travelling seems to amuse you, Vincent.

Vin. Its novelty cannot but make it agreeable to me, Sir ; but if you knew half the disturbance it has given Mr. Potts, you would pity him.

John. He will soon be released from all perplexity : the whole of the accommodations being in my possession, will give me an opportunity of obliging the Princess, in a manner that must lead to an introduction ; and the simple name I now bear will create no suspicion.

Vin. But with the accompaniment of horses, carriages, and attendants, it may afford matter of surprise—they have amazed Mr. Potts more than once ; he'll not soon forget John of Paris.

John. Let that rest. Be assured this disguise is not adopted from idle motives. The laurels I have acquired, and the rank I hold, shall never be tarnish'd by an act unworthy of a true and faithful Knight.

DUETT.—JOHN and VINCENT.

John. { Go, } d'aro all the dangers of glory;
Vin. { I'll } Bend lowly at beauty's throne,
 And live renown'd in story,
 Of knighthood the flow'r and crown.

John. { If } laurell'd fame { you 'ere } aspire,
Vin. { Yes, } Firm to bind on { your } helm and
 { my } sword,
 { Oh, } remember still { my } loyalsquire,
 { And } like { thy } knight in
 { Thy } knightindeed, { my } word.

John. For thy King to battle fly!

Vin. I swear, for him to die!

John. To thy Lady homage give!

Vin. I swear, for her to live!

John. Go dare, &c.

Vin. I'll dare, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Hall of the Hotel.

In the centre a large door; with the road and country seen beyond,—Voices heard without, and Waiters, &c. pass and repass in great confusion—“Landlord! Waiter! coming, &c.”—Rosa enters, and meets GREGORY in the front.

Rosa. Gregory!—why Gregory, what's all this noise?

Greg. Noise! Hey—did you speak?

Rosa. Why don't you attend?

Greg. I—I do attend,—but—

(*Within*). Gregory!

Greg. Coming!

Ped. (Without) Gregory, Gregory!

Greg. Coming, Sir, coming—

(Runs to the entrance, and meets PEDRIGO, who rushes in, in consternation).

Ped. Run, run, tell 'em I've no room.

Greg. Tell who, Sir?

Ped. A swarm of people, that have just turn'd the brow of the hill.

Greg. I'll fly. [Exit Gregory.

Ped. Do, and if they will stop here—I'll fly—I can bear it no longer—there they come, as thick as a swarm of bees.

Rosa. Who can they belong to?

Ped. John of Paris, I suppose; rot him; he has jamm'd his people into every nook and corner, from the garret to the cellar.

Greg. (returns). Make way for the Grand Chamberlain!—make way for the Princess of Navarre!

Ped. The Princess! the Chamberlain!

Enter VINCENT.

Ped. There, there—now I hope you're satisfied.

Vin. Perfectly, every thing is according to my wish.

Ped. The devil it is—why they are come I tell you—the Princess—the Chamberlain—they are not a hundred yards from the door.

Vin. I'm glad to hear it.

Ped. I'm much obliged to 'ye. What's to become of me?

Vin. And if they had arrived first, what was to become of John of Paris?

Ped. D—n John of Paris; I wish he was buried there—the Chamberlain paid me beforehand.

Vin. So did John.

Ped. I shall lose my license and be sent to prison.

Vin. Of course.

Ped. Perhaps I shall be hang'd.

Vin. Most likely, I think.

Ped. Ah, very pleasant, isn't it? What a stony-hearted rascal! I must coax him. Now do persuade your master to go—do—do take pity on a desperate man.

Vin. We'll go immediately, and tell our people to make ready—

Ped. For their departure—

Vin. For dinner.

Ped. What, shall they assist in serving it up to the Princess?

Vin. No! for John of Paris. [Exit Vincent.

Ped. Oh, I shall go mad! I shall go—(Music heard.)—its all over with me—I'm a dead man!

(Flourish, &c.)

Enter CHAMBERLAIN and Attendants.

Cham. Well, host, the Princess will be here in a few minutes.

Ped. What am I to say? (Aside.)

Cham. By the number of attendants about your house, I perceive you have made arrangements for receiving her as becomes your reputation and her high rank.

Ped. I'll put a good face on it. Most mighty Chamberlain, it was my intention to have received

her Highness with all due respect, but I fear the apartments will not be quite—quite—

Cham. I understand—not sufficiently splendid—so they are clean, you need make no apology.

Ped. I'll tell him at once—The fact is, a Citizen of Paris is now in those very rooms, and I'm afraid will not have finish'd—

Cham. Not have finish'd the decorations—no matter; it will at least shew your zeal, in having sent for an upholsterer from the city.

Ped. Zooks! he's as bad as the rest—I can't get in a word edgeways to explain or expostulate.

Cham. The dinner is now the principal object—that, I trust, is quite in readiness.)

Ped. Why, to speak the truth, one Mr. John of Paris, with all his attendants, are at this very moment—

Cham. Mr. John of Paris, a professed cook from the metropolis!—that makes up for all, and will convince the Princess how well you understand your business.

Ped. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! a cook and an upholsterer!—I must make him understand—most mighty Princess, a cook!—I say, most august Chamberlain, an upholsterer!—the honour conferr'd on me by John of Paris—I mean of Navarre—no, by the Chamberlain of Paris—that is—Princess (*seeing John, who has entered at the moment*) John.—Oh, I'm finish'd, ruin'd past redemption!

John. Now, to introduce myself (*Apart.*)

Cham. I see you are overpower'd with this unusual honour; but I excuse you. (*To Ped.*)

John. Pray, my Lord, is it true that the Princess attends the Court for the purpose of making her election of a husband?

Cham. It is a fact. Her appearance there, is

at the King's desire, and I have the honour to conduct her. But the Princes of Europe will be disappointed of their hopes in such an alliance; for her choice is already fix'd.

John. Indeed! then so is my fate—(*Aside.*)

Cham. But who are you, that dare address to me, so familiar a question?

Ped. Ha! ha! its his turn now—(*Aside.*)

Cham. Speak, who are you, fellow?

John. A citizen.

Cham. A citizen—what, the upholsterer!

John. No, Sir; I am call'd John of Paris.

Cham. The cook!

John. Neither—an independent honest man, who, with all respect to his superiors, exerts a freeman's right, and will maintain it.

Cham. Thou art the most audacious varlet, that—Mr. Host, how is it that I find a person of this stamp here at such a moment?

John. I'll tell you, Sir: I claim the privilege of a traveller—every part of this hotel, and all that it contains, are for the present mine.

Cham. Your's?

Ped. E'cod he'll bother the Chamberlain as well as me.

John. A Princess, I know, can feel hunger as well as a citizen, therefore present my humble duty, and request she will partake my entertainment. (*Retires.*)

Cham. What do I hear! an invitation! Why, Mr. Potts, explain all this.

Ped. Upon my soul I can explain nothing. All I know is this; he arrived this morning, and immediately took possession of the lodgings. Just now he took possession of the provisions, and when the Princess arrives, hang me if I don't think he'll take possession of her, in spite o'your teeth, and that's all I know of John of Paris.

FINALE.

Cham. Now, good fellow, pray retire ; (*John refuses.*)
 'Sdeath, he'll set my blood on fire !

John. Sir, your anger now subdue,
 Here the Princess I may view.
 This house you know is mine to-day ;
 Here I am—and here I'll stay !

Cham. How dare you, fellow, prate
 To an Officer of State !

John. Remember, passion heats the blood,
 And talking thus—will do no good.

CHORUS.

The Princess is here, Sir ! &c.

John See, she comes in splendour beaming,
 and *Vin.* Beauty's queen, and valour's prize ;
 On her brow see glory streaming,
 While love is sparkling in her eyes.

Enter PRINCESS.

SOLO—PRINCESS.

Oh, how sweet thro' billows glancing,
 Still to watch with charmed eye,
 Joyous, while the vessel's dancing,
 Varied landscapes sweeping bye ;
 And still delighted range
 O'er the entrancing change
 Where sparkling scenes in order pass,
 Like visions in a magic glass :
 Oh, how sweet, &c.

John. An humble man, in humble style,
 His Princess here would entertain ;
 On John of Paris, Lady, smile,

(At the name of John of Paris, the Princess starts, and, unobserved by him, looks at a Letter, and a Picture which hangs at her bosom).

Nor now his poor request disdain.

Cham. I should like that knave to beat. (*Apart*).
 How will you his offer treat? (*To Princess*).

Prin. Treat it! Yield to his request,
 And with joy become his guest.

CHORUS, &c.

Prin. &c. { Truly { he will } lose { his } senses ;
Cham. { I shall } my } senses ;

Prin. &c. { Mad { he is } with rage and spite ;
Cham. { I am } But the worst of all offence is,

Prin. { I seem } to view it with delight.
Cham. &c. { She seems }

END OF ACT I.

JOHN OF PARIS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Saloon in the Inn.

Enter the PRINCESS, with the Letter.

Prin. This more resembles the wild plot of a romance, than the dull stratagem of common life—in truth, it was well contrived. Let me read again—“ Disguised, the Prince will meet you on the road from Navarre—Beware of John of Paris, for by that name he travels. I send you his portrait in miniature (*examines it*). You will now encounter him on equal terms; and should the affection which you felt in childhood for each other, be confirm'd, it will much rejoice your brother and your friend, The King!”—Thanks, my dear brother, thanks. Shall I apprise the Chamberlain?—No, he would talk too much. I'll keep my secret close (*puts up the Letter*). “The affection we felt in childhood confirmed!” Alas! how many scenes, how many feelings has he experienced since then. And tho' the impression he made upon this heart has remained indelible, mine upon his may have had fiercer trials to encounter—glory and ambition!—yet even those cannot extinguish love's pure fire—No! I'll not believe but that his faith is firm,

RECITATIVE AND SONG—PRINCESS.

No, never, no ! affection's genuine trace,
No change can banish, and no time erase.

AIR.

When lover's eyes no longer blaze
With mingling pledge of mutual truth,
Oft Fancy will in absence raise
Fears to alarm the heart of youth.
Vain' foolish seats ! Oh do but see,
When fondness carves the votive rhyme
On the soft bark of some young tree,
Still stronger grow the lines with time !
And thus pure love's first image grows,
With life expands, till life shall close.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. By the honour of a Chamberlain, this John of Paris has corrupted the whole house : His impudence is infectious—it spreads from master to man, and subverts all order and authority. The landlord too, that rascal Potts, treats me with as little respect as he would a travelling tinker.

Prin. What now, Chamberlain ?—you seem angry.

Cham. Madam—your Highness, (*bowing*) with all duty and consideration, I beseech you, let me assert your right, and my authority.

Prin. In what manner ?

Cham. By immediately setting the landlord in the stocks, and kicking this purse-proud citizen out of the house.

Prin. Nay, I have no right, or you authority,

for an act so violent ; besides, this man's eccentricity amuses me, and I would willingly see the end on't.

Cham. So would I with all my soul, but he proceeds from one outrage to another with such amazing *sang froid*, that I am utterly confounded ; his extraordinary wealth too, has so completely won the affections of Mr. Potts, that unless I exert my privilege—

Prin. Exert your patience, Chamberlain.

Cham. I haven't a grain left—I verily believe Mr. John has taken possession of that. Would you believe it, Madam, not content with your having accepted an apartment in your own house, he just now ordered me to bring your Highness an invitation to your own dinner.

Prin. He is very considerate.

Cham. Very,—is he not, Madam ?

Prin. I am really obliged to him.

Cham. Obliged ! can you be serious ?—Will you then encourage this man ?

Prin. All men ought to be encouraged, who practise politeness and attention to a female.

Cham. Would you have me then permit him ?—

Prin. Certainly—present my thanks to John of Paris, and say I accept his invitation.—Poor Chamberlain—this will drive him distracted.

[*Exit Princess.*

Cham. I'm petrified ! a Princess dine with a mechanic ! Oh monstrous degradation—this levelling system will extend its influence to me, and I shall soon be considered by the household, as of little more value—than I consider this plague, Ms. John.

SONG.—CHAMBERLAIN.

My anger, my anger will choke me,
 If thus they combine to provoke me;
 To worry and vex,
 Disturb and perplex,
 My orders refuse,
 My person abuse,
 And all of it's done
 By this plague, Mr. John:
 Oh, my anger, &c.

The Princess herself condescends too,
 A mechanic to class with her friends too;
 To dinner sits down
 With a knave and a clown,
 And bids me be civil,
 (Oh Death and the Devil)!
 And all of it's done
 By this plague, Mr. John.
 Oh, my anger, &c.

Is it thus that a Chamberlain's treated?
 By a Maitre d'Hotel to be cheated:
 The vilest neglect,
 No sort of respect,
 Still heaping disgrace,
 He laughs in my face;
 And all of it's done
 By this plague, Mr. John.
 Oh, my anger, &c.

Enter VINCENT, speaking as he comes on.

Vin. Let the dinner be served immediately.

Cham. So this is the worthy right-hand of Mr. John of Paris—his foreman, I suppose, if the truth was known—well, Mr.—Mr.—

Vin. Vincent—that's my name, old gentleman.

Cham. Well, young gentleman; the Princess will in her great condescension accept your Master's invitation.

Vin. That of course. Her condescension has no remedy;—better dine with a Citizen than not dine at all.

Cham. Since she will submit to the indignity, I must instruct you in the etiquette to be observed on this occasion—In the first place, your Master must wait respectfully behind the chair of the Princess, and endeavour—

Vin. Wait behind her chair!—you mistake. When John of Paris invites company, he always takes the head of his own table.

Cham. No, no, that must not be. I perceive he understands nothing of ceremony.

Vin. Oh, yes he does. He will place the Princess on his right hand—me he will place on his left—

Cham. You! you sit at table with royalty. Have a care, Sir! the Princess is affable, too much so—

Vin. Not a bit.

Cham. But Mr. John may read in her looks—

Vin. He has; and finds that her beauty is alone surpassed by the gentleness of her demeanour.

Cham. I'm glad to hear he feels such admiration.

Vin. His admiration's now combined with love.

Cham. Love! love!—Is the man crazy; does he know what he's about?

Vin. He's about to propose himself as her husband: first throw himself at her feet, and then into her arms.

Cham. Plagues and torments! is he aware of the consequence of such an act?

Vin. Perfectly—the usual consequence of matrimony—Great expense, much anxiety, many quarrels, a little love, and a large family of children.

Cham. Why, the man's desperate.

Vin. Most men are—who take a wife.

Cham. Wife, wife! Oh the world's at an end!

Enter PEDRIGO, in a gaudy dress.

Ped. The world at an end—nonsense, only just began,—I never lived till to day. Here's sport, here's fun alive!—a band of music and a dance.

Cham. A dance!—a dinner you mean.

Ped. No, I don't.

Cham. Dance—the devil!—who's to pay the piper?

Ped. John of Paris.

Cham. Who gave you orders?

Ped. John of Paris.

Cham. Who has turn'd your brain, blockhead?

Ped. John of Paris. I'm wild with joy!—he's something like a customer—look here, here's a figure, you don't see the like every day. He doesn't leave modest merit to pine in obscurity, like some folks. Talk of a Chamberlain, pish! a fellow of yesterday, a nonentity—a body without a soul.

Cham. A what, Sirrah?

Ped. A man of straw! a thing of no use to any but the owner! give me John of Paris, none of your whip syllabubs—he, he's substantial—a good man. He's got it here, and I've got it here—look! (*slapping his pockets, and producing money.*) Ha! ha!

Cham. Oh, I shall lose my senses among 'em.

Ped. Ah, Mr. John's man, how are you, Mr. John's man? you see how it is—they become me, don't they?—I say, I wish you'd teach me a little of your high talk, such as you palaver'd me with this morning, you know. Fine folks are nothing without fine words.

Vin. You seem to require little instruction ; but let me tell you—

Cham. And let me tell you, Sir, once for all, that unless you instantly fulfil your agreement, I'll have you laid by the heels, for detaining a member of the Blood Royal under false pretences. If that doesn't frighten the fellow, he's impenetrable. *(Aside.)*

Ped. Have me laid by the heels ? Poor man, d'ye hear him ?—laid by the heels—come, I like that—I think I see myself laid by the heels.

Cham. Was there ever such an insensible—why, you fetch-and-carry rascal—

Ped. Come, come ; I'll thank you not to call names ; it isn't civil to a new acquaintance.

Cham. Acquaintance ! this fellow's worse than a surfeit. I shall not have a morsel of appetite for my dinner.

Ped. If you don't behave yourself, you'll not have a morsel of dinner for your appetite—will he, Mr. John's man ?

Cham. I can endure it no longer. Reynard, Fripon, La Roche ! *(Calling.)*

Ped. Pho ! pho ! don't be ridiculous (*imitating Vincent*)—that's the way, isn't it ?

Cham. What says the booby ?

Ped. Don't bother ; don't be troublesome, fellow !—Oh that's it—comes as natural as the life.

Cham. Where are they all—Varenne, La Roche ! Where can these fellows be ?

Ped. With John of Paris, to be sure.—Go and talk to him—he's your man. Bless you, it's no fault of mine. I did my best for you ; just now I took the liberty of going into my own kitchen ; but they trundled me out again neck and crop—told me I'd no business there, and sent me to the devil. So I went to John of Paris.

Cham. What then?

Ped. Then he pop'd another purse of money under my nose—upon which I immediately recollect'd—

Cham. What? what did you recollect?

Ped. That it wasn't my business to affront a customer.

Vin. So you pocketed the money?

Ped. Certainly, its a custom I have.

Cham. Why, scoundrel, is it thus you make distinctions?

Ped. I make no distinctions, I make it a rule to treat all comers with equal attention—I didn't refuse your fifty piasters, you know.

Cham. (*With dignity*) Fellow, your doom is fix'd. Your ignorance and folly I might have pardon'd, but contempt of the honorable situation I hold, and neglect of the high trust which I reposed in you, now calls upon the strong arm of justice to redress. Too late you'll find, weak and mistaken man, that insolence and meanness never go unpunish'd, nor will they find support even from John of Paris. [Exit Chamberlain.

Ped. He does not seem pleased.

Vin. The Chamberlain at last behaves with propriety—I must alarm this fellow into common civility, or our plan may be destroy'd. (*Aside*).

Ped. Lord, what's the matter with me?—I feel very odd.

Vin. And well you may, poor wretch.

Ped. Poor wretch! Don't talk nonsense—What d'ye mean?

Vin. The meaning's plain, you have roused the just resentment of that worthy man, and even should he spare your life—

Ped. Hey!

Vin. You'll linger out the remnant of your

days, in some dark dungeon, fettered, and alone.

Ped. Oh dear !

Vin. A crust your food—a stone your pillow, no light to glad your eyes, no hope to cheer your heart.

Ped. Pho, pho ! don't talk in that way ; don't go to scare a body—it can't be, I'll not believe it—Oh ha ! ha ! ha !—I see how it is, you're a wag, Mr. John's man, you're a queer one,—you wanted to frighten me, but it won't do ; I'm up to your rig, ha ! ha ! (*Pedrigo finding he makes no impression on the steady countenance of Vincent, suddenly drops his features*)—Why, you are not in earnest ?

Vin. Unhappy, miserable man ! (*turns away*).

Ped. O Lord, I'm very ill. I'll go and make an apology ; but its all your doing—'twas you egg'd me on. I'll go and beg pardon—if a few months' hard labour, a whipping at the cart's tail, or any such trifle as that, will make atonement, I'll receive the favour with gratitude, and henceforth shut my door against all such customers as (*Enter John*) John of Paris !

[*Pedrigo, on seeing John, pulls out the Purse, and, as he is on the point of throwing it at his feet, checks himself, returns it quietly to his pocket, and exit.*]

John. Our host seems disturb'd ; what has happened ?

Vin. I was induced to check the insolence of his behaviour to the Chamberlain, and he is now gone, big with apprehension for his personal safety, to solicit pardon.

John. You have acted properly.

Vin. Well, Sir, at length you have seen this far-fam'd beauty.

John. I have ; but how soon was my transport overwhelm'd by grief and disappointment.

Vin. Disappointment ?

John. Have I not much to fear, when from the Chamberlain's report, I know the Princess has already fix'd her choice ?

Vin. What then ! will you resign a prize so fair to one unknown—without a struggle too resign her ?

John. Think not so lightly of me—hearts like mine are not so soon depress'd—the greater the peril, more glorious must be the victory. Have the artists completed the decorations of the garden ?

Vin. They have, Sir.

John. And is all else prepared ?

Vin. Ah.

John. Wait for me without, and remember the motto of thy master's banners—" All for Love, all for Honour." [Exit Vincent.

SONG—JOHN.

When the trumpet's loud cry
 Calls the Hero away,
 With a heart-rending sigh
 Love entreats him to stay.
 " Hark ! the proud foe is near,"
 " Thy true love is here."
 " Now to battle I go!"
 She implores him, " Ah ! no!"
 All in vain her reply,
 For still this was his cry,
 " While I've life, all for Love, all for Honour!"

To the conflict he flew,
 And his banner wav'd high,
 But her cheek paler grew,
 And a tear dimm'd her eye.

" See the triumph is thine,"—
 " My true love is mine."
 " Now my victory bless ;"
 " Oh yes, my Love, yes."
 To his bosom she sprung,
 And there joyfully sung,
 " While we've life, all for Love, all for Honour!"

SCENE II.

The Garden of the Inn.

Enter PEDRIGO and ROSA.

Ped. End my days in a dungeon!—Come, I'm out of that scrape, however. Mercy on us, how vicious disappointment makes a hungry stomach! —he threaten'd to put me on short allowance, by way of giving me a taste, as he call'd it—e'cod he'd have done it too, if I had not buckled down, and promised to keep a sharp look out on Mr. John and the Princess.

Enter GREGORY.

Greg. Sir, Sir, John of Paris!

Ped. What, coming?

Greg. Yes, Sir—he has got the Princess tuck'd under his arm as neat as a napkin.

Ped. And the Chamberlain?—

Greg. Struts before them, Sir, like a drum-major, Sir. [*Exit* Gregory.]

Ped. Now for it then. (*Pulls out a long Bill of Fare*)—Rosa, mind what you are about. Fish at the top, soup in the middle.

Rosa. Lord, father, how should you know?
Soup at the top!

Ped. Have you no consideration for her Highness's nose? Would you stew a Princess to death

in a hot-bath of soup-maigre? Put the venison at the bottom, the Chamberlain sits there; and he likes a solid joint: its rather too strong of the *haut gout*, I fear; but if he doesn't stop his nose, he'll soon stop his mouth, I warrant.—Rosa!

Rosa. Father!

Ped. How is the venison? Four days, you know—

Rosa. Delicious!

Ped. What, all right?

Rosa. Nothing can be better.

Ped. Mr. John's cook's a deep one—Mum! he has been a restaurateur before to-day.

(*Music.*)

Enter JOHN, PRINCESS, and CHAMBERLAIN, followed by Villagers, Dancers, &c.

John. Now then prepare.

(*Music—The Table appears, and various Embellishments in honour of the Princess.*)

*Prin. Amazing! this has more the air of a courtly *fête champêtre*, than a simple village festival.*

John. Your approbation, Madam, makes me truly happy; I could wish it better—but a plain Citizen—

Cham. (Surveying the preparations with surprise)—A plain Citizen, and such splendour—why, who is this man?

Ped. John of Paris.

Cham. But we lose time—is the dinner quite ready for her Highness?

*Ped. It is, and the Chamberlain is quite ready for the dinner. (*Aside.*)*

John. Let it appear.

Ped. Directly, Mr. John.

(*Music—Procession of Dinner—Pedrigo bearing the first Dish—Rosa superintending.*)

Cham. I'm astonish'd—silver plate!—and can all these belong to—

Ped. John of Paris. Ask what you will, his name answers every question.

Prin. I am indeed perfectly satisfied. (*To John.*)

John. Believe me, tho' I offer it without success, I offer it with—all my heart.

Prin. So, so, he has began already. (*Aside.*)

Cham. What said he?—Madam, the dinner cools—I attend your Highness.

(*John takes her hand at the moment the Chamberlain is receiving it, and retires.*)

Ped. Oh, he'll do it—he'll do it. (*Noticing the action.*)

Cham. Do it,—do what?

Ped. I only made an observation—Mr. John seems irresistible every where, that's all.

(*They seat themselves at Table,—the Villagers dance; and at the conclusion of the Ballet, the Princess, &c. advance.*)

Prin. After all I have heard and seen, I am anxious to know what family you are of.

Cham. So am I.

John. I am related, Madam, to the—the First Citizen in Paris. But come, my Lord Chamberlain will not object to a little singing, it will enliven our repast.—Mr. Potts! (*calling him.*)

Ped. Mr. John—

John. I heard your daughter sing a couplet of the Troubadour—will she repeat it?

Rosa. Most willingly, Sir.

Ped. That's right, Rosee; clear your pipes,

and perhaps he'll give you something worth having.
(She takes a Guitar.)

John. The story is curious—on his travels this Troubadour won the affections of a certain Princess.

Prin. Indeed!—he was a bold man.

Cham. He must have been a very impudent fellow.

John. Listen.

1st Stanza—Rosa.

Thy Troubadour,
 Who, love's soft bondage owns,
 Here in thy bower
 Pours forth his minstrel tones ;
 Born but for love,
 To thee he'll faithful prove ;
 O then confess
 In turn, love's pow'r,
 And, Lady, bless
 Thy Troubadour.

CHORUS. (During which they dance).

Sound castanets while dancing,
 Bounding, in grace advancing—
 Hark ! all the sprightly throng
 Joins each joyful heart to raise the Song.

John. (Taking the Guitar.) You should sing with more expression, more tenderness—thus—

2nd Stanza—JOHN.

Thy Troubadour,
 Consum'd by passion's flame,
 Each passing hour
 Sings to his peerless dame.
 Hark ! each fond tone
 Is struck to thee alone ;
 O then confess
 Love's mutual power,
 And, Lady, bless
 Thy Troubadour.

CHORUS. Sound castanets, &c.

Prin. I know something of the story: the Princess, if I remember right, answer'd in this manner—

3rd Stanza.—PRINCESS.

Dear Troubadour,
 Whose gentle mind is given
 To glory's hour,
 Or love's luxurious heav'n ;
 Keep firm thine oath
 To her who hears thy troth ;
 She'll soon confess
 In turn, love's power,
 And, haply, bless
 Her Troubadour.

(*Chorus as before—the Dancers complete their Ballet, and leave the Stage*).

John. (*Aside to Vincent.*) See that my people obey the orders I gave them.

Vin. Instantly. [Exit Vincent.

Cham. I neither like that Troubadour business, nor all those amorous glances. Will your Highness now proceed on your journey? May I order the carriages?

Prin. Certainly.

Cham. I wish we were safe away from this man. If the King should hear of it, I may lose my office. Pedrigo, have an eye upon him.

Ped. I will—I smoke (*Exit Chamberlain*). I'll not spoil sport, tho'—I'll be Jack o'-both-sides.

(*Retires to watch them.*)

Prin. Before we part, I request to know what brought you into this part of the country?

John. An event the most interesting—I came to seek a wife.

Prin. Indeed ! you seem dejected at the very name—perhaps a mere marriage of convenience.

John. Of the strongest inclination.

Prin. Is the object so amiable ?

John. Nature never form'd a thing so perfect—every thing that mind and person can bestow, are hers ; and to her alone my vows were given from the first moment I beheld her.

Prin. An enthusiast too ! you indeed appear in love.

John. Appear ! believe me, I am.

(Seizing her hand).

Prin. Sir, you forget !—I am not this happy object—you—you are warm, Sir.

John. Pardon me, all men are so who speak to those—of those, they love.

Prin. Nearly caught (*Aside*). I must tease him a little. Well, Sir, you must know that I myself, urged by the King my brother to enter the state of matrimony, have already chosen a husband.

John. 'Tis true then ! (*Aside*).

Prin. And as you have given such ample proof of ability in conducting festivals, I engage you to superintend that at my marriage.

John. 'Sdeath ! be witness of my rival's triumph. Madam, you over-power me with joy—torments ! —but unless I know your happy consort's name—his—person—

Prin. Oh, I'll give you his description ; but his name he wishes to conceal. See, I wear his portrait in my bosom—the original is in my heart.

John. Distraction !



MR. LISTON AS PEDRIGO POTTS.
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“DUETT—JOHN and PRINCESS.

Prin. “ The dearest form my childhood knew,
 “ Delighted here I trace,
 “ With every charm my fancy drew,
 “ And every princely grace.

John. “ Oh, Lady, think, while thus you sigh,
 “ How false his heart may prove ;
 “ He may, like those frail colours, fly,
 “ And basely scorn thy love.

Both. { “ Ah no, { her } eyes of heavenly blue,
 Proclaim a heart as fond as true ;
 { I'd } barter all the world to be
 { He'd } So dearly lov'd, if lov'd by { thee. }
 { me. }

“(At the conclusion;” she shews him the Picture).

John. Heavens ! my own portrait.

Prin. Your's !—This is the Prince.

John. I am the Prince. (*Dropping on his knee*).

Prin. Ah ! fairly caught at last. When next you use disguise, “ beware of John of Paris.”

(*Shews the Letter*).

(*Pedrigo enters at the moment, and the Chamberlain on the opposite side*).

Ped. Hey ! mercy on us ! but I thought how 'twould be—I said he'd take possession of her, and he has done it—he's done it !

Cham. Do my eyes deceive me !—Does the Princess suffer at her feet—

John. Her husband ! (*Rising*)—Is that so surprising, Sir ?

Ped. Ah, is that so surprising ? (*to Cham.*)

Cham. Husband !—Oh scandalous ! abominable !

Ped. Oh scandalous, abominable! (*to John.*)

Cham. Consider, Madam, who you are—consider what the world will say.

Prin. The world will say I have made a prudent choice.

Cham. An acknowledgment! You are merry—but let me hope this jest will not be repeated before witnesses.

Enter Villagers, with Rosa, &c.

John. Does my Lord Chamberlain believe I wish to wed clandestinely? No. Be witness all, that I, John of Paris, take the most illustrious Princess of Navarre to wife.

Ped. His wife!

Cham. What, publicly declare it! Pray, Madam, as publicly deny it.

Prin. Friends, I confirm it—in John of Paris, behold my husband.

Cham. I'm thunder-struck!—I must do my duty. In the King's name, and by virtue of my authority, I charge you all, lay hands on John of Paris.

John. Knights, advance!

(*They suddenly appear with the Banners, &c.*

&c. led by Vincent.—John throws off his open garment, and shews his Order.)

Cham. Do I dream!—The Hereditary Prince of France!

John. Even so.

Ped. And Mr. John's man!

Cham. Oh, Sir, my fault was not intentional.

(*On his knee to John.*)

Ped. (*Dropping on his knees to Vincent*) Oh, Mr. John's man, my fault was not intentional—I never wish'd to offend a customer—every body knows Pedrigo Potts. (*Dolefully*).

John. In this happy union, all is forgotten—all forgiven, and the meanest person present shall partake our joy.

Ped. The meanest person! (*jumping up*) then Pedrigo Potts is a happy man,—such an event makes an hotel for ever!—I'll call it Royal, clap a new sign over my door, pay particular attention to all comers, and not one I hope will leave the house, without finding good entertainment at John of Paris.

FINALE.

“ Joy ! joy ! joy !
 “ Joyful shout in choral thróng !
 “ Loud and full the strain prolong,
 “ To Beauty high
 “ And Chivalry,
 “ Minstrels ever raise the Song—
 “ Joy ! joy ! joy !”

FINIS.

* * * Owing to the length of the Piece, the first Song after John's entrance in the First Act, the Duett in the Second Act; and the Finale, were, after the first representation, omitted.

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IN

IN TWO ACTS;

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On MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1815.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

NEVER had *Manufacturer* of a Holiday-piece his acknowledgments more strongly called for, and never did one of the *Trade* offer them with sincerer gratitude to all parties from whom he has received assistance, than myself. By the united efforts of all concerned in the representation of Zembuca, it became at once a favorite with the Public; and now, as upon former occasions, I must pay to Mr. FARLEY, upon whom the general arrangement of these Productions devolves, my most especial thanks, for the ability and attention he so uniformly exhibits in his department.

I. P.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>Zembuca, the Sultan,</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Selim, Aga of the Janissaries,</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Korac, Confidant of Zembuca, and Governor of the Household,</i>	Mr. Terry.
<i>Mirza, the Net-Maker,</i>	Mr. Emery.
<i>Buffardo, Superintendant of Slaves, Purse-bearer, &c.</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>Abdallah,</i>	Mr. Howell.
<i>Crycer,</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Hasan,</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Salic,</i>	Mr. Thorne.
<i>Malic,</i>	Mr. Duraset.
<i>Tasner,</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>The Spear-Guard,</i>	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Sentinel,</i>	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Almazaide, the betrothed Wife of Selim,</i>	Miss Booth.
<i>Ebra, the Wife of Mirza,</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Katcheka, a Slave,</i>	Miss Carew.

Guards, Slaves, &c.

Principal Dancers—Miss Lupino, Mrs. Parker, and Mr. Soissons.

SCENE,—In Persia.

ZEMBUCA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An *Arcade* in the Palace of Zembuca—The Gardens of the Harem seen beyond; and, in the distance, the River, with the Outskirts of the City.—Tamer, Salic, Malic, with other Slaves, are discovered, with Implements of Gardening, and advance as the Curtain rises.

TRIO.

When the sun thro' the cypress grove
Chequers the dewy glade,
The free man warms to life and love—
We pine beneath the shade.

CHORUS.

Drearly beams the light
On the man, by man oppress'd;
Cheerily falls the night,
When the slave may shak to rest.

TRIO.

When the moon rides thro' the skies,
Sleep lulls the captive's pain;
When she sets again, we rise
To feel a galling chain.

CHORUS.

Drearly beams, &c.

Enter MIRZA, with a bundle of Nets, which he bears on a staff across his shoulder.

Mirz. So, have I found you at last? By the faith of a true Mussulman, and a net-maker, you are a precious idle set—if Zembuca finds you at this sport, he'll accompany your music with an instrument but little to your taste.

Kat. Ah, Massa Mirza, dat you?

Mirz. Yes, all that's left of me. I'm half melted with the heat of the sun. Here have I been prowling round the garden with a load enough to break the back of a camel, and after all, find you regaling yourselves with a concert, like so many blackbirds in a grove.

Kat. We only sing to cheat time.

Mirz. Cheat time! you've no business to cheat any body.

Kat. Ah, Massa Mirza, if you were slave, and work all day long, you soon find how time would hang.

Mirz. But, if I was to sing all day long, I should soon find how the Sultan could hang. Here, take these nets, and string 'em upon the cherry trees, or perhaps Zembuca will string you up instead.

(*Shouts heard without—Slaves take the Nets as KORAC enters.*)

Ko. To your work! to your work! Know you not Zembuca comes? (*Slaves shrink back.*) Begone! [Exit Slave.] They are too mean to be the agents of his cruelty; but I, above the common race of slaves, am picked from out the herd, a chosen tool for villainy to work with.

Mirz. He seems disturb'd—Korac!

ZEMBUGA

Ko. How now, fellow!

Mirz. Fellow!

Ko. Mirza ! Honest Mirza, pardon me, I'm angry, agitated—Oh, Zembuca, when will thy reign of tyranny expire?

Mirz. What has happen'd?

Ko. Another act of cruelty is added to the list—another victim—

Mirz. Another! Whom?

Ko. Almazaide, the betrothed wife of Selim, is now a prisoner in the palace—Jealous of the rising popularity and power of his general, this hypocrite, Zembuca, has formed a plot to crush his devoted friend.

Mirz. Impossible!

Ko. 'Tis true—by this time accomplished—Selim has met the rebels, and the battle's lost—How lost?—by the base contrivance of this tyrant. The supplies which he so long had promised, were, to my knowledge, kept purposely back; the reinforcements secretly detained, that inevitable defeat might cover the noble name of Selim with dishonour—Oh! 'twas deep laid—but his crimes may yet be punished.

Mirz. I fear it: who will discover crimes in one so great?

Ko. All the world; the brighter the lustre of the jewel, the more obvious are the spots that deface it.

Mirz. But who will dare speak of them to one so powerful?

Ko. I—I dare speak of them (*March, piano, without*)—but he comes—you must not be seen.

Mirz. Oh, if the Sultan's to be here, the sooner I am off the better—I never wish to be seen in bad company. [Exit.

Ko. Zembuca's tyranny increases daily; the

pride of power, urged by the fear of losing it, drives him to acts of desperate oppression. Se-him shall not be his victim ! This paper, which I have hastily written, I must try to get conveyed to him,—'twill warn the devoted youth of the danger that awaits him, from the treachery of him whom he believes his friend. O Zembuca, there is a secret, which once disclosed, hurls thee from the throne thy tyranny pollutes, and (*Prose* enters)—enough !

(*The Guards, with Royal Band, advance and fill the Stage—Officers, and ZEMBUCA.*)

Zem. Give instant orders that the Aga Selim, he who has betrayed our trust, and sold his victory to the rebels, be proscribed throughout the city. Should he dare enter it, ten thousand sequins shall reward the hand that gives him to my vengeance. See it proclaimed.

[*Exit Officer.*

Here I confirm the sentence of his banishment,—this shall be delivered by a special messenger.

Ko. This writing was well prepar'd. (*Aside*).

Zem. Ah ! Korac,—(*To Guards*),—Retire, (*Except Guards*).—Now Korac, speak comfort to thy Prince—Say, is Almazaide mine ?

Ko. Yours !—Almazaide is within the palace.

Zem. Then rest my heart in peace.

Ko. It will not—remember Selim—remember her intended husband—Allah forbids his heart to rest in peace, who has destroyed his friend.

Zem. Slave !—dar'st thou mean ?—

Ko. Even what I spoke.

Zem. This from you, whom I have cherish'd as a favorite, exalted as a friend !

Ko. If as a favorite—as a friend, you deny my privilege to do you service, by speaking truth

ZEMBUCA.

In the cause of virtue,—seeking to make me great,
you have made me base.

Zem. Do you defend the Aga?

Ko. I would protect him!—Zembuca, hear me—When I became your prisoner, and your servant, I had fallen in battle beneath the arm of your much-injur'd friend, the Aga Selim. I was wounded, and without hope; but compassion rose in the bosom of my conqueror, and scorning to strike his fallen enemy, he preserved me. At his own peril he bore me from from the field in safety, and to yourself resigned me, to be your slave. 'Tis true, you lighten'd the chains of servitude, for you found my ministry useful, and I became your confidant—remember—your confidant!—In your presence and in mine, the late Vicer Ali expired—to his last moments we both were privy, and you now possess the Throne of Persia. I have been faithful, for you had made me your friend, and I felt gratitude. I was your slave too, and therefore bound to secrecy; but slaves have feeling, which, when tyranny grows wanton with them, can speak in voice of awful admonition to the oppressor. Your commands in sorrowing duty I perform, but never—never shall the heart of Korac forget its gratitude to Selim, for the life he saved.

Zem. Indeed! I'll rid you of the burthen then—This paper waits your signature—when 'tis done, give it to my hand again.

Ko. I shall obey—Fortunate chance!—Could I but send my own in place of this—I must attempt it, or the noble Selim's lost. [Exit.

Enter ABDALLAH.

Ab. The superintendent of the slaves, and purse-bearer to the lower household, waits without, to salute your Highness on his appointment.

Zem. The man who served the late Vizier was jester?

Ab. The same, but 'tis my duty to forewarn your Highness, that, tho' unfit to fill his former station, he retains a freedom and a levity of speech, that ill becomes a royal presence.

Zem. No matter, admit him. [Exit ABAL. Fools that talk most, deceive the least. I may have employment for him.

Enter BUFRARDO, attended.

Zem. A dull visage for a jester—Are you a man of merriment?

Buf. No, truly, not I; your Highness has made me a purse-bearer, and that's a serious business. I was merry only while I had no money.

Zem. What is your name?

Buf. Buffardo.

Zem. And what weighty consideration induced you to change your mode of life?

Buf. 'Twas the want of a weighty considera-tion;—my pockets were empty, so was my stomach—Your Highness has fill'd them both—I thank you.

Zem. Can you be honest?

Buf. Certainly;—you have made it worth my while.

Zem. What can you do?

Buf. Every thing you bid me.

Zem. That shall be proved;—but are you qua-lified?

Buf. For a place at court? quite. I can take good care of myself, make a long speech about nothing, nod my head as if there was something in it, and attend dinners at the shortest notice.

Zem. Why did you not apply to be my jester?

ZEMBUCA.

Buf. I knew better—There is no want of fools at court.

Zem. Will you be always in readiness?

Buf. When there is any thing to be given away.

Zem. I give but little to such as thou art.

Buf. If you give only to the wise, your Majesty gives little indeed.

Zem. All about my person are wise.

Buf. Then you must be very thinly attended.

Zem. Well, I admit you on trial.

Buf. Oh, bless you!

Zem. Take him hence, and attire him as becomes his station—Go, fellow, and learn to imitate your superiors.

Buf. Let me once slip into the robes of office, I'll soon imitate them—I'll get a deputy to do my work, but take special care to receive the salary myself. Lead on, slaves.

[Exit BUFFARDO, ABDALLAH, &c.

(ZEMBUCA speaks with ABDALLAH as KORAC enters at the side, with papers).

Ko. Now, Allah, prosper my design—they are superscribed alike; but, should he read—

Zem. So,—are my orders executed?—that dispatch—

Ko. Is here, Sir—shall I deliver it?

(Crosses ZEMBUCA, and prepares to change the papers).

Zem. Hold! let me see it.

(KORAC delivers it, and in his agitation, drops the false paper).

Right! it contains the doom of Selim. Let it be forwarded without delay. (Retiring).

Ko. All's safe!

(Putting the real paper in his bosom).

ZEMBUCA.

Ab. (*Advancing to the paper*). Mighty Sultan!

Ko. (*Perceiving it*). Ah!

(*Stamps his foot upon it*).

Zem. What now?

Ab. Here is a paper, Sir.

Ko. That—that I carelessly let fall. (*Picks it up, and shews it to ZEMBUCA*)—Your dispatch.

Zem. "To Selim." (*Reading*).

Ko. "Late Aga of the Janissaries"—With my official signature.

Zem. 'Tis well.

[*Exit Zem.*

Ko. (*To ABDALLAH*). Away instantly—forward that paper—'tis by the Sultan's order—be-gone.

[*Exit Attendant.*

My project has succeeded—I have preserved my friend.—Prophet of the Just! thy spirit still direct me!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Interior of Mirza's Cottage—A large Window in the back—A Door near the centre, and a Closet on the other side: the whole Apartment picturesque, being occupied by the various Implements of Net-making, &c.—River and Fortress seen through the Window.

[*Music*].

Enter EBRA, with Mesh and Netting-needle, as at work.

Ebra. (*Throwing down her work*). Just mid-day, and Mirza not come home! Why does he stay? Whenever he carries his nets to the palace, I am never easy till he returns. He hates Zembuca so cordially, and speaks his mind so freely, that I fear the indiscretion of his tongue

may betray the secret workings of his heart.
Would he were returned.

[Music.]

Mirz. (As he enters). Wife! Ebra!

Ebra. Ah, my dear Mirza, why did you stay so long?

Mir. To hear the news—there's the old work going on at the palace.

Ebra. Indeed! you tremble.

Mir. Do I? 'tis with rage then. The Aga Selim is banished, and Almazaide, whom he was to marry when he returned from the wars, penn'd up in the Harem. This Zembuca is the people's scourge, not their blessing; even Korac, his chief friend and favourite, turns upon him at last.

Ebra. Mirza, remember, you are only a poor Net-maker:—This is no business of yours.

Mirz. No business of mine! 't is every honest man's business, however humble his station, to set his face against tyranny and oppression. But come, let's to dinner, for I am vex'd and weary.

Ebra. It is all prepar'd.

(A knock at the Door).

Mirz. Who can that be?

Ebra. 'Tis at our door.

Mirz. Who knocks?

Voice. Enquire not, but open, I entreat you.
Be speedy, or I am lost!

Ebra. 'Tis the cry of distress.

Mirz. The cry of distress!—open the door.

[Music.]

(EBRA opens the door, and SELIM enters—*A Dervise's cloak, in which he is wrapp'd, falls back, and discovers his person.* He

C

leans, exhausted, against the door, which he closes hastily.

—Selim, the banish'd Ag'a!

Sel. Be silent! name me not, I implore you.

Merz. Noble Sir, why are you here? know you not the consequence?

Sel. Too well;—and well I know the cause.

Ebra. Whatever be the cause, we are honour'd by your presence. Joy and welcome to you, Sir!

Sel. Joy I must never hope to find, 'till Almazaide be restor'd. Korac, by some friendly stratagem, apprized me of my danger; he informed me too, (you best can tell how truly), that should I enter the city, I might find security in Mirza's cottage.

Mirz. Did he—did Korac say that? His confidence has made me proud!

Ebra. We rejoice in proving thus our gratitude;—to Korac's kindness we owe all that we possess.

Mirz. How can we serve you?

Sel. By suffering me to remain here 'till my purpose is accomplish'd.

Mirz. The house is yours; and for want of a better, I'll be your body-guard.

Ebra. And I, your servant.

Sel. Heaven will reward you—I cannot.

[*Shouts heard without.*]

[*Music.*]

Ebra. Is the door fast?

(*SELIM rushes towards it, lays his hand upon the bolt, and with the other screens himself from the sight of the crowd, who are seen through the window, surrounding the Cryer.*)

Ebra. 'Tis the Cryer—listen!

(*MIRZA and EBRA stand apart near the front*).

Cryer. "Take notice, all good Musselman,
" that his Sublime Highness the Sultan Zem-
" buca, having heard that Selim; the banished
" Aga, is now concealed within the city, pro-
" claims, through me, sentence of death to all
" who may conceal him;—and to those who
" may deliver him to the hands of justice, a re-
" ward of ten thousand sequins."

(*The mob shout, and follow the Cryer—SELIM lifts his arms in despair, and watches the hesitation of MIRZA and EBRA*).

Mirz. Death to those who may conceal him!—

Ebra. A reward for his discovery!—

Mirz. Ten thousand sequins! in old age a certain comfort.

Ebra. For my poor children what a change!
from poverty to splendid independence! (*Catches the eye of MIRZA, who glances towards her*)—
Mirza!

Mirz. Ebra! (*Advancing towards her*).

Sel. By Heaven, they hesitate!

Mirz. Can those riches give comfort to our age, that have been obtained in our youth by the destruction of a fellow-creature?

Ebra. Can that wealth ever prosper, which is extracted from the groans, perhaps the blood, of a wretched captive? Never!

Mirz. Impossible!

Ebra. Yet 'tis an immense sum; and for us—

Mirz. It cannot purchase happiness—our days would pass—

Ebra. In unavailing repentance.

Mirz. Our nights;—

Ebra. In agony, unutterable. Yet think,—

Mirz. I am résolv'd.

Ebra. Then Selim is—is—

Mirz. In safety !

Ebra. Oh ! I am happy—(*Falls into MIRZA's arms.*)

Sel. Bless them, Allah !—Yet, reflect,—this may lead you into danger,—

Mirz. You are in danger, and I shall not resign the chance of doing good, for certain evil.

Sel. But, be cautious ; should your zeal in my behalf betray you—

Mirz. Fear not, noble Sir—I'll mingle with the crowd, and bring you further information speedily. Ebra, should danger stir while I am absent, remember the secret closet. You understand,—

Ebra. I do.

Mirz. And above all, betray no apprehension.

Ebra. Rely on my discretion—taught by the example of my dear Mirza, I feel confident of success, and fearless of danger.

Mirz. The innocent always feel so—Now let Zembuca, in his pride of power, envy the feeling of a poor Net-maker.

(*MIRZA exits at Door—SELIM and EBRA at the side.*)

[*Music*].

SCENE III.

Inside the Palace.

Enter BUFFARDO in his new Dress, followed by Slaves, who all chatter round him.

Slaves. Ah ! Buffardo, Buffardo ! Massa Buffardo !

Buf. Silence, I say, silence ! (*Slaves pause*). Hem !—Now let me inform you, who, and what I am.

Kat. Ah, we know very well—You, Massa Buffardo—you great man, you purse-bearer, and pay us for work.

Buf. Yes, I am appointed your whipper-in, and shall pay you for idleness—look here! (*holding up a Whip*).—Here's my badge of authority—(*Slaves draw back*).—Why, you don't seem pleas'd—instead of welcoming your new master with smiles, your faces are all as long, and as black as a winter's night—have you no respect?

Kat. Oh, yes, Massa—we plenty of respect.

Buf. Plenty, have you ? You take care not to part with any of it,—you havn't decreased your original stock on my account—why don't you bend, you stiff-neck'd rascals ; have you lived at Court, and not learned common politeness? (*Slaves all bow*).—Ah ! that's all proper,—that's as it should be—Now then, away to your employment ! abscond ! fly !

[*Exeunt Slaves.*

Poor devils ! to be sure it would be something out of my pocket, but, if I was a Sovereign, curse me if I would not abolish that system altogether, and have this insignia of slavery burnt by the common hangman ! (*Throwing away the Whip*). Now, after I have kiss'd hands on my appointment, I'll go and visit the blue-eyed Ebra,—the baggage jilted me for a Net-maker—I'll try if she'll refuse me now—it isn't every woman can resist fine clothes, a full purse, and—this figure !

Enter ZEMBUCA, followed by KORAC, &c.

Zem. Bring him before us !

Ko. Mirza ! Mirza detain'd ! I'll answer with my life for that man's honesty ! Dread Sir, remember how many you have dismiss'd already,—the hopes of your reward induce these slaves to seize on all, without discrimination.

Zem. I will examine him at all events—let him appear.

Ko. (Aside.) Now, Mirza, all must depend on you.

[*MIRZA is brought in by Guards.*]

Zem. Are you the Net-maker, whose name is Mirza ?

Mirz. Mirza is my name, and I'm a Net-maker.

Zem. Where do you dwell ?

Mirz. At present in Zembuca's palace—I'd rather dwell at home.

Zem. Where is your home ?

Mirz. At a hut, on the banks of the river.

Zem. Speak without equivocation.

Mirz. Why should I speak otherwise ?

Zem. Do you know who, and what I am ?

Mirz. Thoroughly.

Zem. Do you know Selim ?

Mirz. Still better.

Zem. Then you will not deny him ?

Mirz. Wherefore should I ? he is virtuous, upright, and just—I am proud to acknowledge all such.

Zem. Tell me where he now is ?

Mirz. Where I am—under the protection of Providence !

Zem. You answer boldly.

Mirz. Because I have never done an act to be ashamed of.

Zem. I am told Selim is concealed by your means; if, therefore, he does not appear within twelve hours, your life shall answer it.

Mirz. It will not.

Zem. How!

Mirz. If you think by my means he may be discover'd, you will not dispatch me till you get the secret.

Zem. Insolent reptile! convey him from my presence.

Mirz. I thank your Highness—that's the greatest favor you can do me.

Zem. Korac, convey him to prison.

Mirz. A prison! me to prison! you'll not sleep the sounder for that—my wife and children's cries will ring upon your ears, and vibrate to your heart!—Look that you hear them not. The prop that supported a poor man's dwelling, you have deprived them of.—Look, that your own palace stands the firmer for it.

Zem. Korac—to your care I confide him—see him well secured—

(*KORAC shews signs of joy, and Exit with MIRZA and Guards.*)

'Tis plain, this man's poverty could not resist so tempting a reward; but to detain him till to-morrow, will assist my purpose with the gentle Ebra.—Buffardo!

BUFFARDO enters.

Buf. Here I am, most mighty Sultan!—I've put on the peacock's feathers, and I flatter myself I shan't disgrace my calling.

Zem. I am about to try that—Listen! I have just sent to prison a man named Mirza.

Buf. Mirza! what, Mirza the Net-maker?

Zem. You know him then?

Buf. I've heard of him—This is lucky, I shall have Ebra all to myself. Pray what may be his offence?

Zem. He claims a right in her, whose charms are worthy my possession.

Buf. What, Ebra?—What, his wife?—Oh, Lord!

Zem. Do you know her too?

Buf. Slightly, slightly,—a sort of how-d'ye-do, and good-bye acquaintance.

Zem. When last I took my rounds in disguise about the city, I beheld her for the first and only time, but her beauty still remains impressed on my imagination. Go, therefore, as my emissary, and prevail on her to return with you secretly to the Harem.

Buf. Your Highness's Seraglio must be but indifferently stock'd, to be thus smitten with a poor Net-maker's wife.

Zem. No remarks! Depart! and as you succeed for me, so you will best serve yourself.

[Exit ZEMBUCA.]

Buf. What a devil he is after the girls! Why, he's worse than I am,—the very morsel ~~too~~ with which I was going to regale myself. No matter, it shall be my turn by and by. Hang me if I don't have a Seraglio of my own, and strut among my beauties as grand as the best bantam of the brood.

[Exit BUFFARDO.]

SCENE IV.

*The Net-maker's Cottage.***Ebra and Selim discovered.**

Sel. Ebra, kind Ebra! do not feel thus alarm'd.

Ebra. How can I feel otherwise? he promis'd to return immediately, and now the sun's last ray gleams on the towers of the fortress.

Sel. Dismiss your fears—had your husband been suspected, they would long ere this have search'd the house, and dragg'd me hence.

Ebra. That they shall never do; I have yet means to baffle the strictest scrutiny—attend! That closet is as deep within the wall as it projects beyond it—Mirza made it in the last war, to conceal our little property—in the centre is a false back which opens by a spring—See!

(As she opens it, a knock heard at the Door).
—Ah! 'tis Mirza!

Sel. Stay—it may not be Mirza.

Ebra. Who is there?

Buf. Open the door, and you'll see—I'm a messenger from the Sultan! (Without).

Ebra. From the Sultan! [Music].

(She opens the Door, after making a sign to SELIM, who enters the Closet).

Enter BUFFARDO.

—Now, Sir, what is your business?

Buf. Business! Do you take me for a tradesman? I have just been made an ambassador—I'm a man of pleasure!

Ebra. Sir ! you—you—why, surely 'tis Buffardo !

Buf. Oh yes, it's Buffardo sure enough. Don't wonder at her not knowing me, poor thing ; for since I've put on the robes of office, I hardly know myself.

Ebra. 'Tis plain no ill has besallen Mirza, or he would be the first to tell it me. (*Aside*).

Buf. You are astonish'd, hey ? Now, you see what you've lost by refusing me for that noodle of a Net-maker ; a fellow without talents ; not at all fit for office.

Ebra. Quite as fit as a fellow who did nothing but ride a horse from morning till night round his father's mill.

Buf. Gently, gently, if you please, Mrs. Ebra ; don't talk of what I was ; think of what I am—we have no memory at Court for what we have been.

Ebra. Court,—ha ! ha ! You at Court ?

Buf. The first man in it ; and I bring you an invitation to be second favourite.

Ebra. What does he mean ?—Me !

Buf. Yes, you—the sparks from your eyes have caught the tinder of the Sultan's heart, and lighted up such a blaze, that he says nobody can put it out but yourself ! But, why don't you ask me to sit down ?—are these your manners ?

Ebra. If I could but keep him engag'd till Mirza returns—I'll bring you a seat directly, Buffardo ; and what's better, something to eat.

Buf. Ay, do.

Ebra. If I could but detain him till Mirza arrives—(*Aside*), and *Exit*.

Buf. I mus'n't tell her about Master Mirza, or I shall never get her out of the house. Nobody on the watch, I hope—but I thought I heard two voices as I enter'd.—A closet !

(*Opens the Closet, which appears empty*).

Ebra enters, with a Seat.

Ebra. What are you doing there?—he surely doesn't suspect.—Why don't you help me with the table? Is this your court-breeding?

Buf. Beg your pardon, beg your pardon; upon my honour—but, really, my head's so full of state affairs, you must excuse me. [Music].—
(They bring on Table, &c.) Ah, ah! this looks well—this is all right. (Seats himself).—Won't you pick a bit?

Ebra. Not till Mirza returns.

Buf. No—then you'll have a devil of an ap, petite the next time you eat. (Aside).

(SELIM appears at the Closet).

Ebra. Now tell me the meaning of all your fine speeches about the Sultan.

Buf. Why, the meaning is, that Zembuka thinks you just as tempting as I do this chicken, and wants you to return with me to the Seraglio; therefore you had better get yourself ready; and by the time you are dress'd to your liking, I shall be sufficiently refresh'd to walk back with you.

(While BUFFARDO is eating, SELIM is writing on a paper).

Ebra. Impudent coxcomb!—but I'll match him. (Sees SELIM beckoning, she takes the paper, and reads)—“Agree to his desire, and I will go “in your place, disguis'd in the Dervise habit, “which before conceal'd me!”

Buf. (Eating). Well, what do you say? Will you do as you are desired?

Ebra. I will!

(SELIM makes signs of acknowledgement).

Buf. That's right—it isn't every day that such good things fall, as it were, into a person's mouth: (*Eating*).

Ebra. But the voice—that alone will betray.

Buf. And, if you can but contrive to hold your tongue so long, and muffle yourself up in a cloak, nobody will see, or hear you—so you needn't be afraid of your character. I assure you, Zembuca has a great regard for you in that respect.

Ebra. Why, to be sure, it is a great temptation; but I'm afraid when I get there, you'll only make a fool of me.

Buf. No, no, I'll take care of that; one of my trade's quite enough.

Ebra. Then, if I were to go—

Buf. The Sultan would give you as warm an embrace, as I do this jing of liquor. (*Drinking*).

Ebra. Well, then, I'll put on the cloak of an old Dervise that sometimes lodges here.

Buf. That's a good thought of yours. Do, put it on, and I'll drink "Success to the sham Dervise, and may his cloak answer every intention of the wearer." (*Drinks*).

Ebra. Thank you, Buffardo, thank you heartily.

Buf. But make haste, or by the time you are disguis'd as a Dervise, I shall be disguis'd in liquor.

Ebra. Don't look at me while I put on my dress.

Buf. O, no—decency, decency, my dear!

Ebra. When I say—"Ready!" you may look, but I shall not speak another word after—
(Pause)—Ready!

Buf. So am I. (*Rising*): Come, that's the most

substantial joke I've had to-day. (*He sees SELIM in disguise, ESSA having entered the Closet*). By the beard of Mahomet, you look a strapper in that dress; but it's no wonder, I'm grown very high myself since I got into the road to preferment—so, come along, my love—come along, my charmer. [Exit].

SCENE V.

Interior of the Palace.

Enter KORAC.

Ko. Once more, for the last time, I'll probe Zembuca's heart! If any spark of honour yet remain, I'll rouse it to a flaine; but, should I find him lost indeed to every sense of feeling and of shame, I may behold his fall without a pang.

Enter BUFFARDO, conducting SELIM.

Buf. This way, this way;—now, if His High Brightness the Sultan doesn't say I've done the thing neatly, I say he's no judge of an Ambassador—that's all.

Ko. Buffardo! who hast thou conducted to this forbidden spot? Know you not the punishment?

Buf. Hold your tongue; its only a tit-bit for the Sultan.

Selim. Korac here! Could I discover myself!

(*Aside*).

Buf. (*To SELIM*) That's right—imitate the gruff voice of a man, and you'll not be discovered. This is a worthy Dervise, come to advise with the Sultan.

(*While BUFFARDO turns to KORAC, SELIM opens the Cloak, and discloses himself—A Scarf drops from the folds*).

Ko. Ah ! is it so ?

Buf. Yes, it is so indeed—you may well be surprised at seeing such a person here. Bless your soul, its only the little blue-eyed Ebra! Zembuca has taken a fancy to her, and made me plenipotentiary on the occasion.

Ko. I comprehend—your companion would attend on Almazaide. (*SELIM bows*).

Buf. Ah ! that's a very good excuse.

Ko. Come, I'll lead the stranger in; Zembuca is in his closet, where no one but myself is privileged to enter.

Buf. Ah ! now I've done the work, you want to touch the reward—hey?

Ko. Do not believe it. I promise, that whatever recompense Zembuca may think you merit, shall be yours alone.

Buf. Well, go along with him, Ebra, and don't tremble so—bless you, the danger's over now. (*SELIM crosses to KORAC*.)—Korac will soon shew you the person you came to see—won't you, Korac ?

Ko. That I will, be confident.

[*Exeunt KORAC, with SELIM.*]

Buf. Come, I think the Sultan will shower his rewards upon me pretty thick for that job ! What have we here ? A scarf. (*Picking up the Scarf which SELIM dropt*).—A General's scarf ! Here's more luck—then Selim was in the cottage, and this has stuck in the folds of Ebra's cloak. I'll be after him directly—if I should find him—ten thousand sequins ! and no fees to pay—Oh Lord ! 'twill make a man of me—ten thousand sequins !

[*Exit.*]

[*Music.*]

189
190

SCENE VI.

A splendid Apartment in the Seraglio—Steps ascend to an Archway in the centre, through which appear a Balcony and Veranda—Dark—The front is brilliantly illuminated—Lively Music heard, and Almazaïde, splendidly dressed, advances from the Veranda. As she closes the Curtains with which the Archway is hung, the Music ceases.

Alm. To escape is hopeless ! the veranda leads into the gardens of the Harem, surrounded by walls and lined with sentinels—here then I must await my destiny—yet think not, Zembuca, these glittering toys, these false and fleeting pleasures can ever win me to thy arms ! Oh, Selim ! Selim ! fly to the rescue of the wretched Almazaïde—leave me not to wear the garb of vice, while virtue swells my heart.

318

Enter KORAC, from Veranda.

Ko. Alone ! 'tis fortunate !

Alm. Who art thou ?

Ko. The friend of Almazaïde.

Alm. Almazaïde has no friend, but Allah and her Selim.

Ko. Yes, one more—Korac. Nay, doubt me not—Selim is at hand, in safety, and unknown.

Alm. Selim ! Selim, said you ? Noble-minded man ! what hast thou risk'd to save me ?

Ko. That which thy noble Selim gave—my life ! For his sake, for your own, be careful ; one incautious word would now destroy us—be patient—be confident—and when the time best serves—Korac the slave, shall make this tyrant tremble !

Alm. Oh, fear me not; but where, where is my lord, my life?

Ko. He waits at the veranda: I have removed the guard, and will conduct him to you.

(Gongs.)

[*Bugle heard without.*]

Alm. Undone! undone! it is the Sultan.

Ko. Hush! 'tis too late; I cannot now apprise him of his danger.

[*Bugle again, and Music without.*]

—Be calm, and leave the rest to me.

[*Music louder.*]

Dancers advance, and Attendants—Lastly,
ZEMBUCA.

Zem. By Mahomet, she blooms as fair as when my eager love first sued to win her smiles! Beautiful Almazaide, let all remembrance of the past be buried in oblivion, and live henceforth for joy, and for thy Prince!

Alm. Who can absolve the pledge of faith,—who can absolve the plighted vows to Allah, and my affianced husband?

Zem. Still this obdurate folly!

Alm. Oh, Prince! restore him, and I bless thee! (Kneeling).

Zem. You know the terms—accept them.

Alm. Never! My heart is Selim's, but my honor is mine own! still shall you find me firm in my faith to him—invulnerable to thee.

Zem. Presumptuous girl! yet, even in her anger lovely!—Come, haughty fair-one, mar not the present hour with frowns, but weigh the difference between a vassal's grovelling love, and Zembuca's favour.

(ZEMBUCA advances to ALMAZAIDE—she catches the eye of KOBAC, and takes the

* * * profitless hand of the Sultan, who leads her to an Ottoman, which has been placed by the Attendants at the side).

Ko. That's well. Now could I but reach the veranda, and prevent his entrance.

Zem. Korac, stand near us.

(KORAC looks anxiously towards the Archway, bows, and crosses to ZEMBUCA).

—Commence your revelry.

[A Ballet is here performed.]

Zem. 'Tis well!—give me the cup.

(The Attendants step forward with Wine—
The Dascena are so dispersed, as to face the Sultan, and to leave the Archway exposed. At the instant ZEMBUCA turns and offers the Cup to ALMAZAIDE, she utters a cry of terror, and falls back. KORAC springs up the Steps, and forces back SELIM, who has suddenly appeared, and throwing open the remaining part of the Drapery, turns to answer the surprise of ZEMBUCA).

Zem. Why this alarm?

Ko. The heat of the apartment, nothing more—a deadly paleness overspread her features, and I hasten'd to remove the cause.

Zem. She faints! look to her.

Ko. Those curtains now withdrawn, all will be well.

Alm. Surely I beheld the features of—

Ko. Of Zembuca—behold, he is still here!

Alm. I am unused to midnight revelry—so please you, I would be alone.

Zem. Speak, and you command. I leave you to repose—let all retire. (All retire).

—But avoid reflections on the past; wear now
Zembuca ever in thy heart. [Exit.

Alm. I could not have been deceiv'd.

[Music—KORAC advances to the Archway.]

SEЛИM enters.

Sel. Almazaide!

Alm. It is—it is my Selim!

(They fly to each other's embrace.—Music increases to violence, and ZEMBUCA heard.)

Zem. (Without). Let none pass in, or out
the fortress!

Ko. Zembuca's voice!

Alm. Fly, Selim, fly to the veranda!

Ko. 'Tis in vain, the garden is beset by
troops.

Zem. (Without). Let every post be doubly
guarded—this is the Scarf of Selim!

Ab. (Without). We found it in the apart-
ment of Buffardo.

Zem. (Entering). Indeed, treacherous villain!
then 'twas he admitted—A stranger! seize on the
traitor.

[Musick.]

(They secure him—his Cloak falls off).

—Selim!

Sel. Ay, deceitful tyrant! Selim, thy injured
friend! Come, lead me to my fate!—Thy tyranny
may triumph for awhile, but the day of retribution
will ere long arrive, and hurl destruction on thy
guilty head.

Zem. Drag him to his death.

Ko. (Aside to ALMAZAIDE). 'Tis our last hope!

(Draws his scymitar).—The chains of death are on him.

Zem. Komo, I will not trust thee,—thou art treacherous!

Ko. Not so—I too have been deceiv'd.

Zem. Away! to prison!

Ko. To prison!

Alm. Spare, oh spare my Selim, and let Almazaide die!

[Music.]

(ALMAZAIDE struggles to accompany SELIM, who runs to the veranda—armed men rush forward, and prevent his escape—ALMAZAIDE faints in the arms of ZEMBUCA, and KORAC raises his scymitar over the head of SELIM—Curtain falls).

END OF ACT I.

ZEMBUGA

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Net-Maker's Cottage.

*Ebra discovered at a Table—A Lamp burning—
Effect of Moon-light through the Window.*

[Music expressive.]

(Ebra listens—Music ceases).

Ebra. I am again deceiv'd ! each step I hear,
exhausted patience makes me believe my hus-
band's—What can have happen'd ? I dread, I
fear the worst ; but this suspense is terrible—
Oh, my poor Mirza ! the Aga too :—no tidings
yet of him—perhaps they are alike involved, and—

(Korac appears at the Window).

Ko. 'St ! 'st !

Ebra. Again ! I could not be mistaken !

Ko. Fear not—'tis Korac (Looking in).

Ebra. Welcome, welcome !

KORAC enters.

Yet Mirza,—but I dare not inquire—

Ko. Are you alone ?

Ebra. Quite.

Ko. Then all is safe—Advance !—

MIRZA enters.

Mirz. Ebra ! my dear Ebra !

Ebra. Oh, joy ! joy ! (running to him). But
how ! tell me, where is the Aga ?

Mirz. In the tyrant's fangs.

Ebra. But you—

Mirz. Have been rescued by Korac.

Ko. Quick, close the window—(*Ebra* closes it)—We have no time to waste in explanation—Selim must be released—'tis a desperate enterprise; but with my aid, Mirza must attempt it.

Mirz. Wilingly.

Ebra. (*Advancing*). No, no! I have endured too much already—While we may in safety, let us quit this place for ever.

Mirz. And leave our friends to perish?

Ebra. Oh! Korac if it was in your power to release my husband, why not, at the same moment, have given Selim liberty?

Ko. Mirza was in my custody, and his escape will not be known till day-break; but Zembuca (though still secure in my fidelity) knows me for the friend of Selim, and with jealous eye watches me at every turn. The Aga's prison lies in that part of the fortress which overhangs the river; and, to reach it undiscover'd, was impossible.

Mirz. How then do you propose?

Ko. Pass in a boat across—land on the opposite shore, and I will meet you on the walls.

Mirz. It shall be done.

Ebra. But, how to scale them?

Mirz. Easily, leave that to me, with your assistance—I have enough netting in the loft above, to ascend a minaret.

Ko. 'Tis well; but that I may be sure of your approach, let your boy chaunt the Boatman's Evening Song—meanwhile, and 'tis a serious charge, you, Ebra, must convey this packet to the Sheik Mohammed. (*Giving packet*).

Ebra. He that now commands the Janissaries?

Ko. The same; he lies encamped eastward of

the city. The contents of that will urge the soldiers with resistless motives to espouse the cause of Selim, and ere the sun appears, Zembuca falls, unpitied and despised, and we are slaves to tyranny no longer.

Ebra. Indeed! that hope inspires my heart with more than woman's courage.

(*KORAC, having open'd the Door, returns.*)

Ko. Stay, one thing I had forgot—the tower that flanks the northern entrance, is the weakest part of the fortress—bid him strike there.

Ebra. I will be sure on't,

(*BUFFARDO takes advantage of KORAC's opening the Door, enters, and conceals himself behind the Curtain.*)

Ko. Farewell! success be with you.

Ebra. Oh, doubt it not! Success must be with those who fight for freedom. [Exit *KORAC*.]

(*BUFFARDO being exposed, runs behind the Curtain.*)

Mirz. Now follow, and help me to prepare; the tide ebbs fast, and we have no time to lose.

Ebra. I am ready; come.

(*During her dialogue with KORAC, Ebra secures the Packet, and Exit, following MIRZA—BUFFARDO then sneaks forward.*)

Buf. Oh yes, 'tis Selim, sure enough—any fool can see that, though he has dress'd himself up in Ebra's clothes. The dog looks well enough in petticoats, and if their voices were not so different, I might have been deceiv'd. But how came Mirza here? Oh! I suppose the Sultan prefers the company of his wife—Here he is again. (*Retreats*.)

Enter Mirza with a Bag—Ebra dragging a heap of Netting, to which is attached loops.

Mirz. Now, Ebra, place it in the bag.

Buf. Ebra ! Why it is Ebra ! then, who the devil have I taken to the palace ? (*Aside*).

Ebra. I must be careful not to entangle it.

Mirz. But how did you contrive to get Selim into the Seraglio ?

Ebra. Oh—ha ! ha ! I sent him, muffled up in the Dervise dress, with that fool Buffardo.

(*BUFFARDO expresses amazement*).

Mirz. Indeed ! then the scarf by which he was discover'd, must have dropt by accident ; it was found in Buffardo's apartment, whom they search'd for in vain. His punishment, at best, would have been a sound whipping, and the loss of his ears ; but, having left the palace, 'tis a chance now if he escapes the bowstring.

(*BUFFARDO expresses great horror*).

Ebra. Poor fellow ! Then I suppose, by this time, he is too anxious about his neck, to think much of his ears.

Mirz. Zembuca swears vengeance on him, and the only chance to escape, is to return, and prove his innocence—Ah !

(*MIRZA goes to the Closet, and takes a Poniard from it—As he closes the door, he sees BUFFARDO's legs beneath the Curtain, and starts forward*).

Ebra. Mirza ! (*Amazed at the action*).

Mirz. Hush ! we are observ'd, betray'd !—We must leave the house instantly.

(*A distant Drum heard*).

Ebra. A drum! (In terror, looking through the Lattice).—Ah! I see guards approaching.

Buf. Guards!—Oh lord!

Mirz. Guards! be silent; no doubt in search of that fool Buffardo—'tis no affair of ours. I must hasten to the boat—Come, wife, 'tis a clear night, and you shall along with me. Be sure you lock the door,—fast bind, safe find, they say;—so, stick to the old proverb.

(During the latter speech, Mirza places the Poniard in his Belt—throws the Bag over his shoulder, and is assisted eagerly by EBRA, who glances her eye round the room, in search of the object of their alarm—They go out, and lock the door).

[The Drum heard at intervals.]

Buf. (After attempting to open the door, advances). Fast bind, fast find—blocks and bow-strings! they'll find me! Oh, Mahomet! if you ever took pity on a miserable Mussulman, now's your time—they are coming this way—coming for my ears! perhaps, for my head! Oh, if I could but transfer my punishment with my place, how gladly would I deliver up the seals of office!

[Loud knock—Music.]

BUFFARDO rushes up the Stairs—The lattice-work of the Window and Door are forced, with a crash—HASSEM enters with Guards—By his direction, they separate in search—While he examines the Apartment, Buffardo dashes across the Window).

Has. (Seeing him rise and run). He escapes! (Guards enter). Follow, follow to the bridge! (They rush after in pursuit).

[Music, hurrying and expressive.]

SCENE II.

The Shore beneath the Walls of the Fortress—A Platform, with a Watch-tower—The Water-gate of the Fortress in the middle distance, beyond which, other parts of the Building—A bright Moon-light—A Sentinel on Guard.—After Symphony, which commences as the Scene is disclosed,

Voice* PIANO.

Pull away, pull away! the stream is deep;
But labour once over, I soundly sleep;
Pull away, pull away! the tide to have;
My bark must fly swift o'er the rippling wave.

[Korao appears on the Walls.]

Sent. Who's there?

Ko. A friend.

Sent. The word?

Ko. Zembuca!

(Music—*The Relief enters—Guard is relieved, during which the Boat has approached the Shore—As the Relief departs, the Boatman's Song is resumed in a louder strain.*)

My voice shall keep time to the murmuring bar,
My song be re-echoed from shore to shore;
And gaily I'll cut thro' the sparkling foam,
And the moon-beams will light me in safety home.

Ko. 'Tis the signal! 'Tis Mirza! Once past
the Sentinel, he is safe.

* One stanza of the Boatman's Song omitted after the first representation.

[*The Boat appears behind the Platform.*] All is yet well—he lands—advances.

(MIRZA appears—As the Sentinel makes a turn on the Parade, he observes him).

Sent. How's this! a stranger beneath the walls!
Stand! who are you?

Mirz. A friend.

Sent. What are you?

Mirz. A fisherman.

Sent. What have you there?

Mirz. The produce of my labour.

Sent. I must see it.

Mirz. Impossible.

Sent. How!

Mirz. The Officer of the Janissaries told me I might pass unmolested.

Sent. Indeed! then you know the watch-word
—Let me hear it.

Mirz. The watch-word! S'death! I know it not—Korac forgot to apprise me.

Sent. The word, I say!

Ko. Zembuca, (*From the Wall*), (MIRZA looks around amazed).

Sent. What said you?

Mirz. Didn't you hear? Zem—Zembuca—

Sent. Right—you may pass.

(MIRZA observes KORAC, who leaves the Wall—
A shot is heard without, repeated at a distance—Drum, at the sound of which, the Sentinel runs out.—MIRZA throws the Netting over the Battlement, and ascends the wall, the Net serving as a ladder—As he draws it after him, BUFFARDO rushes across the Stage, looking back in terror, as if pursued. As the Guards enter, MIRZA having drawn up the Net, disappears from the wall, and the Music which has accom-

panied the preceding Action, bursts into the following)

CHORUS*.

Follow, follow, follow near,
The rash intruder must be here;
Conceal'd in dusky shade he lies—
Escape is vain; the traitor dies!

Follow, follow, follow, now
The Outlaw to his fate must bow;
Success will soon reward our pains,
And his reward be death or chains.

Follow, follow!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

(Within the Walls,—Steps of rough stone-work running up to the left, as leading to the Ramps—[a small, but heavy and deep Portal seen in the Wall, the whole exhibiting marks of decay, but great strength.—The report of a musket heard, and BUFFARDO instantly darts thro' the door, and secures it after him\).](#)

[Music.]

Buf. I am just in time—I heard the bullet whiz close to my head!—A purse-bearer never ran so fast before—I have sprain'd my back jumping from Mitza's cock-loft, and have been hunted like a badger, by a pack of—if that damned fellow with the long whiskers had fir'd a moment sooner, I should have had it.—'Tis well I secured a retreat,—but, if I don't see Zembuca, and explain this blunder before I'm caught by one of these savages, I shall be strangled by mistake.—Hey!

* This Chorus omitted after the first representation, owing to the length of the piece.

KORAC enters.—BUFFARDO listens in terror.

Ko. Not here!—I heard the guard in loud confusion on the shore,—if they should take him, he'll hang alive, food for vultures.

Buf. O Lord!

Ko. What noise? I heard him!—he must have passed the wall—this way, perhaps.

Buf. Hang'd alive!—food for vultures! what's to be done? If I stir, I'm lost—if I stay, I'm found directly—Another!—it's all over.

Enter MIRZA.

Mirz. The murmuring of the breeze deceived me, or I heard his voice, he couldn't have left this spot—Now, my good poniard, I ~~may~~ need thy service.

Ko. 'Tis he! I was not mistaken, (*advancing, Mirza lifts his poniard*).—Hold! 'tis thy friend!

(*At this moment, BUFFARDO, being on the ground between KORAC and MIRZA, he exclaims*).

Buf. Hold! hold, I beseech you—I'll take it as a particular favor. Oh! Korac, my dear friend—I never was so glad to be a dear friend in all my life.

Ko. Buffardo here!

Buf. Aye, I am here,—I wish I was anywhere else—I'm on the look-out for the rascal that has just past the wall.

Mirz. Indeed! (*Again raising his poniard*).

Buf. Now don't—don't flourish that spiteful-looking thing about.

Ko. You!—you in search of...

Buf. Yes to be sure—Why you don't suspect that all this hue and cry was after me, do you?

Mirz. Oh, 'tis evident,—the fool betrays himself.

Buf. Hey! Why, its Mirza, as I'm alive!

Ko. What said you?

Buf. Why, I said it—it's a mercy I'm alive!—I wish you would not be so snappish.

Ko. Come, follow to the palace.

Buf. To the palace with—

Ko. A witness, who can swear to the person who just now created this alarm.

Mirz. Ay, he who enter'd that door.

Buf. A witness! what did he see then?—It's time for me to be off, here's some mischief brewing—O, if I could but turn the tables on my dear friend Korac, and recover my ascendancy in Zembuka's Cabinet, who knows but I may live to be Prime Vizier, after all. [Exit BUZZAKBO.

Ko. Now then away with speed; near at hand I have provided means that will pass you unquestion'd, unnotic'd, even to Selim's prison.

Mirz. Which way does it lie?

Ko. I will conduct you;—Oh, Mahomet! should the efforts of thy servant in the cause of justice, be successful now, Korac's measure of content is full. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

In the back a Gallery, about half way up the Wall, with strong bars of iron interwoven with Spears; beneath which stands a Table; on the right, a grated Entrance in an angular direction from the Gallery to a Column; on the opposite side, SELIM is discovered, chain'd—Music—

The Spear-Guard appears in the Gallery, with Basket, Lamp, &c.—He looks down on SELIM as he passes—After a pause, ALMAZAIDE is seen in the Gallery.

Alm. I can go no further—terror and fatigue oppress me, and I faint, sink. (*She leans against the bars*).

(*SELIM starts, and listens*).

Ah! I hear the clank of chains—Perhaps the chains of Selim.

Sel. That voice! my name, too! I could not dream it—'tis she! 'tis Almazaide!

Alm. Selim! O, my dear Selim! let me fly to your release!

Sel. Impossible! My chains are lock'd; the entrance is secured—return, return, I charge you; if you are found endeavouring to assist me, they will destroy us both.

Alm. When danger threatens Selim, where should Almazaide be found, but sharing his calamity, and striving to avert it? No! I will not return; if we may not exist together, at least we'll die so.

Sel. How have you contrived to reach this dreary mansion? Had you accomplices?

Alm. I had, courage and true faith!—they may befriend me still—confident that I could not escape, Zembuca left me in the Harem unattended; I took advantage of the darkness—I have followed the footsteps of the Spear-Guard thro' the mazes of this hideous labyrinth, and—

Sel. Hush!

[*Music.*]—(*Guard appears at entrance, enters, and leaves the Gate ajar while he deposits Lamp on Table*).

Guard. See, I have brought you some refreshment.

Sel. Repose will now refresh me more than food—these chains prevent my sleeping—You have the key, and may release me from their weight.

Guard. I have the key, but, to use it as you require, is not in my orders—(*Hangs it on a hook above the Table*).

Sel. Does compassion interfere with duty? You were taught otherwise, when under my command.

Guard. A brave soldier must not feel compassion.

Sel. No soldier can be truly brave without it!

Guard. Zembuck thinks differently—he may be wrong, but I dare not disobey him.

(*While speaking, he takes the Lamp and hangs it against the column opposite to SELIM—ALMAZAIDE is seen reaching to the Key, but withdraws her arm when the Guard turns*).

Come, taste your bread, and eat heartily, while I prepare my mattress. Ere long, I shall be for guard upon the ramparts.

(*Music—Guard retires beneath the Gallery, and prepares his mattress—During this, ALMAZAIDE gets one of the Spears, reaches the Key, and drops it into the Jug, SELIM observing her*).

Guard. (Returning). Come, eat.

Sel. I cannot eat, my mouth is dry and feverish.

Guard. Then drink—the contents of this jug will comfort you.

(*Music—After giving it, he goes to the opposite side, and trims the Lamp*).

—Has it reviv'd you?

(SELIM has taken the Key from the Jug, and unlock'd his Chains).

Sel. Much, much!

(Music—Guard goes to the Door—locks it, and retires to his Couch).

Sel. This key must be return'd. (Aside).

(SELIM, in reaching to replace the Key, drops the Chains from his gripe, and immediately falls upon them, holding the belt round him. At the same instant, ALMAZAIDE utters a cry of alarm, and the Guard starts forward—(Pause.)—advances suspiciously, takes the Jug and Bread, replaces them on Basket, and notices the Key).

Guard. All is safe; but I thought—Did not you hear a noise in the Gallery?

Sel. The echo of a creaking door, nothing else.

Guard. A light advancing!—'tis Zembuca! he comes to visit the prison—I must be ready.

Sel. Zembuca! then Almazaide perishes! she cannot pass him,—cannot enter. (Aside).

(Music—March. As they pass above, the Guard in haste kicks back his mattock, throws Basket on it, unlocks, and throws open the Door; then taking his Spear, which he had left against the column, stands as on duty.—At the moment he turns from the Door for the Spear, ALMAZAIDE darts through it, and conceals herself).

*Guards, Slaves, &c. enter, followed by
ZEMBUCA.*

Zem. 'Tis well; these chains become a traitor.

Sel. Indeed! then it were fit Zembuca wore them.—Why come to mingle insult with thy cruelty?

Zem. I come to hear a fix'd resolve to what I shall propose—Mark me! Your scatter'd troops, join'd with the rebel army, have sent an insolent demand, that you, their General, be restor'd. Rather than shrink beneath their threats, these towers shall be Zembuca's tomb—sign this paper—betray them to the ambush I have form'd, and life, with liberty, again are yours.

Sel. I will not betray them.

Zem. Remember the alternative—speak!

Sel. Then, thus I answer—For myself, I demand justice;—for Almazaide, liberty;—for your unhappy subjects, mercy!—Render yourself immortal in the affections of your people—for Time, that crumbles the inscription from a tyrant's monument, will make that indelible, which a virtuous prince impresses on the heart;—a good king's memory will never perish!

Zem. Your fate then is decided; unless these murmuring slaves return to their allegiance, you swing a lifeless corse above the battlements! Those who despise Zembuca's clemency, shall learn to fear his hate!—Away!

[*March.*]

(*Zembuca retires with Guards, Slaves, &c.*

As KORAC exits, ALMAZAIDE looks after him, from the Table, and is observed by one of the Black Slaves, who lingers behind,

G

and in the confusion is not observed by the Guard, till the rest re-pass the Gallery. As the Guard goes to lock the Gate (he sees him).

Guard. How's this? Why do you loiter here?
Slave. Have you not observed—

Guard. What?

Slave. A stranger concealed in the prison?

Guard. Conceal'd—who?

Slave. A friend of Selim.

Guard. Indeed! where?

Mirz. Here!

(Throws off the Crape, seizes Guard, and holds a Poniard over him).

Sel. Ah! Mirza!

Alm. Mirza!

Guard. Help! help! treachery! the guard!
the guard!

Mirz. Another word, and 'tis your last.

(SELIM seizes him on the other side—ALMAZAIDE takes the Key, and advances).

Alm. Secure him, or we may be pursued!
The chains! the chains!

(They place the Belt round him, and ALMAZAIDE locks the Chains—Bugle heard).

Mirz. Lose not a moment! fly to the walls that skirt the river, and you may pass them with the means by which I entered—the left avenue will lead you there in safety.

[Exeunt SELIM and ALMAZAIDE.]

(At the same moment, Guards with Torches and Sabres rush across the Gallery).

Mirz. Ah! already! One word, and this poniard is in your throat.

[Music.]

(Mirza crossing to the entrance, waits behind it. Other Guards are seen following through the Gallery. At the instant the Guard rushes in, Mirza dashes through the door and locks it—the other, hearing the Gate close, turns, but is too late. While he struggles, Almazair is seen borne through the Gallery by Guards.—Music expressive).

SCENE V.

A Moresco Halt in the Fortress.

Voices (without). Huzza ! Huzza !

BUFFARDO enters in haste.

Buf. I never get clear of one scrape, but I tumble into another.

Voices (without). Huzza ! Huzza !

Buf. Ah, you may huzza till you're hoarse ! I'll not be shot at again, to be made Great Mogul ! This is the consequence of being an Orator, I must make speeches, and be damn'd to me ! " Soldiers," said I, " the enemy are at hand ; if you don't distinguish yourselves, depend upon it, they'll extinguish you ; therefore, fight like game-cocks, and cover yourselves with glory." Upon which the Captain of the Janissaries, taking me, that is, mistaking me for a hero, swore I should lead a party into the very thick of the battle.

Voices (without). Buffardo ! Buffardo !

Enter HASAN.

Buf. That's the fellow, with the long whiskers, that let fly at me—well !

Has. You are wanted for ; theorbs advance ; we expect fine sports.

Buf. Sport ! sport ! I wish you merry — 'Pray don't let me keep you from the entertainment.

Has. Why, you are appointed to head the sortie, and surprise the enemy.

Buf. Are you sure the enemy won't surprise us ?

Has. Why, they are very strong, so you had better prepare—there will be the devil to pay presently. (*Going.*)

Buf. The devil to pay, will there? Then, as I am purse-bearer, curse me if I don't resign my office—fly, rascal, to your post, and say I am coming—when the fight's finish'd.

(*HASAN is met by Officer and Troop*)

Off. Halt!

Buf. Ah! some of us will halt with vengeance, after the battle.

Off. Buffardo, you must remain here—the chief attack is expected on this side the fortress.

Buf. You don't say so!—Buffard—

Off. We shall be safe enough wonder,

Buf. Shall you? I wish I was of your party then,

Off. Our scouts inform me, there are up, and to the troops who are advancing.

Buf. Ah! then there will soon be an end of me.

Off. Now plant your men upon the ramparts, and stand firm! (Exit Officer.)

(*HASAN occupied in dressing the Troop*)

Buf. I'll stand firm, as long as I can, you may take your oath; and, when I've planted my men, as you call it, I'll transplant myself to a place of safety. Here's a horrid business! They've

stuck me in the post of Honor!—Honor! Pah! it never was in my department to put me into the post of Honor! [Flourish].

Enter ZEMBUCA, KORAC, and Guard, with ALMAZAIDE.

Zem. Convey her to the tower that flanks the northern entrance, over the dry moat.

Ko. Not there! not there! 'Tis dangerous, should the foe strike there.

I. Zem. I care not; from that tower she shall behold the downfall of the rebel Selim.

Hlm. Even lead me where you please; Selim, my beloved Selim! has escaped thy tyrant grasp, and I shall now possess, even in death, a joy beyond thy power to deprive me of.

Zem. You know your orders—obey them.

(ALMAZAIDE is led off—ZEMBUCA perceives him—~~and~~ BUFFARDO hiding himself behind the screen of *Troupe*):

—Buffardo! Villain! (BUFFARDO shrinks from him, terrified)—Should you have aided Selim in his flight, you pay the forfeit with your life.

Buf. Impossible! my life is bespoke already, by the Captaini of the Janissaries—Oh, yes, I'm provided for.

Zem. When you are return'd, we shall enquire further—Now, follow me, to punish treason and subtle rebellion!

Buf. When I'm return'd, hey! However I'm returned, I shan't be in the list of killed and wounded—I'll be one of the missing—my accommodating conscience is terribly bother'd; but if I can save my life, and retain my place, its all the same to me which party gets into power.

[Exit.]

SCENE, THE LAST.

The exterior of the Fortress—the body of the building, with Ramparts and Towers extending in perspective up the Stage—A Moat, dry, occupies the centre—a Drawbridge raised over it—steps on the right ascend to a Water-sluce, shut. In the distance, various buildings appertaining to the Palace and Fortress, beyond which are Mountains, with a Minaret on one of their summits. The appearance, early dawn; the whole exhibiting a striking effect of repose and grandeur.

ALMAZAIDE is seen in a grated window of the Tower that flanks the Bridge.

Music, low and mournful, accompanies the opening. KORAC appears at the Portal, and looks round the various parts as in search—notices ALMAZAIDE—Music ceases.

Ko. Yes, in that Tower she is immur'd, the very Tower I warn'd them to attack; 'tis true, I may release her, but to pass the moat without our friends to aid us!—it must not be attempted—my heart misgives me, if Ebra should have lost that packet to the Sheik Mohammed.

(EBRA appears at the Bridge Platform)

Round, round to the portal!

(KORAC crosses the Stage, as EBRA goes from the Platform—the Drawbridge slightly descended, and Merza cautiously leaves, securing it on the opposite side with bolts, and disengaging the chains.)

KORAC opening the Gate, admits EBRA.)

Ko. On one word it depends.

Ebra! This doest—i singia nis lila and Ebra!

Ko. Do they advance? enjaron 9til no mens

Ebra. Rapidly.

Ko. Can we be assur'd of their approach?

Ebra. Yes, by the firing of the Beacon.

Ko. That on the hill?

Ebra. Yes,—Mirza!

(*Mirza appears at the Gate to them.*)

Ko. Hush! not so loud—How did you pass the Sentinels?

Mirz. I encounter'd none—all is confusion within the Fortress—no man knows his station—I have secur'd the Bridge—no power of theirs within can raise it.

Ko. Say, Ebra, has Selim join'd the Shiek Mohammed?

Ebra. He has.

Ko. Zembuca's star grows pale!

Ebra. The news contain'd in that packet, spread like wild-fire thro' the ranks, and all proclaim'd the Aga, Sultan!

Ko. Indeed! then is my atonement made. Korac is no longer burthen'd with a load of guilt.

Ebra. What mean you?

Ko. That paper was the dying confession of the Vizier Ali, signed by his own hand, in the presence of Zembuca and myself.

Mirz. What did it disclose?

Ko. A secret, that I too long have kept—Urged by false pride, and a vile thirst of power, he, in their infancy, exchanged his own offspring for the heir of our last Monarch—Selim is that heir, Zembuca, Ali's son.

[*Distant Drum—And the Beacon appears in flames
on the Hill?*]

Ebra. Ah! the signal!—They come!—I see them on the mountains.

Ko. The time is apt! now prepare to receive
the captive Almazaide.

[Exit KORAC to the Portal; on the Fortress side.]

(MIRZA and EBRA retire, keeping steps that lead to the Sluice. A Soldier on the Bridge sounds a horn, which is answered within—ZEMBUCA on the Ramparts—From the time EBRA exclaims, “They come!” Music indicating March, strikes very piano, increasing forte; but as the dialogue allows, according to the approach of the troops.)

Zem. Up with the Drawbridge.

(Sentinel appears on the Bridge).

Sent. We cannot raise it—the works are damaged.

Zem. Cut it away instantly.

(The Bridge is cut away, and falls into the Moat).

[Music, louder.]

Zem. Now let all retire, and lie concealed within the walls—these slaves shall still believe us unprepar'd, and rush upon destruction. [Exit EBRA. The bridge destroy'd!]

Mirz. Then is their retreat cut off,

(KORAC, with ALMAZAIDE, enters from the Portal, and stop in despair at the edge of the Moat).

Ko. The bridge cut down! What is to be done? Ah! I see a plank amid the fragments—Fear not, Almazaide: I will release you from this tyrant's grasp, or perish in the attempt.

(KORAC, holding by the chains that had supported the Bridge, swings himself over the

Mosé—He takes a plank from the fragments of the Bridge, which being insufficient to reach across, he props it with his shoulder, while ALMAZAIDE advances, and leaps the remaining space into the arms of SELIM, who appears on the Platform. During this, ZEMBUCA's following speech is heard—The moment ALMAZAIDE is across, KORAC drops the plank, and those in pursuit appear—KORAC seen climbing to the Platform—SELIM retires with ALMAZAIDE).

Zem. Korac's voice! Almazaide too! Guards! follow (*Enters in front of the Stage*). On your lives secure them. Curse on them, they escape!

Off. The enemy are close upon us, the outposts are driven in, and they have entered the eastern gate.

Zem. March them to the moat beneath; there let our soldiers lie in ambush. Traitor!

Ko. (*Having gained the Platform*) Traitor I am none; thou art the traitor; thou hast filled the seat of mercy with cruelty and oppression; thou hast rebelled against our Prophet's laws, and against thy wise and just Sovereign—Selim!

(*Soldiers appear in the Moat—MIHZA and EBRA advance from behind the steps*)

Ebra. Do you observe it? Zembuca's men have occupied the moat,—if we are overpowered,—

Mirz. The moat! then we may still assist our friends.

Ebra. Ah! The sluice! the sluice! you rats!

Mirz. Now, you rascals! I'll cover your rage! (*Rushing up steps*) Help, Ebra, help!

It is now time to end the scene. Help! Help!

(EBRA follows him—They lift the flood-gate, and the water flows into the Moat. At the instant, shouts heard. MIRZA unbolts the entrance, and SELIM's party enter. At the same instant ZEMBUCA and his men fill the front—firing commences at the back, while the combat in front is continued. As ZEMBUCA's party are driven by SELIM's, and followed into the Castle, the Walls appear damaged—Shells and Bombs, &c. seen to pass to and from the Fortress; the Moat appears to fill with water, and the distant part of the Building in flames. The Combatants appear a second time in front—KORAC combats with ZEMBUCA;—his Sword, knock'd from his gripe, is caught up by EBRA, who comes from steps—the combat is renewed, ZEMBUCA rushes through the portal, followed by KORAC. ZEMBUCA enters Tower, the front of which falls, and discloses him in a perilous situation—The Building blows up, the Tower falls, and ZEMBUCA, clinging to a rafter, is precipitated into the Moat—SELIM enters with ALMAZAIDE, MIRZA preceding, and followed by KORAC, all bend the knee to ALMAZAIDE and SELIM—General shout of the Victors).

THE END.



The MAGPIE, or the MAID.

THE
MAGPIE OR THE MAID?

A Melo Drame,

IN THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED AND ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH,
BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Cobent-Garden,
On FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1815.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. BISHOP.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN;**
By B. McMillan, Bow-Street, Covent Garden.

1815.

[Price Two Shillings.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>Gerald, a wealthy Farmer,</i>	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Henry, his Son,</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Evraud, a Soldier: Annette's Father,</i>	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Martin, Godson and Servant to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald,</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>Malcour, Justice of the Village,</i>	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Benjamin, a Jew Pedlar,</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Bertrand, Keeper of the Prison,</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>George, Malcour's Servant,</i>	Mr. Howell.
<i>Dame Gerald,</i>	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Annette, distantly related to the Farmer and his Wife, their Servant,</i>	Miss Booth.
<i>Soldiers, Officers of Police, Peasantry, &c.</i>	

The SCENE lies at Palaiseau, a Village not far from Paris—The time, comprises part of an Evening, and the Morning of the succeeding Day.

THE MAGPIE,

OR

THE MAID?

ACT I.

The Court-yard of a substantial Farm-house: The House is seen on the right—Trees on the left, and a Fence (in which is a Gate) at the back—beyond it a sloping Hill, and the distant Country.—In the front of the Scene, on one of the Trees, a Cage, in which is a tame Magpie.

Pie. Martin! Martin!

Mar. I'm coming—(Enters) Hey! what, no body here!—O Lord, O Lord! the waiter at the White Horse, in our village, leads the life of a gentleman, compared to mine. I've had a tightish half-hour's work—fed the sheep, the pigs, the poultry, the horned cattle, and our big dog;—swept out the barn, killed a dozen rats, cut three trusses of hay—thrashed a sack of wheat, and been thrashed myself—for idling away my time—I don't wonder they call my godmother an active woman.

2 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

(*Music—He goes into the House—Annette appears on the Hill, and descends—the Magpie comes from the Cage on a perch, and calls, “Martin, Martin!”—as the Music ceases, Martin runs from the House.*)

Mar. Coming, coming! I'm coming and going, from morning till night, like a short stage. (*Annette appears at the Gate.*)—O, 'twas Annette—To think of such a girl as that being servant at a farm! It's a down-right shame.

Ann. Ah, Martin, are you there?—(*Coming forward.*)

Mar. Yes, Annette, I'm here and there, and every where—a servant never stays long in a place, where my godmother is—she's like a squirrel in a cage—never stirs but she sets her whole house in motion—ferrets me about just as she pleases.

Ann. But she does it all for your good, you know.

Mar. So she tells me—She beat me in the barn just now, and said I ought to be very much obliged to her—she insists upon it, that knocking me down now and then is the only way to bring me up properly. But what did you call me for, Annette?

Ann. I!—I didn't call you.

Mar. No!

Pie. Martin! Martin!

Mar. Oh, you bla'guard! (*Seeing the Bird.*) That plaguy Magpie is always making merriment at my expence.

Ann. So, 'twas old Margery, after all.

Mar. As Mr. Malcour, our Magistrate, says, when he's about justice business, I wonder the tom-cat hasn't taken cognizance of that Magpie's

demerits, and brought her to condign punishment.

Ann. While Margery has her liberty, there's no fear of her being hurt, poor thing.

Mar. Poor thing! Why, she's a nuisance, no one has a moment's peace or quiet for her; she's so cunning and so spiteful, and such a devil of a glutton!—do you know that bird will tuck down pretty near as much as would serve me for a lunch.

Ann. Ha! ha! ha!

Pie. Ha! ha! ha!

Mar. There! always mocking people. Ey! you mischievous monkey.

Ann. Don't be angry, don't hurt her, Martin.

Mar. Why, one wouldn't go to set one's wit to a poor bird, you know; but godmother says Mag has more wit than I have—O she does—and thinks her company more entertaining and agreeable too.

Ann. Never mind, Martin, I think your company very agreeable and entertaining; but I mustn't enjoy it any longer, for I've a great many things to do, so good bye, Martin, good bye (*Music—Annette enters the House.*)

Mar. Good bye, Annette. O bless you! That's the kindest soul in the village—every body loves her—and so do I—pity she has such examples before her as my godmother, and Margery here,—(*Going to the Magpie.*) Eh! you nasty little pyebald giggler,

Dame G. (*Coming from the House.*) Make haste, Annette, make haste, and get every thing in order—Oh, I'm so delighted, so overjoyed! In one hour more our dear child, our dear Henry will be with us again—but where is that lazy fellow, Martin?

4 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Mar. Oh, oh!—(*Magpie bites him.*)

Dame G. What, you are there, are you, teasing my bird again!

Mar. Confound her, she has bit me to the bone.

Dame G. And served you right,—why don't you leave her alone, pretty creature.

Mar. Devilish pretty! looks like a chimney-sweep pelted with snow-balls.

Dame G. Go, run, prepare the great table, and lay it out under those trees—now I think of it, 'twill be more convenient, for the farmer has invited all his friends to welcome home our Henry.

Mar. What, Henry coming home?

Dame G. Yes, Martin, we expect him this very evening, and I'm so happy, that I don't think I shall scold you again—

Mar. No!

Dame G. No, not till to-morrow—'tis now six years since he was a soldier, and nearly two since I have seen him—but he shall never leave me again.

Mar. Oh, how I shall love to hear him tell all about the wars—how many times he covered himself with glory, and how many wounds he received in battle.

Dame G. Wounds!

Mar. Yes, but I hope he has got no scars upon his face, godmother, for he was very handsome, you know, and it would be a pity if he was to come back with a broken head.

Dame G. Go along, you stupid fellow, or you shall have a broken head of your own.

Mar. I'm going, godmother.

(*Music—Farmer Gerald appears at the back, rolling a cask of Wine.*)

Ger. Martin, come here, my boy, and lend a hand.

Mar. I'm coming, godfather.

Dame G. What have you got there, husband?

Ger. Comfort—a cask of wine, good wife.

(*Martin helps him to set up the Cask.*)

Dame G. A nine gallon cask! Oh, it's too much.

Ger. Not a drop—I'm determined they shall have their skins full, to make a day's sport go off swimmingly—there's nothing like good wine to set them afloat—I've order'd some fiddlers too for the girls.

Mar. Some fiddlers! Oh then, they must have their skins full too, for a fiddler without drink is as bad as his bow without rozin.

Dame G. I'll rozin you, you blockhead, if you don't go and mind your business—(*Martin goes off*)—Can't get one of them to do any thing for me—I'm oblig'd to think, and to talk, till I quite tire myself.

Ger. Yes, and tire me into the bargain. If you would but think a little more, and talk a little less, it would improve my health and your temper wonderfully.

(*When Martin goes off; the preparations for the Supper begin, and Martin is continually on and off the Stage, directing the Servants, and attending to the conversation in front.*)

Dame G. Temper! my temper!—Mr. Gerald, I defy you to find a woman with more mildness, more patience, more good nature—

Mar. Ha! ha! ha!—Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Dame G. What are you laughing at, Sirrah?

Mar. Oh—I—I was only laughing at your mag—your Magpie, godmother.

6 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Dame G. Then there's Annette, another dawdle—quite as idle as the rest—

Ger. Come, come, wife, that's not true ; Annette is a worthy good girl ; exact in her duty, and obliging in her disposition.

Dame G. Yes, obliging with a vengeance !—she hardly gives me time to mention my orders, before they are executed—I don't like that—Now, Martin I can scold twenty times a day, and whenever I lay a stick across his back it does me as much good as it does him ; it circulates the blood, and makes me feel quite alive.

Mar. Does it,—I wish you'd get another doctor, tho'—

Dame G. The fact is, you have half spoilt the girl—"my good Annette," and, "my charming Annette"—O' my conscience, every body seems in love with her.—I verily believe that old fool, Mr. Malcour, the Justice, has taken a fit of fondness for her now.

Ger. Pho ! Malcour's a rascal ; he never was fond of any thing but himself—a mere pettifogging attorney, who, by art and chicanery, has screw'd himself into the Commission, and is as much a disgrace to the situation he now holds, as he was to the honourable profession he was bred to—But listen, wife—

Dame G. Listen!

Ger. Yes, you have talk'd yourself out of breath, and I think its my turn now.

Dame G. Well, husband, well—

Ger. That girl must no longer be considered as a servant in this house—Her mother was my relation ; and tho' her death has made Annette dependant upon us, and unavoidable misfortunes have forced her father to become a soldier, it is

THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID? 7

my duty, and should be your pleasure, to honour the parent who has shed his blood in the service of his country, and shew kindness to the child bequeathed to our care and protection.

Dame G. Well, well, as you say—Poor Mr. Granville!—Ah! his wife was a kind-hearted soul.

Ger. Well, my dear, I have been thinking, when Henry returns—

Dame G. That's well thought of, indeed—if we take a walk over the hill, we shall see him a full quarter of an hour sooner—Annette! I'll just speak a word to her—

Ger. First let me speak a word to you—I have a plan to marry Henry.

Dame G. How! marry! softly there, Mr. Gerald, if you please—that affair belongs entirely to me—I'll tell you who Henry shall marry—

Pie. Annette! Annette!

Ger. Egad, Mag has hit it—she is the very person.

Dame G. What, Annette!

Enter ANNETTE.

Ann. Here, Ma'am—did you call? What are your commands?

Ger. Pretty little soul!—Look at her (*to Mrs. Ger. apart*).

Dame G. Pshaw, nonsense! I won't hear of such a thing (*Aside to Ger.*)—Now the cloth is laid, Annette, you may place the silver, and the napkins on it. I shall go and fetch the plate-basket myself. But be careful that none of them are mislaid—don't let it be ~~as~~ it was my last birthday, when a silver fork was lost.

Ann. Be assured, Madam, I shall take every care of them—that fork has caused me so much uneasiness, so much trouble—

8 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Mar. So it has me—I've hunted for that devilish fork till I've dream'd of it.

Dame G. Ah! it was a strange piece of business—

Ger. Pshaw! a trifle—no great loss.

Dame G. Well, I'll soon be here with the others, but don't be impatient, husband. I shall be back again in a minute. [Exit.]

Ger. You need not hurry yourself, my dear. Annette, what ails you? don't be cast down, my good girl.

Ann. If I could but see that fork again, it would be a great comfort.

Ger. Would it not comfort you quiteasmuch to see my son Henry again?

Ann. Oh no—yes—yes certainly: every one must rejoice at the return of so good a son, and so kind a friend, if he be not alter'd, Sir—he is the very picture of you.

Ger. Humph! rather a flattering likeness of the original, I believe—but suppose I was to make you a present of the portrait—

Ann. Mr. Gerald!—me!—

Ger. Yes, my dear Annette, you—Henry has hid nothing from his father, and I have consider'd, that the greatest reward I can bestow upon his sincerity, is the hand of an amiable and virtuous girl.

Ann. Oh, Sir—this goodness!—but, if (*hesitating*)—

Ger. Ah—an *if* and a *but*—I know what's coming—doubt and difficulty always precede the name of Mrs. Gerald;—but leave her to me; I'll manage *her*, at least I'll try—she's really a good woman at heart, tho' it puzzles people to find it out.

Dame GERALD enters with the Plate Basket, &c.

Dame G. Here they are (*Giving things to Annette*)—Now, husband, let us make haste—
Martin!

Mar. Coming, godmother. (*Advancing*).

Ger. You run on, my good lad, and look out
for him.

Mar. Going, godfather. (*Goes off through the Gate*).

Ger. Annette, my dear girl, we shall soon re-
turn. (*Shaking her hand*).

Dame G. There, there, that's enough—you
are not going to leave her for a twelvemonth—

(*Music—Martin is seen on the Hill—Gerald holds the hand of Annette—Dame drags him on impatiently, and Annette begins to lay Forks and Spoons upon the Table from the Basket*).

Ann. Every thing this day conspires to make
me happy—Henry, my own dear Henry, returns
in safety, and all my fondest hopes are realized—
My father too, how this event will rejoice his
fond, his affectionate heart!—he may perhaps be
present at our wedding; for when he wrote to
thank me for the money I had sent him from my
little earnings, he said his regiment would soon
return to Paris.

(*Music—Benjamin coming down the Hill*).

Benj. Here is beautiful scissars and knifes—
here's elegant silver buckles and cold vatches—
all new from Paris.

Ann. Ah, 'tis poor Benjamin the Jew Pedlar—
I can buy nothing of him this year.

10 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID

Benj. Pless ma soul, is dere no pody at home? (*Looking over the Fence*).

Ann. No one but me, Benjamin.

Benj. Ah, ma pretty tear, my cood Annette. (*Enters the Gate*).—But is te pig dog at home? (*Looking about*). De last time I travelled this way, that rogue Martin let him loose, and frightened me out of my vits.

Ann. You will find no custom at the farm this time, Benjamin: Mr. and Mrs. Gerald are from home.

Benj. Dat's a great pity—they'll never have such another opportunity again—Look! here's a peautiful tings, all vat I brought from Paris.

Ann. I'm sorry you should lose your labour.

Benj. So am I—grieved to the very soul—but vont you, ma tear, purchase some trifle?

Ann. I am totally without money.

Benj. Pless ma heart, that is great misfortune—you must be very miserable.

Ann. I never was so happy.

Benj. Happy mitout de monish!—oh, 'tis impossible.

Ann. Not at all, Benjamin, for I gave all I had to comfort my father.

Benj. Ey—you give all vat you got to comfort your parents—dat's cood girl, dat's cood girl—let me put it down in one of my little pocket-books—vat day vas it you gave em?

Ann. The last day of August—I remember it well—for that day twelvemonth my poor mother died—

Benj. Died!—your mother!—poor child, poor child!—dere, keep that little almanack for my sake.

—*Ann.* Nay, Benjamin—

Benj. Take it, take it—it will do me more

cood as if you paid me double price—and when ever you look at the day when you parted from your monish to assist your father, I hope you will not blush to remember the praises and admirations of a poor old Jew.

Ann. 'Tis impossible to refuse it now.

Benj. That's right, my loff—I make it a rule never to refuse any ting.

Ann. Thank you, Benjamin, thank you kindly.

Benj. Ma tear, I'm very much obliged to you for your custom. If de family should vant any ting in my vay, tell them I lodges at te Vite Horse in te Village. (*Shouts of Peasants*). Ey, what a swarm of people's on te hill, and dat rogue Martin, as I hope to be shaved—Cood bye, ma tear.

(*Music*—Martin is seen coming down the Hill — the Jew going from the Gate, runs against him).

Mar. Oh!—

Benj. I beg you ten tousand pardons, Sir.

[*Exit* Benjamin.]

Ann. Well, Martin, well—

Mur. Oh! that Jew has run his pack into the pit of my stomach, and knock'd out every bit of breath in my body.

Ann. Is he coming, is Henry coming?

Mar. Yes, and half the village into the bargain. I saw him first—"How are you?" says he. I'm charming, says I. Then he squeezed my hand till it look'd like the foot of a duck. And "how's is Annette?" says he. She's charming too, says I.—Then he flew into my arms, just as you mean to fly into his. Here they come.

(*Music*—They descend the Hill—Martin beacons toward the House—Servants enter

12 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

*with Dishes, and place them on the Table
—Henry, &c. appear at the Gate).*

Hen. Annette, my dear Annette!

(Embracing her).

Ann. Henry!—

Mar. I thought how it would be.

Dame G. Annette, what are you about? is there nothing to be done but shaking hands, and—

Ger. Now then dispatch! bustle, bustle!—Wife, if you wish to see your boy happy, let him speak to Annette without interruption.

Dame G. But I don't approve of so much tenderness and civility.

Ger. Why you have very little taste that way, I confess; but depend upon it, the surest method to make Henry comfortable is to make that girl so. Come, come—

(Gerald pulls her away—she looks disturb'd, but retires to Table—during this Annette has shewn Henry the Cross, which hangs at her neck).

Hen. Yes, I remember, it was my parting pledge of constancy. Oh, my beloved Annette, I knew not half your power till we parted. Then, secure in your affection, I possessed a charm that soothed me in your absence, comforted me in sickness, and inspired me in the battle!

Ger. Martin, broach this jolly dog, and bleed him a bit.

Mar. That I will, till he's a dead man, god-father. I'll soon doctor him.

Dame G. Come, Henry, come, you shall sit by me—now, Mr. Gerald—and where is Mr. Malcour? where is his Worship? not come!—he was surely invited.

Ger. Never mind him, his *Worship* will come long before he's wanted. Annette, you take his

THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID? 13

place—Martin is Master of the Ceremonies, remember. (*He sits at Table*).

Mar. Now, lads and lasses, begin the dance; tune up, pipers, and I'll wet your whistles for you—

[*Ballet.*]

(*They have seated themselves at the Table—Martin taps the Wine-cask, and makes himself merry among the group. At the conclusion, Gerald rises from Table, the rest follow.*)

Ger. 'Tis well, friends, very well—in the Orchard you may pursue your sports—Martin will take care of you.

Mar. That I will, and take care of myself too—come along, girls, we'll have a rare game of blindman's-buff under the apple trees—nobody will interrupt us, for godmother never comes there, for fear of getting the lumbago—come along. (*Music and Peasants go off with him*).

Dame G. Now, my boy, we'll go into the parlour, and there you shall tell us all that has happened for the last two years.

Hen. But Annette, mother—

Ger. Aye, aye, let her come with us.

Dame G. Well, she has only to fold the napkins, and count up the plate, and when she has done that she may come.

Ger. That's right, that's well said. Henry, my boy, you are welcome home; and ere long I trust I shall see you married, and as happy as (*looking at Annette, and then suddenly casting his eye upon Mrs G.*) as your father—Come, wife.

(*Music—They go into the House, Henry kissing his hand to Annette. She begins to collect the things at the Table.—Evraud,*

wrapped in a Cloak, with hat pulled over his eyes, descends the Hill, and enters cautiously—She counts the articles till the Music stops).

Ev. She is alone—it is, it is my child !

Ann. Ah, Henry ! how fervently he swore to make me happy.

Ev. Happy ! and I come !—Oh my poor girl !
(Groans).

Ann. A stranger, and distressed !—how can I serve you ?

Ev. Annette !

Ann. Father !

(She throws back on the Table the last Spoon she was placing in the Basket, and flies into his arms).

Ev. Hush !

Ann. I cannot suppress my joy—your appearance, so unexpected—so—

Ev. Speak lower, I entreat.

Ann. What is there to fear ! There are none here but friends.

Ev. Friends that I must not endanger—Annette, listen to me—on our arrival at Paris, I immediately requested of my Captain a furlough for two days, that I might once again embrace my child. Owing to caprice, or perhaps necessity, he refused me ; I persisted ; he reprimanded—I reproached him with cruelty, no doubt in terms as unbecoming as my passion, till at length irritated by my audacity, he raised his cane to strike me. Furious at being thus publicly disgraced, I for a moment forgot the subordination of a soldier, drew my sword upon him, and was arrested—

Ann. But you were pardon'd ?—Oh, yes, yes.

Ev. Not so—the fault I have committed, by the law of arms, is punishable by death.

Ann. Death!

Ev. A Court-martial immediately was assembled—the law is explicit; and ere this the sentence is pronounced.

Ann. Is there no hope?

Ev. None, but in flight. With what remained of the money you last sent me, I procured this cloak, and by the assistance of a faithful comrade, eluded the sentinel that guarded me, and quitted Paris at day-break this morning.

Ann. Remain here; you will be no where so safe as with me:—Mr. Gerald will protect you.

Ev. He must not, dares not—the Magistrate of the village will no doubt receive directions to secure me as a deserter. No—Gerald might involve himself on my account, and I will never expose to danger that man who has proved a second father to my child. Promise me, swear to me, never to reveal this fatal secret.

Ann. Not to your kinsman?

Ev. Not to a human being.

Ann. 'Tis dreadful, but 'tis my duty—you desire it, and I *swear I never will*.

Ev. Enough, my heart is relieved—the condemnation of the poor soldier Evrard, by which fictitious title I am only known in the regiment, will excite no enquiries, no compassion, and the name of Granville may yet descend to thee—unspotted, undisgraced.

Ann. Oh father!—since nothing but escape and an eternal exile can secure you, we will quit this place together. Tho' all the world deserts you, your daughter never shall. I'll watch over you incessantly; share with you every danger, and if at last the fatal blow should fall, together it shall strike us, and I'll die with transport, receiving the last blessing of my dear, dear father.

15 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Ev. (*Holding her to his bosom!*)—Affectionate child!—unfortunate Granville! No, Annette, I must forego this pious sacrifice—your disappearance at the farm would excite suspicions, and instead of aiding my escape, would but increase my danger.

Ann. Ah!—I hear footsteps—hide your uniform—quick, quick—

Ev. I have yet one thing to ask, that is indispensable—

Ann. 'Tis too late—'tis Malcour, 'tis the Justice—recline upon that table—

(*Music—Evrard sits, as Malcour opens the Gate and advances.*)

Mal. So, so—there she is, all alone and lovely, like the first flower in spring—I am arrived very opportunely. Miss Annette, I'm yours—hope you'll soon be mine.

Ann. Your servant, Sir.

Mal. Sweet soul! what lips, and what an eye!

(*Aside.*) Truly sorry I couldn't do honour to the farmer's good cheer. Am come now full of papers and apologies; but its always a rule with me, that pleasure should be sacrificed to business.

Ann. You will find Mr. Gerald in the house, Sir.

Mal. Humph! wish he had been further off—what a lovely creature!

Ann. Here, good man, drink—Pretend to sleep. (*Aside to Evrard.*)

Mal. Who's that?

Ann. A traveller, who, who—

Mal. Aye, who is he?

Ann. He begged repose, and wine to cheer him—I have granted his request.

Mal. Kind soul! I wish you'd grant my request, and cheer me.

Ann. That person—I mean; that table, is in great disorder, and I must not leave—

Mal. I perceive the feast is finished; but there are pretty pickings left. Oh! that I might taste!

Ann. Mr. Justice, (*indignantly*) this discourse offends me;—those papers may be of consequence—I will not detain you.

Mal. Oh, there's no hurry—I'll stay with you with pleasure.

Ann. I thought, Sir, you made it a rule always to sacrifice pleasure to business.

Mal. Hem! cross-examin'd, and bother'd—

Enter GEORGE, at upper end.

—Must drop the suit at present, and move for a new trial. Now, my love, my charmer—(*Seeing George*)—What do you want? Eh!

Geo. This packet has just arrived at the Office, and the Clerk desired me to give it to your Worship instantly. He says its of great consequence.

Mal. Indeed! who brought it?

Geo. A horseman from the War Council at Paris.

Ann. (Aside). From the War Council! (*Looking at Evrard, who betrays emotion*).

Mal. That's enough—You may go. (*Exit George*). Now, let me see. "Mr. Justice"—Hum—"Description—soldier—Evrard!"—So, so, a deserter!

Ann. Heavens!

Mal. Eh! why, where are my spectacles? very careless indeed! left my spectacles at home.

Ann. Had you not better return home for them, Sir?

18 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Mal. No, no, 'tis only the description of a deserter—And you shall read for me.

Ann. I—I shall at least know the truth.
(Aside).

Mal. Come, begin—

Ann. "I address to you the description of a soldier belonging to the regiment of Champagne, who by a Court-martial was this morning condemn'd to death." (*Voice broken and agitated*).

Ev. Death!

Mal. Hum!—serious business, truly—Tender-hearted soul!

Ann. Ah! if I read what follows, he is lost!
"Fifty-two years of age, five feet eleven"—

Mal. It quite overpowers her. Let me try again; perhaps—

Ann. Oh no, I'll go on, Sir—Assist me, Heaven! "He is called Evrard,—aged twenty-five"—

Mal. Twenty-five—a young offender.

Ann. "Five feet two inches high—blue eyes, light hair, fair complexion"—

Mal. A likely fellow too; now, I'll warrant he has brought himself into this predicament for the sake of some pretty girl or other. But his dress—read that—that's of the utmost importance.

Ann. His dress! "Blue uniform—facings scarlet—gaiters white."

(Evrard throws open his Cloak—Annette looking alternately at him and the description, states every particular precisely contrary).

Mal. 'Tis well. *(Taking paper and folding it)* I must forward copies of this without loss of time—Eh! *(seeing Evrard, who drops to his position on the Table)*—That's not one of our neighbours

—I don't remember him—Egad, it may be!—Friend! (*pats him on the shoulder*)—

Ann. Powers of mercy!

Mal. Stand up, if you please—Now, take off your hat.

Ann. I sink with terror!

* *Mal.* Twenty-five years of age, five feet two—light hair, white uniform—hem! very like the description truly! that will do; fellow, you may go.

Ann. He is saved—You may depart now, good man. (*Music.*)—Conceal yourself behind those trees (*aside*).

(*Music—Evrard goes behind them as Malcour ties up papers.*)

Mal. So, here is something in my way at last. Hope I shall catch the fellow in my district—touch the reward, and then—Ah! my lovely Annette! if you would but consent to make me happy, and seal the bargain by a kiss (*advancing*).

Ev. Wretch!

Mal. Wretch! who was that, that dared—

Ann. The—the—only the bird, Sir, (*pointing to the Magpie*).

Mal. That impudent Magpie! you should really teach him better manners, but, adieu!—remember—you promise (*advancing*).

Ann. No, Sir, do not leave me in that wilful error—I have too much regard for my character, ever to become your wife.

Mal. Wife! whew! amazing!—do you know who I am?

Ann. Yes, Sir, you are a *Justice*.

Mal. And do you dare? I'm amaz'd and confounded! a menial—a servant, talk thus to Christopher Athanius Jean Baptiste Malcour, Justice of

20 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID.

Pelissier—never met with such cool impudence in the whole course of my practice (*Music—He goes off muttering*).

Ann. Now, now—you had something still to say, of consequence.

Ev. (*Who at Malcour's exit, advances from the trees*)—I am without money!

Ann. (*Clasps her hands in despair*)—And I at this moment have nothing!

Ev. You, I know, have given me all that you possess'd. And this is, now, my last resource. (*He gives Annette a Case, from which she draws a Silver Spoon*). It was the gift of your dear, dear mother.

Ann. My mother! (*In tears*).

Ev. I did hope never to have parted with it; but hard necessity will have it so, and you must endeavour to sell it by to-morrow morning at the latest, and be careful to sell it secretly—secretly, mind—

Ann. (*With sudden recollection, and afar*). Yes, it shall be done—Benjamin, no doubt, will purchase it.

Ev. On the road-side, a short distance from the village, there stands an old tree, a willow, which time has excavated—

Ann. I know it well. (*She puts the Spoon in her Poc'et*).

Ev. In the hollow of that tree, deposit the money it produces, and, one hour after day-break, let me be sure to find it—farewell, my dear child! Heaven guard and bless you! Perhaps this kiss may be the last you ever may receive from your unfortunate, your unhappy parent!

Ann. Oh, father! (*Throws herself into his arms*).

(*Music—Evrard releases himself, goes towards the Gate—she follows him—they again embrace, and part—Annette drops on her knees, and implores protection for her Father, who ascends the Hill.—At this instant the Magpie perches on the Table, and flies away with a Silver Spoon.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

The Parlour in the Farmer's House—In the front a Door; on the right a large Window, the Shutters closed.—A Buffet, on which is the Basket of Plate—Chairs and a Table, with Glasses, &c. in confusion, and the Magpie's Cage hanging in one corner of the Room.

Music—ANNETTE discovered, she listens while the Clock is heard to strike five.

Ann. Five o'clock! (*She opens the Door*). 'Tis broad day-light, and still the Jew does not arrive—unfortunate! My poor father will seek in the appointed spot for the money—and—oh cruel disappointment! (*Music—She opens the Window, and throws back the Shutters; the Scene then becomes perfectly light*). How unlucky, that Benjamin should be absent when I call'd last night at his lodgings. I hope he will receive my message—if not—ah!—

22 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

(*Music*). BENJAMIN enters.

Benj. Vell, ma tear, vat you vant mit me ?

Ann. I am rejoiced that you are come.

Benj. Very extraordinary time in te mornings, ma tear, for me to be summon'd to attend a young lady. I would not have left ma ped at preak of tay for any pody but yourself.

Ann. I thank you, Benjamin : but to busi-
ness—

Benj. O, is it pusiness ? Dat is quite another
ting ; but, pless ma heart, I have left ma pack.

Ann. (*Anxiously*). You have not left your
money ?

Benj. (*Significantly*). No ! I never leaves ma
monish.

Ann. Then give me some instantly, good
Benjamin.

Benj. Ey !

Ann. I have the most urgent necessity.

Benj. Every pody vat I meets tell me they
have urgent necessities for de monish.

Ann. I require only the value of this—(*Taking
the Spoon from her Pocket*).

Benj. A shilver spoon ! ah, dat is cood—I'm
very fond of shilver spoons—dare say I can af-
ford to give a crown.

Ann. Only a crown ! not half it's value, Ben-
jamin.

Benj. You're no judge, ma tear,—as I am an
honesht man, I'll use you vell. (*Weighs Spoon in
his hand*.)—Ah ! he is fine fat fellow—he is more
heavy as I thought—I'll give you two crowns—
there now !

Ann. Surely you find it worth more than two.

Benj. Not to leave a profit—(*Annette turns*

away dejected)—Poor ting! she seems very much distressed—I don't know how it is, but I never can drive a cood pargain mit a young girl vat has got tears in her eyes.

Ann. (Aside). "Tis a mere trifle—but I must not reject it. Well, I trust entirely to you.

Benj. Trust me!—now, dat is very strange—nopody ever trust me before.—Well, well—there is three crowns of six livres—one, two, tree—there, ma loff—that is te full value—take it, take it—and I'll look for te profit somewhere else!

Ann. Thank you, bless you! but leave me now:—should any one surprise you here—

Benj. Dat's very true—I shall go home to ma lodgings immedately. If I don't make haste, somepody vill surprise ma pack, and I shall be ruined.—(*He goes out, and is seen through the window to meet Martin.*)

Ann. Now then I must hasten to the willow—I shall be just in time—ah!—(*Music*).

MARTIN enters.

Mar. Why, Annette, you seem to have taken a fancy to that Jew—but there is no accounting for taste.

Ann. I was only speaking to him about—about—

Mar. Ah! so I suppose—but Master Henry won't like his nose to be put out of joint by old Benjamin's beard.

Ann. The truth is, I wanted a little money, and as he happen'd to pass—(*She puts the Money in her Pocket*).

Mar. Oh! I understand—you called him in to sell some trinket or other—but why didn't you ask me?

Ann. I knew you were unable to assist me.

Mar. Then you knew nothing of the matter; for tho' I have not a penny in my pocket, I have plenty in my box. You never saw my box? There's a hole in the top, where I slip in the money, and when Christmas comes round, I break it open, and count up—that's where I keep the new half crown piece you gave me, and if I had known you were in want—Lord! you should have had it and welcome.

Ann. (Impatiently). Well, good Martin, the next time—'tis getting late, I must go!

Mar. So must I, there's Mag not hung up at the window yet—besides, my godmother will be stirring presently; and when she stirs, she seldom stops. (*Goes to the Cage, and hangs it out of the Window*)—She and her darling here, will soon begin their daily labours.

Ann. At last I shall escape—if I can reach the place in time, all may be well.

(*Music*).

Enter HENRY.

Hen. Annette! my dear Annette, so early from your bed?—And Martin too?

Mar. Lord bless you! Martin never gets a wink o'sleep after day-light—your mother takes care of that—she turn'd away the poor old dung-hill cock, to have the pleasure of crowing me up herself.

Dame G. (Without). Martin!

Mar. I told you so—Coming!—Shall I tell Henry of old Benjamin's beard?—Well, I won't, I won't; I hate to make mischief, like my godmother and old Margery.

Dame G. Martin! Martin!

Mar. Coming, godmother—yes, yes, the game is begun. [Exit Martin.

Hen. Now I may speak to you without reserve—I have much to tell you, dear Annette.

Ann. But why so early? I scarcely expected—
—hoped—

Hen. I could not sleep—the pleasure of being at home, the delight of seeing my parents, and above all, the joyful hope of soon calling you wife! banish'd all repose.

Ann. Ah, Henry! I have slept as little as yourself—Oh, my poor father! (*Aside*).

Hen. How's this! Annette?—You are pale, dejected; you have been weeping—but I guess the cause.

Ann. Indeed! (*Alarmed*).

Hen. My mother, perhaps, has—

Ann. Your mother! let him believe so (*Aside*). Ah! I fear she will never receive as daughter the offspring of a poor soldier.

Hen. And what am I but a poor soldier? Is there a state more honourable? 'tis true, I am a step or two higher in rank; but believe me, the child of such a man as Granville will confer honour, not disgrace, in the alliance.

Ann. Yet I tremble! (*Aside*) the hour advances—I must leave you for the present, Henry.

Hen. Stay, but a moment—nay, do not agitate your spirits thus. My mother, I am certain, loves me too well, ever to make me miserable, by refusing her consent—See, my father! he too will befriend us.

Enter GERALD.

Ann. (*Clasping her hands*). Another interruption!

Ger. Ah, ah! you rogues—are you met already? I must have over-slept myself—What time is it, Henry?

Her. Almost six, father.

Ann. Six ! it will be too late !

Ger. Too late ! for what ? You'll have plenty of time to put these things in order by and bye. Ah, this love is a sovereign preventive, I find, for sluggishness ; but I am so little troubled with the complaint, that I should have snored an hour longer, if your mother's shrill pipe hadn't roused me, bawling after her hopeful godson. (*Annette has endeavoured to reach the Door*)—Heyday ! *Annette* ! come here, you little runaway, and don't look so melancholy. I have been thinking, that as Henry has put the question to you, it will now be proper for me to put the question to his mother.

Hen. Do, father, do—for as we have made up our minds, beyond the possibility of altering them—

Ger. Exactly—as we are fully determined to have our own way, I think we may now venture to ask Mrs. Gerald's advice—suppose you speak to her this morning.

Hen. Me, Sir ! would it not be more correct that you speak to her ?

Ger. Humph ! yes—more correct, perhaps, but not quite so agreeable—Eh ! *Annette* ! why, what ails the girl ?

(*Annette has disengaged her Hand from Gerald, and is just going out at the Door, when Dame Gerald enters*).

Dame. Where are you running to, I should be glad to know—do you think I can put all these things away without help ?—Ah, Henry good morrow to you.

Hen. Good Morrow, mother.

Dame G. Why, *Annette*, you stand there like a post—what can you be thinking of—here's all

the plate and glass laying about, just as they were left last night—I never saw any thing like it—(*bustling about*)—Why, husband, can you find nothing to do but look on at this confusion?

Ger. Well, well—I like confusion as little as most people—so I'll leave you.—We must wait till the storm's over—she'll bounce like a roasted chestnut, if you tell her now—but the warmth of her affection will soon soften her heart—Come—

Hen. But Annette—

Ger. She is used to it—besides, the storm will soon be over—

Dame G. What are they whispering about?—
(fixes her eyes upon Gerald and Henry—they perceive it, and exit.) There is some scheme in hand that they wish to hide from me. Annette, do you know what they were talking about?

Ann. Me, Ma'am—no, Ma'am—

Dame G. That no—sounded very like yes—but I shall soon find it out. Come, now help me to put every thing in its place again—where is the plate-basket?

Ann. There it is, Ma'am.

Dame G. Oh, I see—let me examine it—
(she talks at the same time that she counts the plate—Annette employed in passing the various articles to her from the Buffet.) I must confess, it was a charming evening—the men drank, and the girls chatter'd, till I wonder they hadn't a surfeit—Eleven forks, that's all right—Now give me the spoons—Then they danced till the music made my head ach—and drank!—Seven, eight, nine,—a nine gallon cask, and not a drop was left—Ten, eleven—eleven!—How's this? I must have counted wrong—one, two, three, &c. (beginning in a low tone, and raising it as she proceeds)—Ten, eleven! eleven! only eleven spoons!—there is one short—lost, I dare say—

28 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Ann. A spoon lost!—

Dame G. O, count them yourself, pray—there are eleven forks, that's right—but there were twelve spoons.

(*Music—Annette counts them.*).

Ann. One, two, &c. eleven! I don't find any more—yet I was very particular—

Dame G. I don't at all doubt it—but search, hunt, look in the buffet—look behind it—look every where—(*calls from the window*) Mr. Gerald!—Martin!—

Mar. (Without) Coming, godmother.

Dame G. Run and look under the trees where we supped last night—for a silver spoon.

Mar. Going, godmother.

Enter GERALD.

Ger. What's the matter now, wife? are you making all this noise about a silver spoon?

Dame G. Yes, and you know a fortnight ago there was a fork lost—Well, (*To Annette*) I suppose you haven't found it.

Ann. Dear, dear, this is very unfortunate.

Dame G. Certainly, it is very unfortunate, and its very extraordinary too.

Ger. Well, well—it may be found again.

Dame G. Ah, so you said before—but this indifference is not to be endured. I'm determined now to search into the truth, or in a fortnight more something else will be going.

Ger. Your tongue will, I'm certain.

Dame G. Husband, husband,—I believe you wouldn't complain if they were to steal the teeth out of your head.

Ger. Better endure that, than a mind constantly full of suspicion.

Enter MARTIN.

Mar. O godmother, I have it, I have it—

Dame G. Have you?

Mar. Not the spoon, but a thought how it's
gone—

Ger. Pshaw!

Dame G. Well, well—

Mar. It's gone to look after the fork—O you
may depend upon it—

Dame G. Ey, you stupid—

Mar. Why, Mr. Malcour, the Justice, says
the same—for when I told him what had hap-
pen'd, says he to me—

Ger. Malcour!—Blockhead, what occasion was
there to tell him—it will be all over the village
now—

Dame G. So much the better—I am very glad
his Worship is come; he'll soon discover who is
the thief; for there is no species of wickedness
but what Mr. Malcour gets acquainted with, and
I require you to do me justice.

Ger. He shall, and every one else concerned.
It is now the only way left to stop malicious
tongues; and that no one may accuse me of par-
tiality, he shall immediately conduct the exami-
nation.

Dame G. Then I shall be satisfied—'tis not so
much for the value of the things—all I ask is,—
who is the thief?

Pie. Annette! Annette!

Dame G. Ey! (*Pause—Gerald seems disturbed*)
—that is very singular. (*Martin comes down the
Stage from the door*).

Mar. Here is Mr. Malcour, with a parcel of

50 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

beagles at his heels—they are going a man-hunting—a deserter, he says—

Ann. Oh Heavens! if he should have read the Dispatch! (*Aside*).

Ger. Come, come, Annette, you must not apply this business so seriously—Mrs. Gerald has too much sense of propriety to accuse any one—her only motive in urging an examination, is to clear the characters of those in whom she places confidence.

Dame G. Certainly, certainly, I accuse nobody, but I may suspect anybody—

Mar. No, you may not tho'—I'm one of the any-body's—

Dame G. Hold your tongue, simpleton.

(*Music—The Justice enters, with his Clerk, and Officers—a few of the Villagers, and two Soldiers*).

Mal. What is all this, Martin has been telling me, about a silver spoon being stolen? Ah, Miss Annette! are you there. I have to return you my thanks for the accurate description you read me of the deserter—for 52—read 25—white uniform—facings scarlet—A good joke, wasn't it—but he shall not escape me.

Ger. How's this,—Annette? Have you deceived the Justice? (*Sternly, but in a low voice*),

Ann. It was to save a f—fellow-creature's life.

Ger. Remember this, Annette—there is no vice so dangerous, as that which resembles virtue —retire.

Ann. Cruel, cruel situation! (*Apart*).

Ger. That girl has hurt me, and raised ideas—but—no—It is impossible—Martin, bring pen, ink, and paper. (*Martin brings them*). The

circumstance of Mrs. Gerald's loss has become public, and public shall be the examination—you know the facts—

Mal. Ay, ay—you had better apply to my Clerk—give him the usual fee, and he'll soon settle the business.

Ger. Apply to your Clerk! Mr. Malcour, your Clerk! If I were a Justice, and received the salary, I should consider it my duty to do the work, and not injure my conscience or my country, by leaving matters of such importance to a deputy.

Mal. Well, well—shall I take the pen?

Ger. Yes, and that chair likewise—Friends, come forward—I will not leave a chance for calumny to hang a doubt upon.

(*Malcour takes his seat—the rest arrange themselves.*)

Ger. Now, wife, your deposition.

Mar. Mr. Malcour, now he is perch'd there, looks like a crow upon a woolsack—

Mal. Silence in the Court! I'll write the usual preamble, and then we'll begin.

Mar. He had better not begin with me. I'll stand none of his nonsense.

Mal. All your domestics must be question'd in rotation.

Mar. Oh, I am not afraid of being questioned.

Ann. Nor I certainly.

Mal. Now we proceed. Mrs. Gerald declares that a silver spoon, her property, has been stolen—

Dame G. I declared no such thing—I did not say it was stolen.

Mar. No, she didn't say it was stolen.

Mal. Silence! 'tis the regular mode of proceeding—Now, Mrs. Gerald, inform us, if you please, who has the care of your plate.

Dame G. Annette.

32 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Mal. So, so, my pretty lass, I didn't expect this—strong presumption against the said Annette (*writes*).

Ann. Against me!—Not against me!

Mal. Yes, against you.—The name of her family?

Ger. Granville—But remark, - Mrs. Gerald does not accuse Annette.

Dame G. No ; understand that,—I have no proof, nor do I say it was her.

Mal. No, no, you do not say it was her ; but as the said Annette is in your confidence, and had the care of said plate, your suspicions must naturally fall upon said Annette.

Mar. Must ! you may call that law, but I'll be hanged if it's justice.

Ann. Oh, Madam ! Oh, Mr. Gerald ! pray speak for me. I have never, never wronged you,—indeed, I have been faithful—indeed, indeed I am innocent—(*In pulling out her handkerchief to wipe her tears, the money which she received from the Jew, falls*).

Mal. What's that ?—Money !

Ann. Yes, it is mine—it is mine (*she picks it up*).

Ger. Yours, Annette!—I thought you had sent all you had to your father ?

Dame G. And so she did, to my certain knowledge, eight days ago.

Mar. Aptly remembered, good Mrs. Gerald—this is a new corroboration (*writing*).

Ger. Annette, I trust you can explain this.

Mar. Stay, don't spoil the paper with a pack of lies of your own—I know that this money is Miss Annette's, and I know too where she got it.

Ger. I rejoice to hear that—speak, Martin.

Mal. In the first place—

Mar. Hold your tongue—Godfather told me

to speak—not you—Old Benjamin the Jew gave it to her this very morning.

Dame G. I am very glad of it—that is sufficient.

Mal. Not quite.

Ger. Why, it's very clear.

Mal. Not quite—I beg to remark, that a poor pedlar is not in the habit of giving his money for nothing.

Ger. That is true—Tell me, Annette, what it was you sold, of three crowns value?

Mal. In the mean time, hand the money to me (*Clerk takes it from her, and gives it to Malcour*).—I will be accountable according to custom (*puts it in his pocket*).

Mar. According to custom! good bye to it then.

Ann. Oh, do not take it from me—its destination is sacred—'tis honestly and truly mine—have pity on my despair—I am innocent—indeed I am innocent (*running to Gerald, and falling on her knees*).

Ger. I believe you, Annette, sincerely; but—

Mal. Mr. Gerald, excuse me. This money is no doubt the produce of the article that has been stolen—'tis an affair that comes under the jurisdiction of the Grand Judge; and, unluckily for the culprit, he is this day expected; so tremble—

Ger. Hold, Sir! 'tis the duty of every man in your situation, to support and protect the accused, not terrify and brow-beat her into an appearance of criminality—Remember, Mr. Malcour, that Justice always appears most beautiful when she is most merciful. It seems to me necessary to send for the principal, I mean Benjamin the Jew—Martin, you bring him. ~

Mar. I will, I will. [Exit Martin.]

54 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Ann. Oh, yes ; pray send for him.

Mal. There can be no objection—for he'll make matters still worse. (*Aside*).

Ann. Oh, father, if I might speak ! (*Aside*).

Hen. (*without*). Who is it dares accuse her !

Ann. Ah, Henry ! (*Shuddering*).

Enter HENRY.

Hen. Father ! what mockery is this ?—accuse Annette of theft—of meanly pilfering !

Ann. Do not believe it, Henry—I entreat you not to believe it.

Hen. Never, my beloved—never will I do so great an injury to her, whose gentleness, and truth, have fixed for ever my confidence, my love !

Dame G. Henry !—

Hen. Yes, mother ; my honour, and my heart, alike are pledged, and I swear to shield,—protect her with my life.

Dame G. I'm astonish'd !—but this is no time to talk.

Ger. The best and only time, good wife. You will find advocates enough where fortune smiles ; but he is the most worthy, who fearlessly stands forth the friend of the oppressed and helpless.

Hen. And might not you, dear Sir, have been that friend ? Why did you expose my dear Annette to the malice of a man whose integrity at least is doubtful ?

Mal. Doubtful, doubtful !—read, Sir, read the proofs.

Hen. Proofs ! father ?—are there proofs ?

Ger. I hope not.

Mal. There, Sir, I think that paper will fully ascertain my character. (*Giving the Proceedings to Henry*).

Hen. I do not doubt it. (*Looking over the Paper*). Are these your proofs? Contemptible!—because a paltry piece of plate by accident is lost, you must conclude she stole it! But the Grand Judge (well versed in honour and humanity) will sentence heavily, a wretch who would thus sacrifice an innocent girl at the shrine of error and malignity. (*Throws back the Paper*).

Mal. Bless my soul! this has taken an ugly turn.

Mar. Come along, come along!—here he is—I've brought him. (*Martin drags in the Jew*).

Mal. The Jew!—all's well again.

Benj. Pray, Mr. Martin, have compassion, and don't tear ma cloathes—Ey, te Justice here! and Martin not to tell me—the next time he puys a razor of me, I'll shave him to the pone. (*Aside*—*Gerald and the rest resume their places*).

Mal. Now, Mr. Jew, answer to the questions I am about to put—at present I am Judge.

Benj. Inteed! I wish mit all my heart, Justice may never again find so pad a representative.

Hen. Speak the truth, and fear nothing.

Benj. I shall.

Mal. Tell me your name—How are you called?

Benj. Te peoples call me Benjamin—shall I tell vat they calls you?

Mal. No evasions—what is your profession?

Benj. I'm a marchant.

Mal. Ah! commonly call'd a pedlar.

Benj. Yes, by plaguards.

Mal. Do you ever lend money?

Benj. In the way of business.

Mal. Do you ever give money?

Benj. Yes—on cood security.

Mal. Ey! where do you find security for money that you give?

56 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Benj. In the acknowledgment of my own heart-- a clear conscience is better as a clear estate.

Ger. Do you know this young woman ?

Benj. Vat, Miss Annette ? I am proud to acknowledge that I do--she is a good girl--and a fair dealer.

Mal. A dealer ! oh--now we come to the point.

Ger. What was the article you purchased of her this morning for three crowns ?

Benj. It was a shilver spoon. (*All betray emotion*).

Ger. A silver spoon !

Mal. Good ! (*writing*).

Hen. Annette ! is this—

Ann. The truth, Henry—nothing but the truth—but produce that spoon, Benjamin—shew it—compare it—my life—my good name—all depends on that.

Benj. It's quite impossible, ma tear. I popped him into a crusible, and melted him down immediately.

Mar. Then I wish you had popped in after it, with all my soul.

Ger. Tell me, Annette—on your answer all must depend—how came that spoon in your possession ? Who gave it to you ?

Ann. I must not, dare not speak.

Hen. Distraction !

Ger. 'Tis too evident ! This mystery confirms it ; and painful, agonizing as I feel the confession, I am bound in duty, in justice, to admit—this looks like guilt.

Mal. I commit her.

Hen. Commit her, commit Annette to prison !

Dame G. She shall not stir—it was my property, and I forgive her.

Ger. Wife, your compassion comes too late ; 'tis no longer you, but public justice, that must be satisfied—miserable, infatuated girl ! one word may clear your fame, and still you hesitate.

Ann. Press me no further—I ought—I must be silent.

Mal. Lead on, then.

(*Malcour speaks with an Officer, who goes out*).

Hen. Stay yet a moment—quick, mother, bring one of the same set from which this in question has been lost.

(*Mrs. Gerald runs to the Buffet, and returns with a Spoon—Gerald, Martin, and Villagers draw near, and anxiously regard the responses of Benjamin*).

Hen. Now, on your oath, declare, was that you purchased of Annette this morning, plain or fluted ?

Benj. It was fluted. (*The group express sorrow*).

Hen. Had it a cypher ?

Benj. Let me think a moment—Yes, yes—Dere vas a cypher.

Hen. And you remember the letter ?

Benj. I do—G—G, vas the letter.

Ann. (*Apart*). Oh fatal coincidence !—Granville and Gerald !—the initials are the same !

Hen. One question more, and I have done. (*Snatches the Spoon from them, and presenting it to Benjamin*)—Here, take it, examine it—the make, the pattern, the—remember on your oath—

Benj. (*In great agitation, after looking at it, and fixing a look of pity on Annette, exclaims*) As I hope for mercy, to the best of my remembrance, they are alike ! (*Pause—Soldiers enter*).

58 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Ann. Henry!

Hen. Oh, Annette! I loved, I adored you! you have destroyed my happiness—you have destroyed yourself:—yet still I love you. (*He throws himself into his Father's arms*).

Ann. I am unfortunate, but on my soul not guilty. (*The Soldiers lay hold of her*). Oh, Henry, do not forsake me!—as Heaven is my witness, I am innocent—I am innocent!

(*Music—They lead her back as she speaks—*

Henry attempts to follow her; is withheld by Gerald—Mrs. Gerald hides her face with her handkerchief—the Jew appears overwhelmed with grief; and Martin broken hearted—The Curtain falls on the picture).

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

The Prison—ANNETTE discovered.

(*Music, as the Curtain rises.*)

Ann. O, my poor father!—What will become of him! When the story of his daughter's shame shall strike a deeper, deadlier wound upon his heart, he'll sink at once beneath afflictions, already too severe for nature to support.—Long ere this, he will have sought in the appointed spot—

he will have sought in vain, and think perhaps that my neglect, my inattention—No—no, he could never think unkindly of his child—he will know some accident has prevented my obedience, and wait until to-morrow! he must not again be disappointed—one way is left—this Cross!—but to whom can I apply, in whom can I confide—Mr. Gerald? Henry?—no—it would excite enquiries which I dare not answer—increase suspicions that may at last destroy me. (Martin *heard at the Portal with Bertrand*).

Ber. You can't see her—'tis impossible.

Mar. I know its impossible while you keep the door locked.

Ann. Ah! Martin—to him I may entrust it, (*Takes the Cross from her neck*)—his affection and simplicity will secure both success and secrecy.

Enter BERTRAND and MARTIN—BERTRAND points to ANNETTE, and exit.

Mar. There she stands, poor girl!—as patient as a lamb, and as innocent, I'll be sworn, as I am. I shall never be able to speak to her.

Ann. Martin, my good Martin! I was wishing much to see you—it may be the last time!

Mar. Oh, Miss Annette, don't talk in that way.

Ann. It is in your power to render me a most essential service.

Mar. In mine!

Ann. In yours alone.—You observed that they took from me this morning, the money, for which I had the greatest necessity—

Mar. Oh, yes—but that was quite regular—however, I am glad they took it.

Ann. Glad!

40 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Mar. Very—(*Putting his hand in his Pocket*) For as I helped to get you into trouble, it is but fair that I should do my best to get you out again—so I broke open my box—and if there is enough (*She puts it away*)—Oh pray, pray, take it, for I'm sure if it doesn't help to do you service, I shall never live to enjoy it—(*Ready to cry*).

Ann. No, Martin, I only wish you to advance a sum equal to that I have lost, and carry it where I desire you—At the end of the village, a little way on the road to Paris, there is an old willow—

Mar. I know it very well—Lord! that willow was growing there when I was a little boy—it was in climbing that tree—

Ann. Well, well—in the hollow of that tree, I would have you deposit this money—

Mar. Put money in a hollow tree!—why you don't mean to say—

Ann. You promised not to ask—This little Cross is their full value—take it.

Mar. Not I,—I'll not touch it—pray do not think me such a brute as to take it from you—now!—

Ann. Then I must not accept your services.

Mar. Ah, but I know what is to be done, and it shall be done—you can't get out to prevent me.

Ann. Alas, no!

Mar. Confound my tongue! (*Vexed at himself*). Oh, Annette, my heart is so full, and my head so empty, that I can feel for you—but I can't talk to you—(*Greatly affected*).

Ann. Good fellow! be comforted. One thing else, and then farewell!—This ring I have plaited with my own hair—give it to Henry—tell him that my last wish—my latest prayer—tell him to pity—not to despise me.

[REDACTED]

MAID? 41

I shall blubber
—good bye, but'

all!

Officers wait till I

in.

aside—here's the
remember your pro-

rock, and as Malcour
they go out of the Pri-

most of my time—if
my course—discover a
young woman, I am come
the Grand Judge has taken
audience, and in a few minutes
to trial.

—me to trial! I am innocent—
alleged.

me—call witness, but am willing to
to settle this, to clear your char-
acter myself your friend—and on our
trial —

wanting suddenly . . . Mr. Gold
informed him he had as interrupted pro-
secution would not be accepted by himself

42 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Ann. No, Sir!—Assistance never can be valuable, when proffer'd by a villain!

Mal. It's all over then!

Enter GERALD, with a Paper—He speaks to BERTRAND.

Ger. Malcour here! no matter—this paper admits me to your prisoner. This is an order which must be executed, strictly and rigorously —'tis from the Grand Judge (*Exit Bertrand*) Ah, my poor girl!

Ann. O Sir, do not abandon me—I am without a friend—almost without hope!

Ger. (Aside). I must be firm—Annette, forgive me, that I am forced to doubt—do not think me cruel—the strength of the accusations, and your unaccountable refusal to confute them, weigh heavy on my heart, and curbs each thought that rises to proclaim you innocent—open then your soul—tell me—by what fatality you have thus involved yourself?

Ann. A vow—that never shall be broken—chains my utterance—the secret is not mine—I can prove nothing, produce nothing in my defence:—one only witness might have cleared me, but now! even his evidence would not avail—he would be consider'd an accomplice, and lose himself, without releasing me.

Ger. That oath cannot be binding, which affects your life—the danger you are in, absolves it.

Ann. Never, never! (*Malcour advances*).

Mal. It is near the hour of trial, Mr. Gerald.

Ger. Check your impatience, Sir—when your own hour of trial comes, you will not be so

eager (*Malcour retreats amazed*) —Annette, I am come to lead you to your Judge—'tis I that must denounce you at 'the tribunal—and—unforeseen necessity, 'tis I must there stand forth your prosecutor!

Ann. You!

Ger. It will be your last examination—I dread to tell you with what rapidity the sentences of this Court are pronounced and executed—if you refuse to speak—it may be possible—that this day—

Ann. I may be condemn'd!

Ger. Yes!

Ann. Then—I must seek resignation in the joyful certainty, that when I am unconscious of the triumph, my innocence will appear beyond the shadow of a doubt. Your poor Annette may go dishonour'd to the grave, but tears of remorse and pity must fall to consecrate her memory.

Ger. What am I to think! reason, reflection, conviction—all are stagger'd by that air of truth—no, no, a guilty mind never yet possessed such calmness in such extremity.

Ann. Will you, dear Sir, without disguise, reply to one enquiry?—it would ease my almost broken heart.

Ger. Sincerely—I will.

Ann. Henry! your son!—if I should fall, what will be his thought?—

Ger. That your fate has been unmerited.

Ann. And you?—

Ger. I! I always consider every person innocent till they are proved guilty.

Ann. Then I shall not die without consolation!

Mal. Sorry to interrupt—but the Court is waiting, and—

Ger. You are too busy, Sir—I shall be responsible—

44 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Mal. Not conscious of any deficiency in my duty, Mr. Gerald—

Ger. Except where interest and your passions prompt you to betray it—had Annette been more complying, you would have been less severe—but I know you, Sir, and the world will know you for a wretch, composed of more vice than folly—with just head enough to contrive crime, but not heart enough to feel its consequences—a reptile, dangerous in every stage of its existence, whose very atmosphere is infection, and whose very touch is poison.

[*Exit Malcour.*]

—Come, child, be composed—an upright Judge will never suffer an examination dictated by revenge, to weigh the tythe part of a hair, against a fellow creature's life.

BERTRAND enters with two Soldiers, who place themselves on each side of the Portal.

Bert. (*In a subdued voice.*) The prisoner is summon'd.

Ann. I am ready—Come, conduct me.

Ger. Annette! my dear Annette! what imperious duty binds you to become your own destroyer, I cannot divine—but before we part, let me hope that the persuasion of your Judge will effect a disclosure that I have pleaded for in vain—remember, on this point your life depends—not only yours—Henry! the lover of your heart—my poor boy's—

Ann. Oh, Heavens, do not augment my sorrows—do not drive me to despair!

Ger. Disclose, confess the truth! I entreat! I conjure you!—one hour hence it may be useless!

Ann. Then has hope forsaken me! (*Apart.*)

That confession would cut at once the thread of a dear father's life! I must not think on't—no, never, never!

(*Music—Bertrand again advances—as Gerald and Annette go off, he appears to entreat her, she still refusing—the Soldiers file after them, Bertrand following).*

SCENE II.

The Village—on the left, a Church with Tower and Belfry—the Door of the Church a little open. On the right, the Court-House.—In front (also on the right) a Rustic Porch—the entrance to the Farm—a Sentinel at the back.

Enter EVRARD.

Ev. Disguise and terror both seem needless—I wander through the village unregarded, and the stragglers gaze upon me while I pass, as if they looked on vacancy. Grief is in every feature—in every movement a dejection that speaks some great calamity—yet wherefore should my mind forbode?—Illness, the want of secret opportunity, a thousand circumstances might prevent Annette from reaching the appointed spot.

Benj. (*Descending the Steps of the Court-house*). Oh, 'tis a cruel prejudice—they drive me from the door—abuse me—call me names.

Ev. A stranger—a wandering outcast like myself. I may accost him safely. (*Apart, and listening*).

Benj. Pless ma heart, pless ma heart! 'tis so heavy, I can hardly move mit it, and my poor old eyes vater so, I can hardly see my vay—but

somewhat, I always loved her: whenever I came to te village, it was te happiest day in te whole year; and I rejoiced more at losing fifty per cent. to her, that I did to gain a hundred from any pody else. Poor Annette! Poor Annette!

Ev. Annette! just Heaven! let me be patient—the name is common—and it may be possible—

Benj. I shall never drive another bargain mit advantage—my spirits are quite broke—I shall be a bankrupt mitout a farthing in the pound—ma trade will go to te devil, and I shall go to te dogs.

Ev. Friend!

Benj. Ey! I am not your friend—I am no pody's friend—the only friend I had, when I most wish'd to serve, I ruined—I'll never ruin another.

Ev. Of whom are you speaking?

Benj. A poor girl vat they have just taken to trial.

Ev. To trial!—on what pretence?—

Benj. They call her tief—say she has betrayed her trust, and stole her mistress' property—But its a lie!—its an abominable lie!—she never betray'd a human being—she never stole any ting, but the affections of those that knew her.

Ev. And her name is—

Benj. Annette—Annette Granville. (*Evrard starts back in agony, concealing his face with his Cloak*).

Ev. Dishonour'd! disgraced! (*Apart*).

Benj. Ah, I don't wonder you are sorry—every pody loves her as if she was their own child—but when her father hears it—'twill be a death-blow to his poor old heart.

Ev. Oh!—(*Evrard groans*).

Benj. Come, come, restrain your passions—

you are not her father, are you?—Wat right have you to make yourself so miserable?

(*Benjamin wipes his eyes, and retires on one side, to recover himself.*)

Ev. Support, sustain me! let me but await the sentence of my child with fortitude, and all shall be accomplished—I have been proud in honesty—content in an unblemish'd character—blessed in the affections of a lovely daughter—Bitter, bitter reflection!—I must resign them all—I must have no child to comfort my declining age—no country but the desert—no home, but in the grave!

[*Exit Evrard.*]

Benj. Ah, dere's Martin coming.

Enter MARTIN.

Mar. Three crowns in a hollow tree! there can be no security in such a bank—the firn's rotten—but it's done—O! you are there, are you (*To Benjamin*)—We have made a pretty business of it between us.

Benj. When pad luck is to be had, I am always in te market—it has caused me more trouble as all my monish.

Mar. So it has me—but I've just got rid of some, (*pulls out money*)—Now I'll count how much trouble I have left—(*sits on a bench by the porch*).

Benj. Wat's all dat?

Mar. Money—I thought the sight of it would brighten up your countenance—(*beginning to count*).

Benj. Shall I count it for you, ma tear?

Mar. No, I thank you—I am richer than I thought I was. This fine new half-crown piece was poor Annette's (*the Magpie appears at the Gate*).

48 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID ?

Benj. Annette's!—how much do you ask for him?

Mar. I'll never sell it—'twas her keepsake—and no living creature shall ever take it from me.

Pie. Martin ! Martin !

Mar. Ey ! that rascally bird again—get away, you brute, go ! (*throws Hat at Bird, who flies back to enclosure*)—even that Magpie bore false witness against her, poor girl—but I wish you wouldn't talk of her—I shall never be able to keep count if you do—one, two, three—I suppose you know that rogue of a Justice is found out at last.

Benj. Found out ! Vat ! is te tog discovered ? Come, come, tings look better—but can te news be depented upon ?

Mar. To be sure it can—he has embezzled the public money, and been committed to prison. He'll be transported, to a certainty.

Benj. So, shall I --mit delight, init joy ! Oh, I'm a good man again ! — I'll go and tell Annette all vat—Oh tear, I forgot, I forgot.

Mar. (*Comes forward*). I wish you had forgot —plague on't, you have put me out again.

(*During the foregoing, the Magpie perches on the Bench, and flies away with the Half-crown piece*).

Benj. Ey ! Look at te pird, look at te Magpie !

Mar. Stop thief, stop thief !—she has got my half-crown piece !

Benj. Vat a sensible pird—I wish I could get a nest of te young ones.

Mar. There she goes—confound her !

Benj. Vell, I've heard a great teal about money flying ! but I never saw it fly before—Ah ! ah !

Mar. A devilish good joke, isn't it! — but its as old as you are—See! see! she is gone into that hole in the belfry window—if I could but scramble up—Ah, the door is open! Come, come and help me—(*They go in*).

(*Music—The Officers of Justice, with Soldiers, and the Villagers, come from the Court-house—Annette in custody, as having been found guilty—as she passes the Church-porch she kneels, faints; and is led off by one of the Soldiers, the Crowd following*).

(*Evrard comes forward*).

Ev. All is over, all is concluded! they return with her to prison!

(*Henry descends the steps of the Court-house, followed by Gerald and his Wife—Martin at the same time is seen going up to the Belfry*).

Hen. O, 'tis a stain upon the name of Justice, that never can be cancelled—Leave me, father—dear mother, let me pass—I must, I will, see and speak to her.

Dame G. No, no ; come in ; come home with us.

Ger. Henry, I command you!—why inflict upon her heart another, and an unavailing pang?

Hen. Oh torture! there was no proof! all was surmise. The evidence was circumstantial, not positive, and yet they have condemned her!

Ev. Condemned! speak, tell me! what is her sentence?

Ger. Who demands it?

Dame G. Ah! I know him well, I remember his features—'tis Granville!

Her. How!—Her father!

Ev. Aye, her distracted—her heart-broken father!

50 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Ger. Miserable man ! at what a time !

Ev. Let me know the worst—I am prepared.
(*Gerald turns from him*) —Nay, do not agonise
me by suspense.

Hen. Hear it then from me. (*Evrard grasps
his hand*)—they have sentenced her—to death !

Ev. Death !

(*Martin looking from the Belfry*).)

Mar. Holloa ! stop, stop ! come back, come
back ! Annette is innocent ! Annette is inno-
cent ! (*He pulls the Bell violently*).

(*The Crowd return*)—Huzza ! huzza !

Mar. Annette is innocent !—I've found the
Fork ! I've found the Spoon !—Annette is inno-
cent !

Crowd. Huzza ! huzza !

Ev. Merciful Providence !

Hen. Innocent ! Who affirms it ?

Mar. I—I affirm it—here are the very things
we have lost—(*Benjamin comes from the Door of
the Church*)—She is innocent ! I can swear to
them, and I will swear to them !

Benj. So vill I—I'll take my oath of 'em when
I see 'em.

Ger. Throw them down—quick, Martin, quick !

Dame G. Into my apron. (*She holds her apron,
and Martin throws them*)—As I live, the very
same ! Here is the Fork lost a fortnight ago—and
here, the very Spoon that has caused us all this
misery.

Hen. Annette ! thou art mine again ! (*Rushes
through the Crowd*).

Ger. Oh joyful discovery !—they are indeed
the same !

Ev. (*Who has listened with anxiety*) What said
you—a spoon—a silver spoon ?

Ger. Aye!—

Ev. And Annette—

Ger. Disposed of one exactly similar this morning early—but for what purpose, no power could force her to disclose.

Ev. (*Clasping his hands*). It was to save her father! Oh, generous, exalted girl! to shield the life of the deserter Evrard, she would have sacrificed her own!

Ger. Evrard! Evrard!—speak, are you known by the name of Evrard?

Ev. I am.

Ger. Then be happy, for all is well—The villain Malcour is dismissed. I have been appointed Magistrate in his place, and rejoice to tell you, that among his papers, I found this—which annuls the Order for your apprehension.

Ev. Gerald!—do you mean—

Ger. Yes, Granville, you are pardon'd, your Captain generously confessed that he had provoked the insult which you offered;—with his own hand he drew up a Memorial, and presented it to the King—the King has signed it, and you are pardon'd.

Mar. Come out, you villain!—(*Bringing the Magpie from the Belfry-tower, and holding it from above the Porch.*)—Here, godmother, here's the thief! your darling devil of a Magpie!—Benny, my boy, set the bell ringing for joy, and bring all the neighbours to hear the news!

(*Benjamin pulls the Bell—Huzza's! repeated by the Crowd—Henry bears Annette in his arms to the Front, followed by the multitude, exclaiming, "Annette is innocent! Annette is innocent!"—Annette rushes into her Father's embrace*)—

52 THE MAGPIE, OR THE MAID?

Ev. Annette! my dear child!—

Ann. Oh, Father!—Father!—

Crowd. Huzza! huzza! She is innocent, she is innocent!

Ger. Now friends, follow us. Those who have sympathised in our afflictions, have the best right to partake of our felicity; and while we celebrate this happy triumph of innocence and virtue,—let us not forget the danger of trusting to appearances—but learn to accuse with caution, and condemn with justice.

Crowd. Huzza! huzza!—

(*The Characters form Tableau, and the Curtain falls.*)

THE END.

Robinson Crusoe;

OR,

THE BOLD BUCANIERS:

A ROMANTIC MELO-DRAMA.

PRODUCED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,

EASTER MONDAY, 1817.

BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

THE ACTION OF THE PIECE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MR. FARLEY.

THE MUSICK COMPOSED AND SELECTED BY MR. WARE.

LONDON:

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1817.

[Price Two Shillings.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Robinson Crusoe</i> ,	Mr. Farley.
<i>Friday (a young Carib attached to him)</i> ,	Mr. Grimaldi.
<i>Iglou, a Carib Chief (Friday's Father)</i> ,	Mr. Bologna.
<i>Pariboo (Chief of the Cannibal Tribe)</i> ,	Mr. Norman.
<i>Diego (Crusoe's Son, and Captain of the Vessel)</i> ,	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Bluff (the Mate of Diego's Ship)</i> ,	Mr. Emery.
<i>Windlass (the Boatswain, chief Mutineer)</i> ,	Mr. Tokely.
<i>Swivel (the Gunner, attached to Windlass)</i> ,	Mr. Comer.
<i>Block (Foremast-man, ditto)</i> ,	Mr. Howell.
<i>Gunnel (ditto)</i> ,	Mr. King.
<i>Stern (ditto)</i> ,	Mr. W. Chapman.
<i>Nipcheese (Ship's Steward)</i> ,	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Antikoo (an Indian)</i> ,	Mr. Ellar.
<i>Inis (Crusoe's Wife)</i> ,	Mrs. Parker.
<i>Indian Girls, Quadroons</i> ,	Misses Dennett.
<i>Cannibals of the Hostile Tribe, Caribs of the Friendly Tribe, Seamen, Mutineers, &c. &c.</i>		

SCENE.—The Island on which Crusoe was wrecked.

ROBINSON CRUSOE;
OR,
THE BOLD BUCANIERS.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Represents that part of the Island which Robinson Crusoe calls his Farm. A steep hill occupies a portion of the back of the Scene, in the side of which is the mouth of the Cave, defended in front by an enclosure of Stakes, which having taken root, forms an impenetrable Hedge. On the opposite side, a gentle declivity intersected with trees, at the roots of which, lies the trunk of a Cedar, partly formed into a Canoe, but almost concealed by plants peculiar to the soil. The horizon exhibits the open Sea, and part of the Shore. Near the front, a hollow Tree.

The Curtain rises to Music—and a Vessel is perceived crossing in the Distance. Friday appears on the Palisade, looks out for his Master, and putting over a ladder, descends, with a basket, from which he produces a bread-cake, a bunch of raisins, and a small bottle of rum, intended for Crusoe; he throws aside the bushes, and

*places the Provisions on the bow of the Canoe.
(A Dog barks).*

Fri. Ah!—da Massa Crusoe.

MUSIC.—(*The Dog runs on, bearing a Bird; Friday takes it, throws it over the Enclosure, and the Dog bounds up the Ladder.* Crusoe at the same instant enters, dressed and armed as described in his History.—*He bears the Umbrella, on the top of which is perched the Parrot.*—Friday welcomes Crusoe with extravagant joy).

Cru. Faithful, affectionate Friday!

Par. Friday! Friday!

Fri. Ha! ha! ha! (*the Parrot flies into the Enclosure.* Friday takes off the Umbrella and returns).

Cru. Now, Friday, take my gun.

MUSIC.—(*Friday alarmed—yet fears to disoblige his Master.*)

Cru. Courage, courage!—the thunder, as you call it, hurts only the wicked: why should you be terrified? Would you not use it to defend your Master? Remember, it was with this gun I saved your life, when the ferocious cannibals had doomed you to the stake, the victim of a horrid sacrifice.

MUSIC.—(*Friday intimates his gratitude, and taking the Gun resolutely, carries it with the other articles up the Ladder.*)

Cru. What a treasure did heaven bestow, when it made me its humble instrument in saving that poor Indian from destruction! For years no human form had blessed my sight, no voice, except the sad and fearful echo of my own, hadstruck upon my almost palsied ear. Now a fellow being, an intellectual associate, cheers

my solitude, and I am content ! happy ! happy, did I say !—no, no, my wife ! my child—whom now, if yet he lives, must have reached man's estate. Grant, oh grant he may never know his father's misery, Friday !

Fri. Massa!—(from the Palisade.)

Cru. We must to our daily task.

Music.—(*Crusoe puts aside the branches which conceal the Canoe, and prepares himself for labour.*)

Cru. For two years past, a portion of each day has been allotted to complete this almost hopeless labour ; but for the assistance of that faithful creature, I had abandoned the attempt. (*He perceives the bottle, &c.*) Ah, this is well, accustomed to my wants, he anticipates them all.

Music.—(*The Dog leaps the Palisade, with a Basket, from which Crusoe takes a Hatchet.*)

Even my poor dog does not neglect his duty : shall I alone despair ! No, visions of home and liberty revive and strengthen in my heart.

Music.—(*The Dog obeys the signal of Crusoe, and disappears as he begins to work—Friday appears on the Hill, and starts at observing some unexpected object.*)

Fri. Massa ! Massa !

Cru. What now ?

Fri. Canoes ! canoes !

Cru. Canoes !

Fri. One, two, tree,—(runs down.)

Cru. Ah ! perhaps a vessel—relief !—No, no ; he counted several—still it may be—

Music.—(*Friday has arrived close to his Master in great terror.*)

Cru. Why do you tremble ?

MUSIC.—(Friday describes the arrival of Indians, by imitating their March; then their purpose, by crossing his hands, as if bound at the wrists like a Prisoner; lastly, their intention, by the action of dispatching the victim and devouring him).

Cru. Cannibals! a prisoner! a sacrifice? (Friday assents to each exclamation). Horrible! may not your terrors have deceived you?

MUSIC.—(Friday instantly draws Crusoe aside, and points to the Shore, where three Canoes are seen to pass).

—Ha! 't is even so—they land!—quick, remove every object that may betray us; and above all, secure the dog.

MUSIC, Piano.—(During which, Crusoe exclaims, “ Fear nothing—conceal yourself in the Canoe, and stir not—speak not, on your life.”)—Friday jumps through the bushes, and looks out, first at his Master, then towards the approaching Indians.—Crusoe prepares his gun, &c. and as he ascends the ladder, which he draws after him, exclaims “ they come! from the heights I shall command them.”

MUSIC, Forte.—(Pariboo, the Cannibal Chief, enters—examines the spot, and beckons forward his troop, who having made a circuit of the Stage, place their prisoner Iglou against a stake; and at this instant, Friday exclaims in great agitation, “ Father!” The Savages pause in alarm; Pariboo brandishes his Club, and the rest immediately regain confidence. Iglou runs forward, and implores his life—he is again seized, and as Pariboo advances to dispatch him, Friday throws forward the Flask of Rum. The groupe look round with surprize, till the

Chief, impatient at the interruption, rushes with savage impetuosity to the sacrifice. Crusoe at this instant fires—the Indians rush off yelling with apprehension. Pariboo, more resolute, appears to mark the spot from whence the fire proceeded. Crusoe again fires, and the Chief bounds off. Friday springs from his concealment, and raises his Father, who trembles with his face to the earth in the utmost terror. Crusoe arrives in front).

Fri. Oh Massa, Massa, thunder kill him !

Cru. Not so—I fired beyond them, no one is hurt.

Music. *Lively.—(Friday, rejoiced, runs for the Bottle, supports Iglou, and puts it to his mouth).*

Cru. What means this unusual agitation ? he must have seen this man before. Friday, do you remember him ?

Fri. Oh Massa! him Iglou, Friday father !

Cru. His father ! Providence I thank thee ! even in this solitude I do not live in vain—I have restored a parent to his offspring ! He'll soon recover ;—lead him to the cave, whilst I observe these monsters in their flight, and see that none remain.

Music. *—(Iglou recovers—starts at the appearance of Crusoe—Friday explains to him the obligation they are under to his Master. Iglou falls at the feet of Crusoe, Friday on the opposite side, embracing his knees).*

Cru. Happy, happy moment !

Tableau—Scene closes.

SCENE II.

The entrance of a Wood near the Shore.

Enter SWIVEL and NIPCHEESE.

Swiv. Come, master steward, let out a reef and freshen your way ; you lag astern as if you were afraid of being boarded.

Nip. So I am afraid, and no wonder, considering the cursed scrape I have got into. Plague on the mutiny, I say, instead of saving an honest penny, I may be hanged like a dog, and lose all. Did you say the boatswain had turned the mate ashore ?

Swiv. I did ; he would not join us, so we set him adrift without rudder or compass. He straggled off to seek a birth here in the woods ; but what argues that, you are not afraid of a man without arms, are you ?

Nip. No ! but he has two devilish long arms, to my certain knowledge, and a couple of thumping fists at the end of them too. I shouldn't like him to settle accounts with me just now.

Swiv. Well, don't stand palavering here—'twas this way we heard the gun.

Nip. Was it ? Then I think we had better go the other (*moving off*).

Swiv. What, sheer off !

Nip. Oh, I'm not ashamed to confess my failings ; I always have more satisfaction in escaping danger than meeting it.

Swiv. Ay, ay, Master Nipcheese, we know you'd rather grub in the bread-room than go aloft.

Nip. I am glad of it : the worse you know of me, the less chance you'll have of being disap-

pointed. Courage is all very proper in a gunner, but what have I to do with it, that am only ship-steward and super-cargo ?

Swiv. Why, you chicken-hearted ungrateful cur, won't you save all your slops and bread bags by it?

Nip. That's very true; I shouldn't like to lose my little property.

Swiv. Then brace up your heart, and be a man.

Nip. Well, I will, I will; give me your hand; Zooks, I've got some mettle in me, though I don't brag of it. (*The Savages yell without*). What the devil's that!

Swiv. Eh! we shall have a squall presently. (*The Savages shout*).

Nip. A squall with a vengeance! Zounds! they are savages!

Swiv. And bearing down upon us!

Nip. Lord save us, and bless us!

(Runs into the Wood—the Savages fly across the Stage in confusion; Pariboo the last, who turns to see if he is pursued).

(Nipcheese comes forth to see if there are any others, and suddenly facing Pariboo, is petrified with alarm.—Swivel appears—makes a blow at the Chief, who avoids it with agility, and rushes out.—Nipcheese applies a case-bottle to his lips).

Swiv. They are all off.

Nip. Most happy to hear it!

Swiv. There was a jolly crew of them.

Nip. Yes, very jolly! I shouldn't like to have improved my acquaintance though with their long legged first lieutenant.—Never saw such a ferocious looking dog in my daya.

Swiv. They are Caribs, I take it, that cross over from the main, to sacrifice, and so forth.

Nip. To do what?

Swiv. Belike you are not up to their rigs.

Nip. No—can't say I am.

Swiv. Why, when they take any of their enemies in battle, d'ye see, they just pitch upon a little quiet spot, like this, and have a feast.

Nip. A feast! Cannibals! Are you quite sure they won't come back, and give us an invitation?

Swiv. Not they; they are more frightened than you are.—See, they are making along shore like a fleet of colliers.

MUSIC.—(Robinson Crusoe enters, as if tracing the retreat of the Indians, and starts at observing Strangers).

Nip. They embark! they get aboard their canoes! Wind and tide be with 'em! Phew! bless us all, what an awkward thing it would have been, to have made one at their mess! (Drinks).

(*Swivel takes the Bottle*).

Cru. Europeans! Englishmen! Let me be cautious!

(He enters the Wood and watches).

Nip. But where's the boatswain — where's Windlass all this time with our prisoners?

Cru. Prisoners! What can they mean? (Apart).

Swiv. He'll soon heave in sight; perhaps the woman has been troublesome.

Nip. I never knew a woman that wasn't, my wife in particular; but is she to be left ashore too?

Swiv. To be sure; we must have no tell-tales when we run the vessel into a strange port.

Cru. They are mutineers, pirates !

Swiv. Besides, what should we get by parting Diego from his mother ?

Cru. Diego ! his mother ! Merciful powers ! Can it be possible ?

Swiv. 'Twas the only way of getting rid of our difficulties.

Nip. Humph ! and a pretty sure one of putting an end to theirs. However, she'll care less for the loss of her property, than her disappointment in finding this man — this what-d'ye-call him, that was lost so many years ago.

Swiv. Robinson—

Nip. Aye, the same — Robinson Crusoe. Egad, there's not one wife in a thousand, that would run half the world over, as she has done, in search of an old husband. (*Scuffle without*).

Swiv. They make resistance — See — (*Whistle Heard*). Bear a hand — that's the boatswain's whistle. [Exit Swivel.]

Nip. I know it — I wish 'twas his last whistle with all my soul ! That fellow frightens me more than Mrs. Nipcheese. Oh, that I was safe under her command again ! Any torment would be better than such a life of jeopardy.

Wind. (*without*). Does the rascal skulk ! Jump upon deck here. (*Another whistle*).

Nip. I'm coming ! Bull-dog ! Oh !

[Exit Nipcheese.]

[*Music.*]

Cru. Does my sight mock me ! These tears perhaps — No ! 'tis real — my faithful heart at once acknowledges a kindred soul ! It is — it is my wife ! What's to be done ? To attack them singly would be madness ! I'll regain my habitation by the short path through the wood — watch in secret

the departure of these ruffians, then spring into her arms, and seek no home beyond them.

[*Exit to the Wood.*

MUSIC.—(*Diego's voice instantly heard without*).

Diego. Traitor, unhand me!

Wind. (*without*). No words—bear them along!

(*Ines and Diego in chains, are forced on with violence by a party of the Mutineers, Swivel and Nipcheese following—Windlass, the Boatswain, acting as Commander*).

Diego. Infamous, abandoned wretches! Will not one victim serve? Lost as you are to every sense of honour and of duty, do not add cruelty to insult, do not forget that you are men!

Wind. 'Tis too late to parley, Captain: we have taken our course and must stick to it,—if its a bad one, that's our look out. You shan't be left destitute, but we are too far on our way now, to ware ship.

Diego. 'Tis not for myself I ask.—I know too well your guilty project makes compassion for the man you thus have injured, hopeless.—Behold that female, defenceless and forlorn! If you are not dead to every feeling of humanity—if the prayers of the unfortunate can reach your hearts, ere it be too late, shew mercy to a woman, and spare, oh, spare and save my mother!

MUSIC.—(*Ines expresses her determination not to be separated from her Son, by appropriate action*).

Wind. No more piping, we've had enough for one spell. Where's the steward?

Nip. Here!

Wind. Lead them up the hill, and take off their irons.

Nip. Me!

Wind. Yes, its all you are fit for, that I see.
We'll bring along the stores. Swivel, you bear
him company, and mind the milk-sop doesn't
let 'em slip.

Nip. What! do you doubt my firmness in the
cause?

Wind. No growling—out with your cheese-
toaster, if you are not afraid of the sight on't.

Nip. Afraid!—there (*drawing his Cutlass*),
stony-hearted rascal! how I should like to run
him thro' the paunch! (*Aside*).

Wind. Now then, off with you, while I col-
lect the stragglers.

Nip. I must put a good face on it. Come, we
can't wait here all day—(*with assumed conse-
quence*).

Diego. Must I submit without a struggle?
Wretch! these chains that bind my hands, have
not subdued my spirit.

(*Nipcheese alarmed*).

Nip. Come, come, Captain, no swaggering—
it won't do with me.

(*Ines entreats Diego to be patient*).

Diego. Let me not fall without a blow—I have
strength to make these fetters instruments of
vengeance, and thus—

[*Music.*]

(*He swings up the Chains to make a blow at Nip-
cheese, who starts back—Windlass and the
rest spring forward, and arrest the arm of
Diego*).

Ines. (*Likewise interposing*). Not so, not so,—
'till heaven itself deserts us, why should we de-
spair!

Diego. Well, I submit; but think not, guilty
and obdurate men, such crimes will pass unpunish-

ed. The prayers of the unfortunate will be heard even in a desert.

Wind. Away with them.

[*Music.*]

[*Exeunt* Diego, Ines, Swivel, and Nipcheese.—Now, my lads, as I am Captain, it behoves me to make a bit of an oration, just that we may understand each other.—I'm told there are some aboard, that would rather stick to their old commander, than sail under Jack Windlass and a free flag ; but the first that mutinies shall be run up to the yard-arm without mercy, by way of example like to the rest.—You that are jolly boys, shall share alike in all we have, and all we may have ! We'll sink the Banian days—sleep eight hours instead of four, work little, eat a great deal, and drink a double allowance of grog every Saturday night.

Mut. Hurra !

Wind. What, you like that, do you ? I thought I should make you shew your grinders at last—heave along the lumber ! With the next tide we'll sail, turn our freight to cash, and then hurra for plunder, and the bold Bucaniers !

(*At the close of the following Glee, the Mutineers assist each other with the Stores intended for the Captives, and bear them off.*)

GLEE AND CHORUS.

When the anchor's a-peak,
And the ship under weigh,
The wide ocean we'll seek,
Like a shark for its prey.
We'll take what we can, boys,
Wherever we steer ;
Friend or foe, 'tis all one
To a bold Bucanier.

Let the signal be heard
 That a sail is in sight ;
 Sword and hand we must board,
 If they dare us to fight.
 No danger shall daunt us,
 No odds make us fear,
 We must conquer or die
 Like a bold Bucanier.

MUSIC continues.—(As they depart, Pariboo appears expressing rage at the cowardice of his Tribe, who have paddled off in their Canoes, and left him alone on the Island—He suddenly marks the retreat of the Mutineers, and follows them, with a determination to regain posession of his lost victim, Igloou).

SCENE III.

Represents that part of the Island which Robinson Crusoe calls his Farm. A steep hill occupies a portion of the back of the Scene, in the side of which is the mouth of the Cave, defended in front by an enclosure of Stakes, which having taken root, forms an impenetrable Hedge. On the opposite side, a gentle declivity intersected with trees, at the roots of which, lies the trunk of a Cedar, partly formed into a Canoe, but almost concealed by plants peculiar to the soil. The horizon exhibits the open Sea, and part of the Shore. Near the front, a hollow Tree.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, IGLOU, and FRIDAY discovered.

Cru. Yes, grateful Indian, gladly I accept your offer ; but let me understand it thoroughly; the slightest misconception might be fatal. You tell me (addressing Friday) that in a few hours

your father may return with some people of whom he is the Chief,

(Friday assents—Iglou expresses impatience at not understanding them).

—The small canoe in which I survey'd the island, though insufficient for my escape, will serve his purpose in crossing to the main.

(Friday again assents—Iglou more impatient).

—Good, should the wind hold, he and his friends promise to regain this shore by day-break.

[*Music.*]

(Friday describes to Iglou the Dawn—padding of a Canoe, and the march of their Tribe—to which Iglou assents with vehemence, enforcing his anxious wishes to serve Crusoe, by appropriate action).

(Friday starts at seeing a strange object; and Iglou at the same time grasps his Tomahawk.—Crusoe directs his attention towards the point to which Friday signs, who at the same instant exclaims “Massa, se da.”)

Cru. Silence! 'tis one of those strangers whom I told you of—unless he should perceive us, let him pass—they may not all be guilty!

MUSIC.—(*The group retire—Bluff is heard singing without, and enters; a Cudgel under his arm, and a Tobacco-box in his hand.*)

Bluff. “ Billy Tailor was a brisk feller, full of mirth
and full of glee,
And his true love he did diskiver to a lady
fair and free.”

—Ah, it won't do—I may sing for my allowance long enough now, before the boatswain pipes to dinner. My heart is sunk five fathom—many a

losing voyage have I made in my time, and weathered many a rough gale; but its damn'd hard to be taken aback at last by a set of swabs—its all along with Jack Windlass the boatswain,—I was the man that taught him to hand, reef, and steer,—and now the dog leaves me like a wreck on a lee-shore, at the mercy of wind and weather,—Well, (*taking a quid*)—it's all one—“a light heart and a thin pair of bree—” ey! (*Seeing Crusoe*).

Cru. I'll venture. (*Advances*).

(*Friday and Iglou appear*).

Bluff. Who the devil!—What cheer, ho!—Where are you bound,—from whence came you?

Cru. Do not shun me, we are fellow sufferers, and should assist each other.

Bluff. Indeed! well, I have seen strange sights afore now, but smite my timbers—such a cruiser as you!

Cru. I am a seaman like yourself, cast on an unknown coast.

Bluff. Like enough—your rigging has seen some service—but, mayhap you take me for a Bucanier — no such thing, my name's Harry Bluff, as true a heart as ever broke biscuit. I'm a true friend to the Service, and an enemy to all mutineers ;—so, if you are in the picarooning line, you'd best put about, d'ye see, and let me shoot a-head clear of you.

Cru. I was not mistaken—we must be friends—

Bluff. Ay, ay! there's two words go to that bargain tho'—sheer off, or I'll be foul o'your top-lights.

Music.—(*The Indians, at the appearance of contention, start forward*).

Cru. Hold ! touch him not !

Bluff. Whew ! am I to be run down by a fleet o' small craft ? Hark'ee brother, three to one are long odds, but if you, or any of your squadron, offer to board me without provocation, damn me if I don't scuttle some of your nobs before I strike.

Cru. Do not mistake ! tho' you have not seen, you surely must have heard of Crusoe.

Bluff. What, Robin !

Cru. The same.

Bluff. Why, you don't mean to say—you, ey !

Cru. Yes, Robinson Crusoe, the father of Diego, the husband of Ines, those unfortunate beings whom an abandoned set of miscreants now drag in chains.

Bluff. I know ! say no more. Ods-heart ! I havn't been better pleased—here lend us a cutlass ; if your shipmates are jolly boys, we'll be too strong for 'em yet.

Cru. That must depend on circumstances : we must run no risks ; if they are necessary, I have arms and ammunition in abundance.

Bluff. Why, have you tho' ? Well, an' how are you ?

Cru. Friday ! (*He gives directions to fetch Arms*).

Bluff. Ecod, I shall sing to some tune yet ! “ A light heart and a thin pair of—.” Here, take a bit o' baccy (*Crusoe declines the offer*). Oh, well, as you like.

Cru. Be careful, they are all charged ! (*Iglou and Friday are taking Arms over the Palisade*).

Bluff. Henceforth we'll cruise in the same latitudes. Hang me if I don't stick by you as long as I can carry a rag of canvass.

Cru. Quick ! these ruffians turned towards the hill, and will soon appear.

(*Friday and Iglou run forward with Arms.*)

Bluff. Never you mind, I'll soon clear for action. We'll play 'em a salt-water trick yet, mayhap.—I say, Robin, this loblolly boy of yours seems a hearty sort o' chap ! give us your fist, blacky—there's the hand of a seaman for you, you dog !

(*Shakes hands with Friday, who is greatly pleased with his new alliance, till Bluff's hearty gripe changes his countenance,—his grimace fully evinces the Seaman's strength—Iglou angry.*)

Cru. Now listen to my purpose.

Bluff. Heave away !

Cru. My first object is to ensure the safety of Ines and her son—if they attempt to injure them, we fire !

Bluff. Ay, a broadside !

Cru. If they leave their captives unmolested, we must create no alarm, but let them depart.

Bluff. What ! with ship and cargo ! and leave us to drive under bare poles, without a mess o' provision aboard ?

Cru. Their numbers must eventually overpower us.

Bluff. Well, well, you are commanding officer; but if I come athwart Master Windlass in a snug corner, he'd better be in Greenland, that's all !

[*Music, piano.*]

Cru. They come !

Bluff. All hands to quarters then !

(*They conceal themselves.*)

INES and DIEGO enter, in deep dejection, attended by SWIVEL and NIPCHEESE.

Nip. Ah, this appears to me a very pleasant retired sort of a spot, where a man may reflect on the vicissitudes of human life without much fear of interruption. What do you think, Master Gunner, ey?

Swiv. Ay, ay, this will do ; they'll have nobody to overhaul 'em here.

Nip. (Aside). Except the savages. Well then, take off their bracelets. I could find in my heart now to do the poor creatures a kindness. I certainly possess a great deal of compassion, but somehow I require so much pity for myself, that I never have any to spare for other people.

Swiv. (who has been employed in taking off their Chains). Now then, let's join our mess-mates.

Nip. Pho ! you know they'll join us presently.

Diego. A last effort! (*to his Mother, who by action expresses the uselessness of the attempt*).—One moment.

Nip. Ey !

Diego. Hear me ; on the score of humanity I perceive you are inexorable ;—not so to your interest, or your personal safety. Think what must be your fate, should justice overtake you.

Nip. Excuse me, I'd rather not.

Diego. There are some in the ship who contemplate this crime with detestation and abhorrence ; aid them to quell the mutiny, succeed in accomplishing our rescue, I not only guarantee your pardon, but promise, on my oath, to recompense your fidelity, with a sum far greater than you can ever hope to gain by persevering in an act of guilt.

Nip. Indeed! will you! well, I—

Swiv. What!

Nip. Oh no—it—it's impossible!

Swiv. Would you bribe us?

Nip. Ay, would you bribe us?—I'll get the gunner out of the way, and then sneak back—pardon and reward!—Must have an eye to business. (*Aside*).

Diego. Speak!

(*While Diego directs his attention to Swivel, Nip-cheese steals off, and conceals himself in the hollow tree*).

Swiv. Not I; a man can't serve below and aloft at the same time, Captain. I wish you no ill, for my part, but we have hoisted the red flag, and I must stick to it, sink or swim. [*Exit*.

Diego. 'Tis done, and not a hope remains! Oh, mother! we are lost for ever! (*Sinking into the arms of Ines*).

(*Crusoe advances, restrained by Bluff*).

Cru. I can resist no longer.

Bluff. Mind what you're at tho'—drop gently along-side, or you'll frighten her out of her seven senses.—You may ha' been a good-looking chap once, but I'll be shot if you're so now.

Cru. Ines!

(*Ines clasps her hands in mingled surprize and alarm—Diego starts from his abstraction at the exclamation*).

Diego. Ah! what prodigy is this? (*pause*).

Cru. Has the unrelenting hand of time so transformed me, that I live not in the memory of her who knew and loved me best?—In absence still have I blessed thee, Ines!

Ines. Crusoe!

Cru. She knows me !

MUSIC.—(*Ines rushes forward to his embrace*).

Diego. Merciful heaven ! 'tis he ! it is my father. Oh father ! to meet you thus—

Nip. What's that ?—an Ourang Outang !

Cru. I know—I have heard it all—our present security must be effected—hereafter our escape.

Bluff. Captain !

Diego. Bluff !

Bluff. Ay, Captain, here am I, all my timbers repaired, new rigged, and ready for another cruise, as you see. Come, Mistress, don't be down-hearted ; swab the spray from your bows, and coil up your spirits, Our enemies have more hands, 'tis true, and superior weight o' metal ; what then, fortune is not always with the strongest, you know.

Diego. Worthy fellow ! as bold a seaman, and as true as ever set face to weather. (*To Crusoe*).

Bluff. Belay, belay, Captain ! I'm no such wonder ; bless you, there's many as good a man as I, and amongst these raggamuffins too, if they dared but shew themselves.

Cru. Indeed I are you assured of that ?

Bluff. I know it. Windlass and the gunner carry it with a high hand to be sure—but as to that thief, Nipcheese, he'd sooner steal eggs out of the hen-coops, than run his thick skull against a brace o' bullets at any time. But only let me get sight of him ! I'll make his head sing and simmer like a pot of chowder.

Nip. Curse my curiosity ! (*From the Tree*).

Bluff. Ey !

Diego. What now ?

Bluff. I thought I heard somebody speak, didn't you ?

Diego. Where ? Which way ?

Bluff. Here, close at hand !

Cru. We must be sudden then. Diego, take this—(*Giving a Cutlass*). Come, prepare ! Friday !

(*Friday and Iglou, who have hitherto remained without, run forward—Ines starts*).

Bluff. Nay, don't be scared ! that's Robin's loblolly-boy, and t'other's his powder-monkey, I take it—both rated on his books as able-bodied men.

Cru. Now, mark me ; unless we can secure their party without alarm, it must not be attempted. An unsuccessful effort would destroy us—if you hear my signal, spring upon them at the instant, but even then reserve your fire 'till I give the word.

Diego. Enough ! we'll obey precisely.

Cru. Friday, may I trust you ?

Fri. (*Nodding assent*). Me no afraid now, massa.

Cru. You comprehend. (*Friday assents*). Let all dispose themselves to advantage.

Bluff. I think that hollow tree would be no bad place. (*Nipcheese terrified*).

Cru. 'Tis too confined ; Friday shall ascend it, and give us notice of their movements—Ines what would you do ? (*Seeing her armed with an Axe*).

Ines. I hope nothing ; yet if a woman's feeble aid is needful, doubt not my resolution.

Nip. Why, they're quite an army, I declare.

MUSIC.—(*Nipcheese peeping out, sees the Black, and pops down in dismay.—Friday mounts the tree.—As he looks off, the whistle is heard—All the Parties are still in view.—Iglou has crossed the Stage with all the circumspection of a Savage, to the foot of the tree, and is anxiously waiting the report of Friday*).

Bluff. The whistle ! d'ye hear ?

Cru. Hush !

(*Friday, the instant the whistle is heard, claps his hands, makes a sign to his Master, and rapidly descends.*)

[*Music*].

Cru. Close ! close ! (*They all disappear*).

Wind. (*without*). Swivel ! Nipcheese ! Hillioh ! (*Whistle*).

Block. (*without*). Hillioh, master steward ! gunner ! plague on you, where are you ?

Enter WINDLASS, followed by the rest.

Wind. Where the devil have they stowed themselves ? set down the grub !

(*The Seamen place the Chest and the Bags at the foot of the tree*).

Block. Look ! (*Seeing the Fetters*). They've been safe moored, however ; but they've left their silk stockings behind them.

Wind. Slipped their cables ! I don't like this— who's with the boat ?

Block. Gunwale, and the coxswain.

Wind. All's well then ; Swivel's a true man—he must have lost his reckoning in this outlandish navigation ; but, if that land-shark, Nipcheese, has played false, he shall smart for it—Hillioh !

Block. It's no use to hail them here, we should have brought speaking trumpets ; our voices are lost among these woods.

Wind. We must make ourselves heard, or leave 'em to make the best on't ; Nipcheese would be no loss, but we can't spare Swivel—the tide ebbs fast too, and it looks squally.—I have it,— fire a volley—'twill be answered from the ship—and if that signal doesn't bring 'em too, nothing will.

Block. Right !

Wind. All ready ? present !

(Without placing themselves immediately in rank, they are so disposed as not to injure each other, by pointing to different directions ; consequently to the imminent peril of the concealed party).

Steady ! don't level so low, 'twill deaden the report.—In the air, lads ! fire !

Cru. Upon 'em !—

(*Music*).

(The instant the discharge takes place, the concealed party rush forward. Windlass encounters Crusoe, and the rest are variously engaged—Nipcheese escapes in the confusion—Ines rescues her Husband, who has been disarmed, while Bluff, having disabled his antagonist, rushes forward, and with his Cudgel fells the Seaman, who instantly encounters Crusoe when he recovers his Sword—Friday at the same moment overpowering Windlass.—Diego and Igloou likewise subdue their antagonists, and the Curtain falls on the Tableau.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Stage represents the Interior of Crusoe's Cave.

Opposite the Spectator is the Entrance. To the right, near the front, is a Door which leads to a Subterraneous Passage, made of a flat stone, and adapted to the Cavity, so as to escape notice until it is opened. There are various shelves, upon which are goods and utensils taken from the Wreck; likewise other articles which the industry of Crusoe has fabricated for his use and convenience. An open Chest stands to the right. Two Chairs, covered with skins, and a rude Table covered with the same—the whole practicable—a Lamp hangs at the side—Diego eagerly examining the different objects—Crusoe and Ines in conversation.

Cru. Yes, Ines, such were the reverses which befel a man, once possessed of every luxury, every comfort that domestic happiness could give—'tis past, forgotten!—this joyful meeting has repaid me all. I was the only being that escaped with life; and the desire to preserve it, aiding the resources of my mind, with time and patience, I constructed this dwelling.

Diego. But, your arms, your stores?

Cru. They were taken from the wreck of the vessel, which for three months held together. During that period, I recovered those articles,

valuable beyond all calculation!—beneath that table is a cell, where I concealed my powder, and matters of equal importance.

Diego. Where do you repose?

Cru. There! (*Throws open the secret Door*).

Diego. In that dungeon, so dark and damp?

Cru. It possessed a quality to me more serviceable than light or warmth—safety! it has two separate outlets—one in the wood close without the cave, the other among the rocks upon the beach. I trembled lest the Caribs should in time discover my abode, and resolved, in case of a surprize, to make retreat certain. Accident completed what the united efforts of Friday and myself scarcely could accomplish. We discovered an excavation leading to the spot where I was first washed on shore. But, come, we must prepare for our departure. While we have time, let us secure those things that now may be of service.

MUSIC.—(*Goes into the Dormitory—Ines following, stops at the entrance—Retreats in alarm, and falls on the neck of Diego*).

Diego. So fearless in danger,—yet so apprehensive in safety.—Dismiss these idle terrors, they will unnerve my father. The villains are confined in the outer cave, and guarded by the faithful Friday.

Cru. Now then, we have nothing to detain us. (*Returning from the Cell, and giving a Casket to Diego*).

Diego. A casket! (*Ines recognizizes it*).

Cru. You well remember it, Ines—it is the same I took from San Salvador when last we parted.

(*Diego places the Casket on the Table*).

Diego. What have you there?

Cru. The journal of my exile ! a treasure far more useful to my fellow creatures than that splendid dross,—it tells them never to despair,—it teaches them to place their trust in that Power, who can befriend the wretched outcast, when the whole world abandons him. (*Ines places the Book in the Chest*).

Diego. By this pass we shall avoid all chance of observation from the stragglers.—Bluff has doubtless secured the boat, and must be waiting for us with impatience. But Friday—your faithful Friday!

Cru. He shall not be forgotten. (*Surveying the Cave*). Farewell, scenes of my sorrows and my sufferings, a long, a last farewell ! (*Pressing away a tear*).

Bluff. (without). Hillioh !

Diego. Hark ! some one calls !

Bluff. (without). Hillioh, Captain !

Cru. 'Tis the seaman.

Diego. Bluff ! what can have happened ! Holla ! here ! (*Runs to the back*).

MUSIC.—(*Ines shews alarm*).

Cru. Be patient, all may be well. (*Bluff advances*).

Bluff. Well, this is the queerest navigation I ever sailed.—I were obliged to throw out signal for a pilot, Captain, or I should never have found my way into such a blind port as this.

Diego. Your news ?

Bluff. Bad enough—might ha' been worse.—I've fallen in with the enemy's cruisers, and was obliged to scud.

(*Ines expresses anxiety*).

Cru. But the boat !

Diego. Is it in our possession ?

Bluff. No, it was sunk in action.

Diego. Sunk ! destroyed ! (*Ines clasps her hands in despair*).

Bluff. Nay, don't strike your colours yet, it isn't so bad as all that comes to. (*To Ines*).

Diego. Explain !

Cru. Speak !

Bluff. It's soon said : according to orders, I made the best of my way along shore, and got a-board the boat snug enough, when, who should heave in sight but Gunwale and the coxswain.— Come, thinks I, I can manage a couple of you, and prepared my small arms accordingly.

Diego. Quick ! the event !

Bluff. All on a sudden, in the wake o' them I saw two more ; what's to be done now, says I ! (A man is but a man, you know), down I lay— howsoever, they soon spied me, and began cracking away—being pretty dark, I didn't value their shot a pinch of oakum, but knowing it was all up with us if they got possession of the boat, with one blow I stove a plank in her bottom—she filled —I jumped ashore—dash'd through their squadron, kept up a running fight, and here I am.

Cru. 'Twas well done !

Diego. May they not recover the boat ?

Bluff. No—but we can, and repair it too— there's comfort for you—at low-water she'll be high and dry again.

Cru. Did they pursue you far ?

Bluff. Yes, close under the land here.

Cru. So near ! (*Ines alarmed*).

Diego. Who were the two last ?

Bluff. The gunner, Swivel, and that old bum-boat-woman, Nipcheese ; he was upset in the

scuffle directly, and there I left him sprawling like a frog in a fit.

Cru. Let the worst happen then, we can match them.

Bluff. Match 'em ! Why, bless you, Nipcheese has no more heart in him than a rotten ratline, and as to the coxswain, I've strong notion my last fire carried away some of his rigging. I saw him make an awkward sort of a bow, like, at parting, as much as to say, thank you, that will do, I've got quite enough.

Music.—(*The Dog barks—the Groupe in consternation—Friday rushes in terror-struck.*)

Cru. What now !

Fri. Oh, Massa, Massa, white man free !

Cru. Escaped !

Bluff. What, broke from their lashings ? This looks bad.

Cru. Those who pursued you, have discovered and released the rest.

Diego. Then all is lost !

Bluff. No such thing ! (To Ines). We may surmount the futtock shrouds of despair yet ; you shall never founder till old Bluff's a sheer hulk. (During this, Friday explains the accident to Crusoe).

Cru. Separated ! in search of your concealment ? Then we may still avoid them—Should we be driven to extremity, remember the secret pass. (Diego throws it open). Collect more ammunition, quick ! (To Friday) : You, Diego, hasten to the shore and kindle a fire on the rock—this will afford the means. (Giving him a tinder-box). Twill direct the friendly Caribs to the spot we most may need them.

Diego. It shall be done,—but, my mother—

Cru. Must remain here under the charge of Friday, while myself and Bluff endeavor to decoy our enemies further from the cave. If we can elude their vigilance 'till Iglo and his party land, all danger ceases. Away, Diego! and remember my instructions.

MUSIC.—(During this, Friday has drawn the Table aside, and opens a Trap beneath it, from whence he brings Cartridges, and distributes them rapidly.—Ines clings to her Son, who with difficulty quits her embrace, and enters the secret pass.—Crusoe, greatly distrest at her situation, directs Friday to protect her, and beckoning to the Seaman, leaves the Cave.—Friday has closed the Trap, replaced the Table, and extinguished the Lamp—Ines sinks on a part of the Rock—the Moon, sinking over the Trees without, gives a sombre light.—Nipcheese appears at the entrance).

Nip. So I have got out of harm's way at last—sneaked out o'the battle gloriously—yes, I shall be snug here.—What a night have I passed! buffeted by one party, and abused by the other! They set no more value on my precious life, than they would on a mouldy biscuit.

(Friday perceives Nipcheese the instant he speaks, and conceals himself as the other advances, by means of the Table—Nipcheese takes out his Bottles,

—This is the only friend I have in the world, but I've drawn upon him for comfort so often, I fear he won't honour my drafts much longer.

(Drinks.—Ines has revived, and observes Nipcheese.—She looks round the Cave for Friday, but does not perceive him).

—I should never keep my spirits up, without

pouring spirits down.—What's here? a table, and a box—ey! why, this must be the very place the boatswain ordered us to seek! It is, the cave of Crusoe! Lord! I hope he's not at home! I suppose the firing, just now, alarmed the whole family! It did me, I know.—I wonder what's in this box, it's monstrous heavy—as I'm an honest man, here's the key fasten'd to it, with a bit of rope-yarn. (*Opening the box*) Money! yes, by my curiosity, gold! and—a case of jewels! precious stones!—Now, if I don't take care of it, Windlass and the rest will commit a robbery, and call it lawful spoil!—they shan't say I'm greedy.—I'll manage it as most prize-agents do—pocket the best part, for the trouble of dividing the rest.

(*During this speech Ines directs her attention to the treasure, and prepares to address Nipcheese, when the exclamation of Friday arrests her.*)

Fri. (*unable to contain his rage*).—He dam rogue!

[*Music.*]

Nip. Ey! (*Slapping down the lid of the Box in terror*). Who's there? Who's that spoke?

Swiv. (*without*). 'Twas I, Swivel! Where are you? (*Music ceases*).

Nip. I'm just in time (*Secures the Case*). Its the gunner—he always calls me rogue—so I'm satisfied. (*Turns and sees Ines, who is seeking concealment*). Ines! Fire and faggots! If she tells those fellows, I'm a dead man!

SWIVEL and GUNWALE enter.

Swiv. Well, have you found out where he swings his hammock?

Nip. Yes, in this cave, and there stands the mistress.

Swiv. His wife!

Nip. I'm glad they're come, I should never have managed that she dragon by myself.

Swiv. Where is the Captain?

Ines. Safe! safe on board the vessel.

Swiv. Escaped to the ship! impossible! And Crusoe—is he with him?

Ines. No—he vowed never to quit this spot, and insisted on my remaining with him.—Swear to restore me to Diego's arms, at once you gain his favour and a mine of wealth. If I can deceive them, we may yet be saved! (*Aside*).

Nip. Convey you to your son! I thought 'twas your only wish to recover your old husband. (*She dissents, and shews the Casket*).

Swi. Money!

Gun. Gold!

Nip. (*Aside*). I'm glad she says nothing about the jewels.

(*The Seamen, who have stood in amaze, are additionally astonished when they open the Box*).

Ines. (*Looking round*). More! All—all shall be yours.

Nip. (*Aside*). Zounds! is there more?

Gunw. Swivel?

Swiv. What's the Boatswain to us?

Nip. Every man for himself, say I—(*Taking the Casket*). What say you?

Gunw. But how to get her off? The boat's sunk.

Nip. Wait in the wood 'till day-break.

Swiv. And then hail the vessel—so we can.

Ines. Are you resolved?

Swiv. We'll do it.

Nip. Never fear us, we'll do any thing for money.

(*Friday by accident lets fall the lid of the Chest—Ines screams*).

Nip. What the deuce was that? Why do you look so terrified?

Swiv. Be quick, our comrades will come along-side else.

(*Ines points to the Table, &c.—Friday, who has attended to the foregoing, is behind the Chest*).

Nip. A cell, an excavation! I understand.

(*Ines has put back the Table, and now raised the Trap—Gunwale descends, and Swivel stands a step down*).

Swiv. I say, messmates, what a cargo of riches!

Nip. Fair play, my lads, below! We share alike, remember.

Swiv. Look you there's no foul play aloft; you remain and keep guard, here—

Nip. I will.

(*Ines, greatly distressed, looks again for aid, and catches the eye of Friday*).

—How devilish dark it is. (*Looking down*). Is it very deep? I'll not trust the rascals—they'll be helping themselves—holloa!

(*Nipcheese having descended a step or two, Friday springs suddenly forward, and drives him down the Trap.—Ines drops on her knee in thankfulness, and turning, catches the hand of Friday, who is now greatly delighted.—At this moment, Bluff rushes in pale and disordered*).

[*Music during the foregoing*].

Bluff. All's lost! you must not remain here an instant!

Ines. My husband! speak!

Bluff. I can't—I'm choaked!—he is taken by that devil, Windlass.

(Friday in an agony of grief—Ines in despair).

Bluff. (*Dragging her off*). Come! come!

Ines. Never!—for Crusoe I have lived—with him I'll die!

Wind. (*Without*). This way! Force him along!

Cru. (*Without*). Oh, Ines! oh my wife!

MUSIC.—(*At the voice of her Husband, Ines breaks away from Bluff (who enters the secret pass) and rushes into the arms of Crusoe, who, secured by Windlass and another, has forced his way to the Cave: they are dragged off together. Nipcheese ascends from the Cell. Friday seizes him by the collar, and encounters Gunwale—during the combat Swivel ascends—Nipcheese is tumbled into the Chest by Friday; he disables Swivel, who flies—the combat continues. Nipcheese watches his advantage, and escapes.—Friday is disarmed, and contrives to avoid the blows aimed at him till he gains a pistol, with which he shoots the Mutineer, and jumping on the Chest, looks down on the body in a mingled emotion of alarm and joy.*)

SCENE II.

Part of the Cedar Wood, and one of the Outlets from the Subterraneous Pass—the Cannibal Chief, Pariboo, who has been left on the Island, here appears skulking about on the watch for Crusoe. Hearing a step within the Cave, he retires, with expressions of vengeance.—Bluff

*comes forth hastily, having missed the Avenue
that leads to the shore, pauses, and listens.*

Bluff. All's quiet, there's no pursuit!—O, that I had but saved her!—that I had but died with her, rather than bear such heavy tidings to her son! it will be his turn next—Poor souls! they've had a stormy passage thro' the voyage of life!—Ey! how's this?—(*Looking round*) I see no rock, no shore—yet 'twas by that passage that the Captain—hark! I hear them!—(*voices without*). They are quarrelling amongst themselves! there's hope in that!—(*Noise repeated*). Yes! they are divided one against the other.—I must find the Captain any how.—Under Providence, there may be a chance yet! [Exit Bluff.

Music.—(*The Mutineers enter, in cabal with Windlass.*)

Wind. I say, yes, nothing else will keep him quiet; but if you will save their lives, don't blame me if you should chance to lose your own.

Swiv. It's the only way to preserve them. If we hurt a hair of their heads, the Captain will not spare a man of us.

Block. What signifies the Captain, or Bluff either, now we can muster a dozen hands! But why han't the crew sent off another boat?

Wind. Ey! I never thought o'that—our people must ha' been overpowered, and if these dogs suspect it—(*Apart*).

Block. What say you?

Wind. How were they to know we had lost our own boat? let the worst come to pass, we have a snug birth here, well stored and victualled, and with his tools we could build a lugger in a month.

Swiv. Belike we could ! but it's a bad look out
to lose the freight tho' (Mutineers *murmur*).

Wind. No ! there's a way to save it ; the day
breaks—in half an hour, we may see a grey horse
a mile, as the saying is.

Mut. What then ?

Wind. While I and Swivel make a signal from
the rock, do you follow with Crusoe and his
wife.—Diego, if he should be on board, will then
see them at our mercy, and will not dare set sail
to leave us.

Mut. That's right !

Wind. Away, lads ! be lively !

Mut. Huzza ! bear a hand !

Wind. Heugh ! you grumbling scoundrels !

[*Music.*]

[*Exeunt Windlass and Swivel, on one side—*
Mutineers in confusion and haste, on the
other.

SCENE III.

*Represents that part of the Coast on which Crusoe
was wrecked—To the left, in the front, is a
Pole, on which is affixed this Inscription, “ I
was cast on this Island, September 30th, 1659,
Robinson Crusoe”—On this Pole are perceived
the notches, by which means he counted the time
—To the left, in the distance, a steep Rock,
with an ascent to it, overlooking the Sea—the
whole of the right occupied with a Wood of Ce-
dar Trees, which is in the form of an amphि-
itheatre—On the right, Rocks under the Wood,
and a chasm distinguishes the opening to the
Secret Pass—In the centre, the Sea—The whole
sombre, extensive, and wildly picturesque—It is
early dawn, which gradually increases.*

MUSIC.—(*Diego discovered increasing the Fire, which flames on the summit of the Rock*).

Diego. I watch in vain! in vain I feed the beacon's fires; no sound, no signal is returned that speaks approaching aid, or cheers expiring hope. These Indians, on whom we have relied, dreading a conflict so unequal, have possibly detained their more courageous chief, and all again is doubt, suspense, and agony! (*Music—he descends*). What can have happened? The early dawn already shews the dark grey line of the horizon, yet my father comes not, or my friend; they surely must be safe—had the secret passage been discovered, ere now these wretches had explored it. At intervals, confused and distant sounds have broke upon the stillness of the night, and thro' this vaulted chasm, accents of supplication and complaint have seem'd to float upon the wailing blast—Again! hark! it is not fancy! Oh, mother! mother!

Bluff. (*Entering in the distance to the right*). So, I'm right at last.

(*Diego starts and listens*).

—*Diego!* Captain!

Diego. Bluff! my friend! then all is well. I must have been deceived.

Bluff. Hush! not so loud! Have the Indians appeared—have they arrived?

Diego. No! since midnight I have watched incessantly; but tell me—

Bluff. We must extinguish that fire.

Diego. Why so? You know its purpose?

Bluff. I do, but—it—it may be a guide for foes, as well as friends.

Diego. Foes! my heart misgives me, I dread to ask—

Bluff. You shall know all, but first—

Diego. Silence!

(Friday has appeared at the mouth of the Cave).

Fri. Massa Diego!

Bluff. 'Tis Friday!

Music.—(Diego has run eagerly to Friday, who meets him with great delight, till enquiries are made, when his expression instantly varies, and he describes in action the situation of Ines and Crusoe).

Bluff. (*Observing them*). I say, Blackee! what do you turn up the white of your eyes, and keep bailing out bad luck there for? Be alive, my lad, and smother the flaine, quick!

Diego. They are lost, inevitably lost! nothing now can save them.

Bluff. Nothing! you forget, you forget—courage, Captain! do not shame your mother! she has a heart as feeling as your own, but as fearless as your father's! remember how he was saved, how wonderfully found. Never believe the hand that preserved him then, means to desert him now—perhaps at this very moment—

(*The low and lengthened note of a Conch is heard.*

—*The groupe become fixed—at the second sound the Canoes appear.*)

Fri. (*With the most extravagant gestures, exclaims*) 'Tis Iglo ! 'tis de Carib ! (*he runs up the Rock and extinguishes the Fire*).

Bluff. I said it, I was sure on't!

Diego. Yes, I see—I acknowledge the innocent are never friendless.

Music.—(*The dawn has so far advanced, as to make all the objects distinct. The March of the friendly Indians is heard. Iglo lands, gives*

a signal of command to the rest, and is welcomed by Friday and Diego. Iglou points to his Warriors, and intimates their intention to stand by him and Crusoe to the last).

The Indians Enter in March—Bluff looking at them with surprize and satisfaction.

Bluff. Ecod ! they are a set of clean made fellows. I say, Captain, what a pity 'tis they can't abide the smell of gunpowder—if they could but stand fire, we should be a match for a score of such fellows as Windlass.

(Diego has received the explanation of Iglou's plan from Friday).

Diego. Friday informs me, that Iglou has selected from his tribe, those who, by a slight intercourse with Europeans, have become acquainted with our arms, and the manner of using them.

Bluff. Ay, ay !

Diego. Our method of attack and defence, they meet by stratagems peculiar to themselves, as snares, ambush, and sudden assault.

Bluff. Why, they are at it now.

Diego. Observe !

MUSIC.—(Friday has been explaining to the Savages the use of his Pistols, persuading them not to be alarmed, &c.—Iglou has ordered his people to the Wood, and they are seen lopping down branches with their Tomahawks, each man returning with a bough—Iglou, by a signal, causes the Indians to crouch behind their branches, and not one appears in sight.—Iglou in front, with his ear to the ground).

Diego. Some one approaches ! 'tis a single step —we must act as occasion justifies.

MUSIC—(*Bluff retires to the Chasm, from which he observes what passes; Diego, Friday, and Iglou retire to the upper end.*)

Enter NIPCHEESE, tipsy.

Nip. Oh dear, oh dear! when will all my troubles end? Every thing I do, makes bad, worse. I thought to dispel fear by drinking, instead of that, it makes me see danger double.

(*The Indians move slowly, and form a line behind Nipcheese, still concealed by the branches.*)

—I can't move an inch without meeting some accommodating body, ready and willing to blow out my brains—it's really very unpleasant. First, I was beset with savages, then nearly buried alive, and presently I suppose, I shall—ey! Now whether my head runs round, or those trees have run round, rot me if I can tell. I have it—this Island is enchanted! I shouldn't be surprized if I am transformed as Crusoe is, and look for all the world like an old *he-goat* on his hinder legs—Lord! what will Mrs. Nipcheese say then! However, I'll hide my jewels in the crannies of that rock, till its time to embark, and then—

(*He approaches the Chasm, Bluff starts forward with a Pistol presented.*)

Another pistol! don't! don't fire, you'll oblige me exceedingly.

Bluff. Another word, and 'tis your last!

(*Nipcheese makes an effort to get away—the Indians shout and drop their branches—Nipcheese falls on his knees—Diego and Friday starting forward at the same instant, to prevent an attack from Iglou.*)

Diego. Tell me instantly the plans of your accomplices.

Nip. I'll tell you every thing, give you every thing, only save me from being roasted, and made a meal of ! (*holding out the Case of Jewels, which Friday snatches*).

Diego. Where is my mother ? Where is Ines and Crusoe ?

Nip. In the cave—they'll be here presently.

Diego. And Windlass ?

Nip. He'll be here too—you may kill him and welcome !

Diego. What's his intent ?

Nip. To make somebody swim to the ship, and tell a parcel of lies to the crew—I was afraid he'd pitch upon me, and having no stomach for water, got out of his way, and tumbled into yours.

Bluff. The ship ! well thought on—I'll be before hand with them. They have warped her close in shore, and I can paddle one of the canoes there in the turning of a capstan.

Diego. Right !

Bluff. Give us a shove off, Friday.

(*He gets into Igloo's Canoe, and Friday pushes it off*).

Diego. Now aid us to protect my father, assist in preserving my mother, and you will save yourself.

Nip. I will, I will, as I'm a sinner, and hope to be saved.

Diego. Do not think we shall lose sight of you ; not a word you utter will escape us. If I observe the least attempt at treachery, tho' I perish in the act, that moment is your last !

Nip. You needn't doubt me ; I always have an

eye to business, and make it a rule to stick by the strongest.

Diego. When they have brought hither, and secured their prisoners, decoy them from the spot, as you may best be able (*retires*).

[*Music.*]

(Iglou forms the Indians into separate concealed clusters, resembling clumps of Bushes—*Diego takes a station near the side*).

Fri. See da! poor Massa Crusoe come!

The Party enter, with Crusoe and Ines bound.

Wind. Now then, belay them to those trees, while the gunner hails the vessel from the rock. (*He sees Nipcheese*). So, you land-lubber, where have you been skulking?

Nip. Skulking! I've been waiting for you: 'twas no use to hail the ship before it was light, so I amused myself by reading an almanack.

Wind. What, read in the dark, you drunken scoundrel!

Nip. I beg your pardon, I've been sober this five minutes, and the book that I was examining is in large text hand—only look! (*Pointing to the inscription*).

Wind. It's a rum sort o'log book, sure enough! Messmates! What's that writing at the top?

Nip. That's what I can't make out.

(The Seamen have secured Crusoe and Ines—
Swivel ascends the Rock, and makes signal to the Ship—at the call of Windlass the Mutineers come forward—Iglou appears, and attempts to cut the cords that confine the Captives—at this moment the Parrot perches on the stump to

which Crusoe is bound, and cries, "Poor Robin, poor Robin Crusoe."

Wind. Ey! what are you at now! (Turning on Nipcheese).

Nip. Me! I never opened my lips—this Island is haunted—and—

Wind. Haunted! pshaw!—none of your nonsense.

(Diego shews himself, and makes Crusoe and Ines understand his intention).

Block. This is the way he kept his reckoning, I suppose!

Wind. We know that well enough; but look aleft, tell us what's on the cross-trees.

Block. "I came, to this, i—s—land—

Wind. Island, you dunce!—"I came to this Island," isn't that it? (To Nipcheese).

Nip. Yes, that's plain enough. I don't think you'll leave it though in a hurry.

(Here the Parrot flies off, and in passing Friday, who is on the watch near Ines, cries, "Friday, poor Friday").

Wind. Again! you blackguard—

Nip. Zounds, don't be so savage—you won't believe me—but if this place isn't bewitched, I'm a Dutchman.

(The Mutineers take a survey of the place, and examine their Captives).

Wind. All right! all's safe!—Go on. (Advancing again to the Inscription). What do all these pot-hooks and hangers stand for?

Nip. Let me try again—I can see much clearer than I could just now.—"I came to this Island September 30th, 1659, Robinson Crusoe."

Wind. He has been on this station a plaguy long time then.

Nip. Yes, but I think he has quitted his station by this time.

During this, the Indians have encompassed the Captives—and slowly moved off with them—still concealed by the boughs).

Swiv. (*From the Rock*). They return the signal,—I see the launch and jolly-boat putting off.

Wind. That's well—be ready.—Ey t 'sdeath and fire! where are the prisoners?

All. The prisoners!

Nip. The prisoners! bless my soul, they are gone, sure enough! And the trees are gone too!

Wind. Pursue instantly!

Swiv. Keep your ground! I see them, they are protected by a swarm of Indians!

Wind. Indians! pshaw! a single shot will disperse a thousand—follow me!

Nip. Follow! Hurra, my boys—hurra!

Music.—(*Windlass, and the whole of the Mutineers rush out*).

—I'll remain here as a corps de reserve. (*Shouting without*). There's work! there's chopping and lopping! If they fire at random, they'll be sure to hit me! By the lord, they're coming back again! (*He runs off*).

Music.—(*The Indians are seen flying before the Mutineers, and pass off*.—Robinson Crusoe and Ines enter, followed by Windlass—they combat—Crusoe, exhausted, is disarmed—Ines arrests the blow of Windlass, and a struggle ensues—Friday enters, and encounters the Boatswain at the instant Pariboo starts forward to revenge himself on Crusoe—Pariboo is met by

Iglou—they engage each other with Daggers, while Friday drives off Windlass, &c. During this, Crusoe and Ines have been secured by Mutineers, and borne off.—Pariboo overcomes Iglou—Friday runs on at the moment, and throws himself before his Father.—Iglou recovers the Dagger which has been wrested from him, and the combat is renewed with ferocity.—Pariboo is disarmed, but instantly snatches a Tomahawk from Iglou, and is at the point of dispatching him, when Friday returns with the Dog, who rushes upon the hostile Chief, and carries off the Weapon.—Pariboo flies, is pursued, and driven from the Rock into the Sea by Iglou.

Diego, Ines, and Crusoe, brought in secured—
Windlass and the Mutineers fronting them).

Diego. Perfidious villain !

Wind. You sought our lives! prepare now to lose your own. Comrades, present—fire!

Mut. No, no, no.

Swiv. Leave them to their fate, but spare their lives.

Wind. What! refuse! then my own hand shall—(Levelling a Pistol).

Music.—(The Indians rush on, headed by Iglou, and make a defence with their Shields before the Captives—Friday at the same moment dash-
ing the Pistol from the hand of Windlass).

Wind. Now will you assist—

Mut. Ay, ay. (The Indians shout).

(The Mutineers attack, and at the same instant the Crew of the Vessel, headed by Bluff, rush forward, cheering).

Bluff. Now, you damned dogs, we have you.
(He strikes down the Boatswain, and the Muti-

~~tears drop their arms).~~ Joy, Captain, joy! I told you how 'twould be—the crew are true to a man, and the ship's your own again.

Diego. Secure those miscreants till their fate shall be determined.

Music.—(*They form a Procession, and depart—Iglou, Friday, and the Indians marching in the front and rear.*)

SCENE IV.

A Picturesque View of the sea shore from beneath a shed built by Crusoe.—The Music still continues—Iglou and his Troop march in, and halt at the back of the Scene.

Enter DIEGO and INES, in great joy, followed by ROBINSON CRUSOE between IGLOU and FRIDAY.

Cru. Courageous Chief! and you, my ever faithful Friday!—well have you repaid my service; amply have you proved your gratitude!—In saving you, I have preserved the lives of those, far dearer than my own. (*Embracing Ines*). Now then, collect those memorials I selected, and prepare for my departure; your last act of duty is at length arrived.

Music.—(*Friday starts, trembles, and shews signs of grief*).

I understand—but, remember, I have found a wife and son, you a father!

Music.—(*Friday intimates his affection to his Father, but his wish to follow Crusoe*).

—His heart is with his parent,—his service with his master!—

(Friday turns from one to the other, and at length drops at the feet of Crusoe).

—Be happy then, we will never part! —Iglou, you lose him but for a time,—I shall again revisit and reward my benefactors!

Enter Bluff, and the Mutineers, guarded by the Crew.

Bluff. Come, my lads, don't look so blank.—After all, it is but hanging, you know, and that can't happen twice in your lives! —They're as mute as stock-fish! pretty fellows for Mutineers, an't you? —I say, Captain, speak a word to 'em.

Cru. Let me pronounce (*To Diego*). Wretched and misguided men, live! —and if you can, live peaceably, learn to appreciate that first of blessings—Liberty! —by enduring in this Island, the fate to which you had devoted others—I leave it you, far different than I found it—you will possess every means of shelter, comfort, and protection! —Endeavour to deserve them, and you may yet be happy!

Enter NIPCHEESE, as the Mutineers go off.

Bluff. Ah, Master Nipcheese, are you above board yet?

Nip. Yes I am, to my very great astonishment. O, Captain! I hope you'll not leave me in this horrible island. Those rascals forced me into the plot, and if you'll take me once more into favour, you shall find me as honest a steward as ever had charge of a bread-room.

Bluff. He's chip in porridge, Captain, neither good nor harm: I'll answer for him, he'll never get into this scrape willingly.

Diego. Well, I forgive him.

Nip. Do you? Bless you! I shall be a man of business again. O, Mr. Friday, there are all your brothers and sisters arrived, come, I suppose, in search of your honour'd papa. Never saw so large a family in my life!

Cru. Away, Friday, and receive them. Collect the memorials I wish to preserve, and, then, all hands aboard.

[*Music.*]

(*The various articles belonging to Crusoe, affixed to branches, are borne by the Indians, still under the direction of Igloou. His Quadrant, Compass, Telescope, Journal, &c. Friday carries the Umbrella, with the Parrot perched on it - a kind of Car formed by the Indians, with a canopy of leaves, is mounted by Crusoe with his Dog; Diego and Ines at each side, and the whole pass off in Procession.*)

The following Round sung during the Procession:

Give the word,
Let's aboard!

Every heart be jolly!
Danger o'er,
Sigh no more,
Banish melancholy!

Man the boat,
Once afloat,
Let the can go round, boys;
Toddy swig,
Dance a jig,
We are homeward bound, boys!

Give the word,
&c. &c.

SCENE THE LAST:

[Music].

The Ship lying at anchor near the Shore, surrounded with Canoes—On the left the exterior of the Shed, overhung by Rocks.—Crusoe, Diego, Ines, and Friday, discovered seated near the side—the Stage filled by the Friendly Indians—Iglou prostrates himself to Crusoe, and presents a branch of the Palm, intimating his desire that Crusoe should witness a Festival in honour of their friendly compact.

A Ballet is then performed by three Quadroon Girls decorated with Feathers, &c.—Iglou and the rest occasionally beating part—Antikoo next appears, and performs various feats of activity peculiar to the Caribs; at the conclusion, a Gun is fired from the Vessel—the Party rise, take leave of Iglou, and depart.—The Groupe prostrate themselves towards the Vessel at the report of the Gun—the Boat is seen rowing to the Ship—the Sails are set, and the distant voices of the Crew singing the Round, are heard as on board the Vessel, and sinking on the ear, as the receding Vessel diminishes to the sight.—Tableau.

THE END.

The Libertine;

AN OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

FOUNDED ON THE STORY

OF

DON JUAN;

BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

THE MUSICK FROM MOZART'S CELEBRATED OPERA OF

DON GIOVANNI,

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE BY MR. BISHOP.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,

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1817.

[Price Two Shillings.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Don Pedro,</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Don Juan,</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Don Octavio,</i>	Mr. Sinclair.
<i>Leporello,</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>Masetto,</i>	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Lopez,</i>	Mr. Comer.
<i>Peasant,</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Donna Elvira,</i>	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Donna Leonora,</i>	Miss Matthews.
<i>Maria,</i>	Miss Carew.
<i>Zerlina,</i>	Miss Stephens.

Peasants, Masqueraders, Dancers, Demons, &c. &c.

SCENE—In and near Seville.

* * * The lines with inverted commas, are omitted in representation, in consequence of the length of the Piece.

THE LIBERTINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Garden of Don Pedro's House at Seville—Part of the Mansion on the left, with Door, Balcony, and Window; at the back, Railing, and open Iron Gates—The Wall, in an angular direction to the right, is intersected by Trees and Flowers.—Music, as the Scene opens—Leporello descends a Ladder placed at the angle, followed by Don Juan.

Don J. Now, Spirit of Intrigue, befriend thy votary!

Lep. Guardians of Innocence, on you I call! protect me, I beseech you, from spring-guns, and man-traps!

Don J. Come on! the lanthorn! (*Music*).

(*Leporello gives the Lanthorn—Don Juan reconnoitres*).

Lep. Now, must I stand sentinel without, while he plays the lover within. Night after night, the same game, and every week a fresh object! My constitution will never hold—it will kill me!

Don J. 'Tis well; they sleep,—Leporello! the key! the key!

Lep. There it is;—that cursed key can open half the doors in Seville.

Don J. Now, haughty Don, spite of thy mandate, Leonora, the beauteous Leonora, shall be mine!

Lep. Leonora! the daughter of Don Pedro, the first Grandee in the city?

Don J. The same!

Lep. Are you mad?

Don J. I'm in love.

Lep. That's worse. (*Light appears at the window*). Sir! Sir!

Don J. What now?

Lep. Look! (*Points to the window*).

Don J. Ha! not yet retired: I am too early.

Lep. You are never too late on such occasions. Oh! that I dare tell you a piece of my mind!

Don J. Say on:—thy folly will divert my impatience.

Lep. Have you forgotten one Donna Elvira?

Don J. Elvira! who's she?

Lep. Who's she!—his own wife! and asks—Can't your Lordship call to mind a slight mishap you met with about three weeks ago?

Don. J. What was it?

Lep. You got married.

Don J. Ha! ha! true—that was the most serious accident that ever happened to me—but I'm quite recovered.

Lep. Recovered! that's very well for you; but with reverence to your Worship, I have a conscience.

Don J. Ha! ha!—a what?

Lep. A conscience. And, sooth to say, I am something scandalized at the life you lead.

Don J. 'Tis wondrous pleasant!

Lep. Pleasant! under favour, I have seen handsomer gentlemen than you, hanged for such pranks.

Don J. How, rascal!

Lep. How? why, with a cord,—vulgar hemp. I beg pardon.

Don J. Proceed, proceed!

Lep. I should never finish, were I to enumerate the catalogue of your vagaries—the bead-roll would last till doomsday.

Don J. Am I not right? I have a heart to be in love with all the world,—and, like Alexander, could wish me other worlds, that I might still love, still conquer.

Lep. I find your Lordship is no more afraid of perdition, than many other gay cavaliers; but I have scruples. People will be apt to say, "like master, like man," and I may be hanged in your Lordship's company.

Don J. Be tranquil, Leporello; that's an honour you'll ne'er have courage to deserve.

Lep. I am not ambitious. (*The window is opened—Leonora appears*).

Leon. 'St, 'st—

Don J. Hush! we have been discovered—

Lep. Discover'd! I'm a dead man! (*Drops on his knees*).

Leon. Octavio! Octavio!

Don J. Leonora! (*In a subdued tone*).

Leon. Dear Octavio, I dare not meet you yet. Depart, and read that note. (*She throws down a Letter, and closes the window*).

Don J. Good. She takes me for that favour'd upstart, young Octavio,—the light—quick!—(*Leporello discloses the Lanthorn, and holds it while Don Juan finds and reads the Note*).

"When 'tis time, my attendant shall apprise

THE LIBERTINE.

you. You know the signal." — The signal! s'death! I know it not.

Lep. For the love of life, let us leave the garden—she'll raise the house, and I shall be murder'd.

(*Prelude without*).

Don J. Ha! who have we here?

Lep. It's all over!

Don J. Some serenading coxcomb. Curse on his intrusion.

(*Octavio and Serenaders enter, and place themselves under the Window—Leporello creeps to the side amongst the trees, followed by Don Juan*).

SONG—*Serenade, Octavio.*

Come shining forth, my dearest,
With looks of warm delight,
Shed joy as thou appearest,
Like morning's beam of light!
Like morning's beam of light, Love,
Mild shines thine azure eye,
Thine absence is a night, Love,
In which I droop and die.

Oh! let me hear that tongue, Love,
Whose music thrills my heart,
Like notes by Angels sung, Love,
When souls in bliss depart.
And, at thy casement rising,
Illume my ravish'd sight,
Like day, the world surprizing,
With morning's beam of light.

(*At the close, the window is slowly opened. Don Juan appears listening, and Leporello crouching close behind him—Leonor appears on the Balcony*).

Oct. The window opens. Begone! begone!
Dan J. 'Tis himself,—Octavio!

Leon. This must be some mistake. I have not heard the whistle.

Don J. The whistle! enough. [Music.]

(*Don Juan rushes after Octavio, who has sent off his Companions*).

Don J. (Without). Villain, have I caught thee?

Oct. Ah! betrayed!

Leon. Ah! (*Closing the window, suddenly the light disappears*).

Lep. Here's goodly work! Heaven bless all serving-men from such a master as mine! Turn him loose with Belzebub, and he'll beat him at his own weapons—Ey!

(*Don Juan enters hastily, with a Ribbon, to which is attached a Whistle*).

Lep. Which of you is kill'd—you, or the other?

Don J. I have obtained my object, but he escaped.

Lep. I wish I could escape.

(*Don Juan draws near the window, and whistles*).

Lep. This will end in something unpleasant—the gallows, as like as not.

(*The door opens—Maria appears*).

Mar. 'St! 'st! Don Octavio!

Don J. Here.

Mar. My lady feared you had been beset by ruffians.

Don J. Soft—lead me to her.

(*Goes in—door closed*).

Lep. Oh, that Octavio's sword had released me from this precious night-bird! While he

lives, I must be faithful, in spite of my inclination. If I quit him without leave, he's so revengeful, he'd search all Spain to find me out, for the sole satisfaction of cutting my throat.

(*Scuffle in the House, and voices—Leonora screams*).

Hey! I thought so. I knew it! Oh! this is no time for ceremony! I'm off.

(*Leporello runs off by the gates*).

Don P. Traitor, think not to escape.

Leon. Help, help! I'll die sooner than quit my hold.

Don J. Foolish woman! be advised!—

(*Enter struggling, followed by Don Pedro*).

Don P. Turn, turn, abandon'd villain, and meet a father's wrath,—a father's chastisement.

Leon. Oh, father! father!

Don P. You fly not hence unpunished.

(*Many voices without*). This way! this!—follow! follow!

Don J. If thou wilt perish, take thy destiny,

[*Music.*]

Leon. Oh! shield, protect him!

(*Short and rapid combat.—Don Juan, hearing the alarm, throws Leonora from him, and draws. Don Pedro falls.—Leporello rushes in, as pursued.—The voices again heard close without*).

Lep. Fly! fly! we are beset on all sides.

(*They scale the Wall—At the instant, Octavio and Party rush in with torches.—Maria and Servants enter from the House.—Leonora sees the body of her Father, utters a shriek, and falls*).

Tableau.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Mansion of Don PEDRO.

[*Music.*]

Servants enter in confusion; MARIA followed by others, giving directions.

Mar. Are the messengers dispatched, as Don Octavio directed?

Serv. They are, they are!

Mar. Away then, quickly, and remove all traces of this horrible event.—My mistress comes,—away, away! [*Music.*]

[*Exeunt Maria and Servants.*]

Enter OCTAVIO and LEONORA.

Oct. Be comforted—you have yet the fondest lover, and the truest friend.

Leon. Never, never again shall Leonora taste of comfort. O! Octavio, our fatal passion has destroyed him: but for our imprudent assignation, he had still lived! he that gave me life! my dear, dear father!

Oct. Tears are no sacrifice for blood, calm this tumultuous grief, and think but of revenge.

Leon. Revenge can ne'er give back the dead. Juan, ungrateful, and perfidious Juan, soon receives a punishment, terrible and just; but never, never can restore my father.

Oct. Juan! was he the wretch?

Leon. Too surely;—I knew his voice.

Oct. You are deceived—under the guise of friendship, to perpetrate so foul a crime!—impossible!

Leon. Nay, he came not so, but, like a

fiend of darkness, marring the bliss he was denied to share ! Muffled in his cloak, with every feature shrouded like his form, he stole into my presence,—my cries were heard,—assistance was at hand—he fled, and dragg'd me with him. To confirm my doubt, this glove, which in the struggle, I retained, bears his detested name.

Oct. O, eternal stain on fair nobility ! inde-
lible disgrace to the proud name of Spaniard !
Thy life, I swear, shall be the forfeit of thy
crime, or mine be lost in the attempt to pu-
nish it.

DUET—*Leonora and Octavio.*

- Leon.* Leave me, for ever leave me!
Heaven, of life bereave me!
With him, who being gave me,
Oh, let me perish too !
- Oct.* Forbear this wild appealing,
Oh, calm your frantic feeling !
And hear your lover, kneeling,
Vow life and death with you !
- Leon.* My Love,—alas!—forgive me,
My madd'ning mind will leave me !
My father, thee I call !
- Oct.* Console thee, soothe thy mind, Love !
Ever in me thou'l find, Love,
A father, lover, all !
- Leon.* Swear, for my bleeding sire,
Thou'l stern avenger prove.
- Oct.* I swear, by thine eyes' soft fire,
I swear by all our love !
- Both.* Our bosoms, Oh ! just heaven !
Till vengeance shall be given,
By rage and sorrow riven,
Tortures on tortures prove !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Distant View of Seville: Morning.

Enter DON JUAN, followed by LEPORELLO.

Don J. Come on, and, prithee, let me hear no more reproofs, or I shall crop your ears, sirrah.

Lep. A word to the wise—that's quite sufficient.

Don J. What though we failed, success was well deserved.

“ ‘Mongst all the joys, which in the world are sought,
“ None are so great as those by dangers bought.”

—Ey!

Lep. I've done, I've done! He thinks no more of running a gentleman through the body, than I do of splitting a lark!

ZERLINA and MASETTO, with Male and Female Peasantry, enter, as to celebrate a Wedding
—*DON JUAN and LEPORELLO retire.*

DUET AND CHORUS—*Zerlina, Masetto, and Peasants.*

Zer. Pretty lasses, love's summer, remember,
Ever flies upon gossamer wing;
Suffer not then, life's chilly December,
To destroy Cupid's bow and his string!
Lira la, lira la!
But make haste, and be happy, like me!

Chorus. Lira la, lira la!

Zer. & Chorus. Oh! haste, and be happy, like me!

Chorus. Oh! haste, and be happy, like thee!

Lira la, lira la!

Mas. And, ye lads, who are constantly changing,
 For a time, tho' 'tis pleasant to run
 From this beauty, to that, ever ranging,
 Yet, at last, pray, be constant to one!
 Lira lira la!

And be happy, be happy, like me,

Mas. & } Lira la, lira la!

Chorus. } And be happy, be happy like thee,
 Oh! be happy, be happy, like me!

Zer. & } Oh, what rapture! the marriage bells ringing,

Mas. } To be dancing, and playing, and singing,
 Who so happy, so happy as we?

Chorus. Lira la, lira la,
 Who so happy, so happy as we?

(*At the close of the Music, Don Juan joins the throng, and singles Zerlina from the Groupe—Leporello entering at the same time, observing him.*)

Lep. Oh, this love! this love! Why, he's at it again.

Don J. (*Advancing with Zerlina*). Lively, merry souls! Leporello, didst ever see a creature half so fascinating?

Lep. Oh, charming! Another mistress!—
(Aside).

Don J. Such a form! such a complexion!

Lep. He's on the high road to the devil, and not content with travelling alone, claps me up behind him, and rides post!

Don J. A wedding!

Zer. Yes, kind Sir, and I am the bride.

(*Don Juan kisses her hand*).

Lep. Oh yes, he's very kind! Zooks! amongst so many, one may fall to my share, in an honest way. (*Retires to the groupe*).

Don J. Joy! joy! I give you joy!—But where's the bridegroom?

Mas. Here, my Lord, at your service. (*Bowing between them*).

Don J. Your name?

Mas. Masetto, Sir.

Don J. And yours, sweet maid?

Zer. Zerlina, an it please you, Sir.

Don J. It does, it does please me! Ah! Masetto, thou art a favour'd mortal! I'll be the founder of your wedding feast, and every pleasure that—Leporello! rascal!

Lep. Ey! that's me! (*Starting from half a dozen girls, whom he has enticed round him*).

Don J. What do you there?

Lep. A good example is never lost on an attentive servant.

Don J. Conduct these worthy people to my palace; order an entertainment; bid masks and music; and till all's prepared, pay particular attention to my friend Masetto—d'ye hear?

Lep. Yes, and understand too—Come along, (*to Masetto*).

Mas. Nay, your pardon there; I share no sports or feast either, without Zerlina.

Don J. Be content—Zerlina shall come on with me—she will be safe in my care.

Mas. I doubt it not, Senor; but her mother told me, she'd be safer now in mine.

Lep. That chap is no fool, tho' he looks like one.

Zer. Fye, Masetto! you'll offend our benefactor. He seems a noble, and I'm sure, a handsome gentleman.

Mas. Yes, by'r lady, and may be more handsome than honest.

(*Don Juan takes the opportunity of giving*

ing instructions to Leporello, who ex-postulates, till threaten'd by his master).

Zer. I see now you are jealous. Ah, Masetto ! I thought you had more confidence.

Mas. But that gentleman has a little too much ; didn't I see him kiss your hand—you ne'er withdrew it ; he clasped you round the waist too—still you bore it patiently.

Don J. What, quarrelling before marriage ! nay do not anticipate your joys.

Mas. Well, stay, stay, if you please—I shall not lack company.

Lep. Stay ! why, the fellow's an ass ! I thought—

Mas. What ?

Don J. Leporello ! (With an angry glance.)

Lep. I was only going to say, I thought he had more sense, than to suppose a great Don, like your worship, would demean himself with a clodhopper's wife. Come, come, let us join the lasses—I'll shew you the way—our palace is close by.

Mas. (Aside) Imprudent girl ! but I'll have an eye upon them—I might trust her, but not Don Juan—I know him.

Lep. Come, come along—

(He follows Leporello, who beckons him ; but as the Peasants depart, slips back, and watches at the side).

Don J. Now, sweet, we are alone, and—

Zer. Sure you mean no harm ! Masetto is my lover.

Don J. I am thy lover. Think you, I could suffer such bewitching beauty to be squandered on a clown ?

Zer. But he is my husband now.

Don J. Absurd ! those lovely eyes, and ruby lips, were never formed to bless a low-born peasant, I—I will be thy husband.

Zer. You, my Lord ! you mock me.

Don J. Nay then, hear me swear ! (*On his knee*).

Zer. Oh no ! I am but a poor country girl, and have not the wit to answer all your fine sayings ; but, tho' humble in my station, I have learnt to prize the heart of an honest youth, beyond all the splendour of exalted infamy.

(*Masetto expresses joy—Leporello, on the opposite side, enters, and looks round*).

Lep. Not here, either !

Zer. Pray, let me go, alas ! 'tis true, that I have heard,—young and gallant cavaliers are dangerous society for simple maids.

Don J. A vile calumny of the vulgar. Nobility and honour always dwell together.

(*Leporello approaches unseen*).

Lep. There is no rule without an exception.

Don J. S'death ! rascal, what brought you here ?

Lep. I have lost one of my flock—I came back to find him. All the rest are in fold safe enough—but Masetto's missing.

Zer. Masetto ! (*Alarmed, but, looking round, perceives him*).

Don J. He can be spared, (*Apart to Leporello*).

Lep. Ah ! but there is somebody to supply his place, that you may think still more disagreeable.

Don J. Who's that?

Lep. Your wife, (*In a tone not to be heard by Zerlina*).

Don J. Elvira! at such a moment!

Lep. That's a sickener! (*Apart*).

Don J. When—where have you seen her?

Lep. In the palace; and having sought for you in vain there, she's coming here.

Don J. Here! torments and furies! I shall be torn to pieces. Follow me to the pavilion.

[*Exit*.]

Lep. The pavilion! he'll run into her very arms. Nothing but his wife, or a thunderbolt, could have made him quit his prey; but the poor girl is safe now, if she will but keep so.

(*Sees Masetto, who has come from his concealment, and joined Zerlina*).

Oh! you are there, are you? A word with you.

Don J. (Without). Leporello!

Lep. Coming!—Anon I'll speak. Now am I called away to be beaten! Whenever he is out of sorts, this master of mine prefers cudgelling me to all other cure.

Don J. (Without) Leporello!

Lep. I come! Oh! would I were a dog.

[*Exit*.]

Mas. Yes, I witnessed all that passed, and love thee now far better than before.

Zerl. Ah, Masetto! I would not have deserted you for the proudest Lord in Spain. I'd die sooner than wrong you.

Mas. Dear Zerlina!

DUEL—*Zerlina and Masetto.*

- Mas.* Now place your hand in mine, dear,
And gently whisper, Yes;
Each vain desire resign, dear,
And poor Masetto bless!
- Zerl.* I would—but yet I would not;—
This wav'ring, fickle heart,
It beats for what it should not,
Yet from thee cannot part.
- Mas.* And could you think to leave me?
Zerl. You wish but to deceive me.
Mas. I'll ever happy make thee.
Zerl. Haste then, while willing, take me.
Mas. Come then—come then,
Come place your hand in mine, dear, &c.
Both. Fond truth our hearts uniting,
And love, to bliss inviting,
A thousand joys impart.

SCENE IV.

The Grounds close without Don Juan's Palace.

Enter DON JUAN and LEPORELLO.

Don J. Ha! ha! What maggot's in thy brain, now, Leporello?

Lep. If I might, without offence—

Don J. Speak, and fear not. My humour's mended since I 'scaped my wife.

Lep. Speak then I will; think of your last night's exploit—first, to break into Leonora's apartment, and, then, murder her father!

Don J. Self-preservation required it; the old man was bent upon his ruin.

Lep. And was the young Lady bent upon hers?

Don J. No, but I was—as to Pedro, we were hand to hand, and I killed him fairly.

Lep. Oh! certainly, he'd be in the wrong to complain; but, if your Worship has no scruples, I have: hanging is a position I can't endure, I've an unconquerable antipathy to hemp, and never look at a bell-rope without trembling.

Don J. Ha! ha! poor Leporello!

Lep. In short, your service is a matter of life and death; and, as I am by no means a man to set danger at defiance, I humbly crave to be discharged.

Don J. Why, no one witnessed the affair but thee; and should it come to light, I have power with the State for pardon.

Lep. Then we shake hands, and part.

Don J. No, 'faith; thou'rt too useful to be spared.

Lep. Do, spare me, do—I'll not stand for wages.

Don J. Another word, I'll slit your windpipe.

Lep. That's sufficient—I'm dumb!

Don J. Ey! (*Looking off*). What's there?—a woman?

Lep. Another! Nothing female comes amiss to him.

Don J. See, see, how like a sylph she glides, and this way bends.

Enter ELVIRA.

—Elvira!—Dog! you have betrayed me!—
(*Aside to Leporello*).

Lep. Here'll be a tempest!

Elv. So, Sir, have I found you? Thou hypocrite! thou monster of deceit! by oaths and flattery to win me to thy arms, and ere our union was acknowledged to the world, leave me

a prey to anguish and remorse. Cruel man! what have I done, that you should fly me thus?

Don J. Dearest Elvira, you mistake—your anger is unjust.

Elv. Oh, Juan! are all thy oaths and vows forgotten? Why feign affection to betray me?

Don J. On my soul, my love was real.

Elv. Was real! and is it not so now? Ah, thou'rt abash'd. Come, impostor, arm thy front with a noble impudence; swear again that you still love me with unparalleled affection; that, when away from me, you suffer all the pangs that men endure, when soul and body separate! Thus should thy guilt defend itself, and not stand thunderstruck.

Don J. Silence these reproaches, and I will speak the truth.

Lep. For the first time. (*Aside*).

Don J. Nay, smooth that angry brow, and hear how long I've loved you.

Lep. Just three weeks!

Don J. How fervently I still do love!

Elv. Thine oaths are false, and barren as thine honour. Abandon'd, base deceiver! now do I know thee thoroughly, and, to my shame and torture, know thee, when certainty can only make me desperate. Why hast thou not declared our marriage?

Don J. You'll pardon me. When thou art tame, I'll answer: at present, I've a little business. Leporello, reply for me.

Lep. I—I reply!

Don J. Of all the torments borne by old or young,

None can exceed that plague—a woman's tongue. [Exit.

Lep. He has the heart of a tyger..

Elv. Am I, indeed, the victim of perfidy? Oh! how assiduous was his passion! how many thousand sighs he breathed, how many tears he wept, seeming to suffer all the pangs that lovers e'er have felt!—Gone!

Lep. Even let him go; he's not worth the keeping. I have a greater respect for you, than any he has yet deceived.

Elv. Deceived! has he no conscience, faith, or honour left?

Lep. Left! bless you, he never had any.

Elv. None!

Lep. Not a morsel of either; there's no man has the misfortune to know him better than I; and, without scandal, its a mercy I am not corrupted! Why, he's the most perfidious, atrocious wretch alive!

(*Leporello perceives Don Juan, who has entered at the side, as if to avoid some person, and at this instant fixes his eye upon Leporello.*)

—That is, in people's report; but you,—you know what report is, a common liar—he'll cut my throat. (*Aside*). He's eccentric, its true, very eccentric; but a good master, and a worthy man—Heaven forgive me for lying. (*Aside*).

Elv. May I believe you?

Lep. You may; I never deceived a woman in my life. The fact is, he's a little—a little too gallant, but where shall we find perfection? where (*looking round*) no where!

(*Don Juan has passed out on the opposite side, stealing behind Leporello and Elvira.*)

—He has used you better than all the rest. I never knew him constant a whole fortnight before.

Elv. How! is my grief a subject for thy mockery, fellow! Am I made their sport! but 'tis past, let love for ever sleep within my breast, and nothing wake, but hatred and revenge!

Lep. On my life, I pity, and would relieve you; but, what can't be cured, must be endured. Look here! (*Taking out his Book*) —you are not the first, or last.

Elv. O villain! villain!

SONG—*Leporello*.

Pray, behold, Ma'am ! In this long list I've made, is
An account of my master's fair Ladies :

Not Jove, so renown'd at Love's trade is ;

Pray, observe it, and read it with me !

First, in Italy, Ma'am, seven hundred ;

Then, in Germany, eight you may see ;

Then, in Turkey and France, one-and-ninety ;

But, in Spain, Ma'am, one thousand and three !

Here are chambermaids by dozens,

City dames, and country cousins,

Countesses, and baronesses,

Marchionesses, and princesses,

All descriptions, ages, classes—

Not a woman could go free !

First, the Fair Ones he bewitches

By the softness of his speeches ;

Makes the Brown Ones burn like fever,

Warmly vowing love for ever !

With the Pale Ones he will languish,

Melt and sigh in tender anguish ;

The Grand and Tall Ones sometimes warm him,

But the Little Ones always charm him !

High and low, Ma'am, old and young, Ma'am,

Owne the music of his tongue, Ma'am ;

Ugly, pretty, short, and tall,

He, 'pon honour, lov'd them all !

[Exit.

Elv. What witchcraft do I suffer? that, while I abhor his vices, I still love his person.

*Enter LEONORA and OCTAVIO in Dominos, &c.
attended by LOPEZ and MARIA.*

Oct. Are all ready?

Lop. All.

Oct. Masked, and armed, as I directed?

Lop. They are, my Lord, and fully warned of your intention.

Leon. Elvira, you have seen him, spoken with him?

Elv. I have.

Leon. And he,—

Elv. Is, I fear, the basest wretch that ever marr'd the peace of innocence.

Leon. But, how did he receive you?

Elv. O, ask me not! if my surmise be verified, no misery can sink me lower. [*Exit.*]

Leon. And, can this man be happy? Oh, Octavio! my father's spirit cries aloud for retribution; but thou, perhaps, may fall, and Leonora lose her last, her only friend.

Oct. Banish these painful recollections: by our mutual love, this arm, and this true sword shall yield a sacrifice, to give thy bosom peace.

(*Band heard within the Gardens of the Palace.*)

Enter LEPORELLO.

QUARTETTO—Leporello, Octavio, Leonora, Maria.

Lep. Strangers, pray, bither bend ye,
Where song and dance attend ye,
Master, by me doth send ye,
A welcome to his fête!

Oct. Leon. { Heaven, our woe relieving,
 & *Mar.* } Shall punish his deceiving.
Lep. Pray, Sir, your answer send him !
 Pray, Ma'am—
Dén. & { —Say we attend him !
Mar. }
Oct. Thanks for your friendly greeting,
 We'll come, nor fear the meeting,
Lep. The tamborine is beating,
 You may,—but I can't wait !
Oct. Leon. { Kind heaven, out woe relieving,
 & *Mar.* } Shall punish his deceiving,
 And ev'ry wrong retrieving,
 The wretch shall meet his fate !
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Luxuriant Gardens, and distant View—Booths
 on one side, for Refreshments—on the other,
 at the upper end a Summer-House.*

“ Enter MASETTO, followed by ZERLINA, attempting to soothe him.

“ Zer. Masetto! dear Masetto!

“ Mas. Don't touch me, Zerlina—I'll not be fooled twice—your falsehood's plain.

“ Zer. What, distrust me still!—If he will but hear me, I'll soon coax him.—Now, Masetto!

“ Mas. Nonsense! folly!

“ Zer. Do not use me thus, indeed I have not deserved it.—

“ Mas. Not! why persist in coming here, after what has passed ?

“ Zer. Where's the harm,—would you deny me this fine entertainment,—the music,—the dancing?—it was all on our account, and if the Signor will pay me so much attention, how can I prevent him? Now, Masetto—”

SONG—*Zerlina.*

“ Chide me, chide me, dear Masetto!
 “ Chide Zerlina at your will ;
 “ Like the patient lamb, I’ll suffer,
 “ Meek and mute, and loving still.
 “ Rend these locks you’ve prais’d so highly,
 “ From thine arms, Zerlina cast ;
 “ These fond eyes in rage extinguish,
 “ Fondly still they’ll look their last.
 “ Ah! I see, Love, you’re relenting,
 “ Pardon, kneeling, I implore,
 “ Night and day to thee devoted,
 “ Here I vow to err no more.”

“ Mas. (Subdued, and kissing her hand).
 There’s no resisting her! Ah! we swains have
 stout hearts, but marvellous weak heads! (*They*
turn up the Stage).”

Enter LEPORELLO at the side, in subdued alarm.

Lep. All’s not right—we have suspicious company! yet, he sees them not, nor will he hear.—Folks are not wont to wear Toledo blades a yard and a half long, at a Masquerade!—I don’t like it.

[*Music.*.]

(Don Juan and Masks enter at the upper end—as they advance to occupy the Stage, Octavio, Leonora, and Elvira, enter at the side—they are noticed by Leporello—Zerlina and Masetto again join the throng).

Don J. Now then, our dance—the soft Bolero and the gay Fandango!—when Pleasure fills the cup, and Beauty proffers it, who would not taste?—I'll quaff it to the dregs!—Well, what now?

Lep. Sir, Sir! there are certain strangers—

Don J. They are welcome! welcome all. (*To the Party, who bow slightly*). Refreshments quick! the motto here, is “Liberty and Love!” you are entirely welcome! (*bowing to them, and turning to the rest*).—But, we lose time—provide Masetto with a partner. (*Aside to Leporello, as he turns towards Zerlina*).

Elv. That's the young girl, I told you of—we must save her from this destroyer! Oh, shame upon my tenderness! even now, I would preserve him—(*Aside*).

Oet. (*To Lopez*). Be cautious! the stag at bay is a dangerous foe! and surrounded by his dissolute and desperate companions—the time ill suits. (*Leporello, in pairing the Dancers, comes close to Octavio, and starts*).

Lep. As I live, Don Octavio!—he's here for no good, I'll watch him.

Don J. Charming Zerlina! you are *my* partner in the dance. (*Kissing her hand*).

Mas. Do—again! your head shall ache for 't!

Lep. There's a storm rising—but I'll be under shelter—(*Apart*).

Don J. Come, the music, strike.

[*Ballet.*]

(*During which, Masetto keeps an eye on Juan—Octavio is seen speaking occasionally to Lopez—Elvira and Leonora, the same—Don Juan exerts himself to overcome the scruples of Zerlina:*

—she at length consents, and they join the Dance—Leporello seeing Octavio and Lopez, eyes them with suspicion, makes his way to the upper end, and enters the Summer-house. As the figure of the Dance brings Juan and Zerlina near it, he forces her off.—Zerlina screams, and the Dance ends in confusion).

Mas. Ah! 'tis Zerlina's voice!

[*Music.*]

Zer. Help! help! Masetto! Masetto! (*Rushing forward*). Oh! save me! save me!

(*She runs into the arms of Masetto—Juan instantly following from the Summer-house, his sword drawn, and dragging forward Leporello.*)

Don J. Wretch! rascal!

Lep. Ah! murder!—what are you doing?

Don J. This is the reptile who has dared to insult that innocent—but my own hand shall bestow his punishment.

Lep. Ah!

Mas. No, Don Juan, 'twas thyself—this subterfuge shall not save you.

Oct. Villain! (*Unmasks*).

(*Elvira and Leonora do the same*).

Don J. 'Sdeath! Octavio! Leonora, and Elvira too!

Oct. Ay, each minute is an age, till thou hast answered for Don Pedro's death!

(*A roll of Thunder*).

Don J. Is it so? Well, I shrink not—let heaven and earth combine, nothing can or shall appal me!

SEPTETTO.

Tremble, traitor! Wrath is waking,
 Terror deep thy conscience shaking,
 Sudden vengeance guilt o'ertaking,
 Thou, unheard, for aid shall cry;
 Dead to hope, unpitied falling,
 Wild remorse thy heart appalling,
 Thou for mercy vainly calling,
 In despairing guilt shall die!

(Juan stands in the midst; laughing at their rage, and braving their threats—Octavio, towards the close, breaks from Leonora and Elvira, and attacking Don Juan, is disarmed—Elvira rushes between them, and arrests the blow of Juan—Tableau).

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ELVIRA's House—Viranda Window, and Entrance.—Evening twilight—[Music.]—Peasants discovered.

MASSETTO enters from the House, as the Curtain rises.

Mas. So, if she can be safe any where from the pursuit of this Don Devil, it must be with the Lady Elvira; but, do not be far off, my friends; I may need your service yet.

E

1st Peas. Never fear us, Masetto.

Mas. Even the dwelling of his wife may not be sufficient to protect Zerlina from his snares. When once his mind is bent on mischief, there's nothing bars his course.

1st Peas. I'll warrant you, he's flesh and blood, tho' he be a Lord : his head can feel the weight of a cudgel, as well as another's.

[*Exeunt Peasants.*

Mas. This foolish girl has vexed me to the heart; but woman is a riddle, that has puzzled wiser heads than mine—they sometimes seem to love the man they hate, and hate the man they love.

SONG—*Masetto.*

When women warm us,
Oh, how they charm us,
Never alarm us,
Till they are won !

Wedded, how changing,
Fickle and ranging,
Fancy estranging,
From us they run !

Rivals invite them,
Pleasures delight them,
Nothing can fright them,
Under the sun !

Anger resenting,
Never repenting,
Teasing, tormenting,
Still they go on !

Nothing can move them,
Riddles we prove them,
Yet still we love them,
All said and done !

When women, &c.

Enter DON JUAN and LEPORELLO.

Don J. You are right, Leporello; it was, indeed, a fortunate escape.

Lep. Yes, for me, in particular! When your purpose serves, you don't stand for trifles—friend or foe, its all one to you—Ey! there goes Masetto.

Don J. Masetto! where? Ah! then, Zerlina cannot be far off. I have it! She is here, here, in this very house.

Lep. Why, who's is it?

Don J. Elvira's.

Lep. Your wife's! What the pestilence brought you here?

Don J. Fool! my wife's house is the last place in which they'll expect to find me.

Lep. Come, there's some truth in that.

Don J. But how! how to attract her attention! Leporello, have you courage to assist in a project?

Lep. Not a morsel! that last affair extinguished every spark on't. If you'll only stick to wine, and give up women, I'll not flinch.

Don J. Give up women, sot! give up women! give up the dearest blessing of my life. I am confident Zerlina's in the house,—Listen! You shall take my cloak and hat; I'll wear thine; and while you engage the attention of Elvira, as Don Juan, I, as Leporello, may discover the concealment of Zerlina.

Lep. Ah! while I get run thro' the body—I demur—it's a bad plan.

Don J. Sneaking scoundrel!—can you fear your rascally carcass, when I venture mine?

Lep. Oh! I don't value my life! but con-

sider my reputation—Only reflect on the disgrace of being killed in your character.

Don J. No matter, I insist—so—ah, Leporello! happy is the servant that can arrive at the glory of dying for his master—that's well!

(*During this, they have changed Cloaks and Hats—The Window opens, and Elvira appears).*

Elv. Hish! is that Masetto?—Masetto! I would speak with you.

Don J. Elvira! dearest Elvira! (*Turning Leporello towards her*).

Elv. Ah! Heaven! do my senses mock me? Juan!

Don J. Yes, dear Elvira, your own repentant Juan!

Elv. Can it be possible? that voice, conjoined with those kind accents!

Don J. Keep still, you dog, or I shall save the hangman's labour (*In a whisper to Leporello, who fidgets*). Ah! best beloved Elvira! 'tis your husband asks forgiveness, and a shelter from the dangers that surround him.

(*During this, Don Juan, provoked at the sluggishness of Leporello, and the awkwardness of his motions, makes him accompany the expression of the words himself*.)

Don J. Admit me, I entreat.

Elv. That must not be; beneath this roof you'll but increase your peril.

Don J. Ah! then she is here—Villain, if you stir, I'll stab you—(*To Leporello*). Oh! do not keep me on the rack.

Elv. What a situation's mine!

Don J. Come down, my dearest love, come down.

Elv. To be again imposed on! Oh, Juan, Juan!

Don J. She yields! she yields! (*The Window closes*).

Lep. If this lying devil hasn't wheedled her again.

Don J. Now, observe—when she comes out, I may get admittance—occupy her attention—speak little, and caress much.

Lep. Lord, I never made love in my life!

Don J. You know my way—

Lep. But I never practised.

Don J. Pho! easy as lying.

Lep. But, Sir—your worship—

Don J. No reply—Peace! the door opens—

(Elvira enters—Don Juan retreats, and as she advances to Leporello passes behind her, and enters the house).

Lep. If she should find me out!

Elv. Could I have believed my sorrows would have melted that obdurate breast?—(Leporello makes action of assent, imitating Juan).—Ah! if you knew what sighs, what tears your cruelty has caused me! the anguish I have endured!

Lep. Oh! (*Attempts tenderness, but groans as he kisses her hand*). Angel!

Elv. And will you be for ever mine—will you, indeed? (*She reclines affectionately on his shoulder*).

Lep. Ah, goddess of love! (*Embracing her*).—This is not unpleasant—I like the joke.

Elv. Nay, fear not the approach of enemies,

no ill shall e'er befall thee, sheltered in my fond arms.

Lep. I'm all on fire !

(*Masetto appears on the watch—the Peasants stealing cautiously after him.*)

Elv. My heart's dearest treasure !

Lep. My soul's delight !

Elv. Swear then,—

Lep. By this kiss—

(*At the moment Leporello is kissing Elvira, Masetto strikes him down—Leporello roars—Elvira screams, and runs into the house.*)

Mas. Now traitor, I'll repay your kindness.

Elv. Ah ! fly, Juan, fly !

[*Exit to the House.*]

Mas. Spare him not—lay on ! lay on ! (*To the Peasants*).

Lep. Ah ! oh ! s'heart ! a man may as well fight as be killed !—have at you, rogues !—(*Leporello draws, and lays about him—Masetto starts.*)

Mas. Hold ! hold ! 'tis Leporello !

Lep. Flesh and fire ! is this the way you treat the best friend you have in the world ?

Mas. We took you for Don Juan—Where is he ?

[*Music.*]

(*Don Juan runs across the Stage, from the House, Zerlina in his arms, screaming.*)

Ah ! 'tis he !—follow—he shall not escape us now. [*Exeunt Masetto and Peasants.*]

Lep. Plague take the booby, I say, and the devil take my master ! I hav'n't a whole bone in my body—Ey !

(*Scuffle and confusion without*).

Mas. Down with him! villain!—Zerlina!
(*Without*).

Don J. Caitiff! rascals! (*Without*).

Lep. Oh, brave master! he fights like an imprisoned rat—he'll score you—he'll pay you, dogs!

Mas. Pusue! pursue! (*Don Juan returns alone, running across*).

Don J. Fly, fly, Leporello! they are at my heels—fly, fly! [*Exeunt*.]

Lep. Fly!—egad! its no time for me to stand, when he runs. [*Exit*.]

Enter Masetto and Zerlina.

Zer. Oh, Masetto! guard me from that wicked man!

Mas. From which? he that fled, or he with whom I found you?—Oh, Zerlina!

Zer. What is't you mean? Of whom do you speak?

Mas. I scarcely know—Leporello, Juan, both, or the devil in their likeness—this girl will drive me mad—did I not see him kiss thee? and when I struck him down, did you not bid him fly?

Zer. No! no indeed—when I heard your voice, terrified, I flew from my concealment, and Juan then surprized me—but are you hurt, Masetto?

Mas. More by your unkindness, than his blows.

Zer. Why will you let this foolish jealousy betray you into trouble? But all will be well, soon; only cherish the heart that loves you, Masetto, and you will find in it, an unfailing balm for distrust and suspicion.

SONG—*Zerlina.*

List ! and I'll find, Love,
 If you are kind, Love,
 Balm for your mind, Love,
 Patient but be;

This balm so pure, Love,
 Simple and sure, Love,
 Sweet to endure, Love,
 None know but me.

Thrilling and healing,
 Over thee stealing,
 Exquisite feeling,
 Meant but for thee !

To thy entreating
 I'll yield it, dear !
 Feel how 'tis beating,
 Beating just here !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Moonlight—A Cemetery—The Tomb of Don Pedro, surmounted by his Statue on Horseback.

Enter DON JUAN laughing, followed by LEPORELLO.

Don J. Ha ! ha ! ha ! poor Leporello ! thou art still alive.

Lep. No thanks to you—were I beaten to a mummy, you care not.

Don J. Come, come, this shall make all well—'tis a sovereign remedy for your complaint—(*holding out a purse*).

Lep. Ey ! no—I'm not to be bribed, like the weaker sex—what is it ?

Don J. A plaster for bruised bones.

Lep. How much?

Don J. Ten pistoles.

Lep. Enough!

Don J. Quite, for a broken coxcomb! What a lovely night is here!—“The air, methinks, breathes a delicious balm, and nature now, looks soft and bright as the relenting glance of some cold beauty, warmed and won to love.

“*Lep.* More raptures! more ravings! I wish I'd a remedy for you.”

Don J. Why, such a night as this, was made for amorous enterprise! yet the hue and cry without might make it troublesome to venture.

Lep. The what!—the hue and cry!

Don J. Hark ye! Leporello! there are certain envious knaves abroad to-night, that seek to mar the sports they'd fain enjoy. Your lynx-eyed alguazil keeps watch. We must not yet move hence.

Lep. Why, where are we?, (*Looking round*) Oh! worse and worse! if there's one place I dislike more than another, its a church-yard by night, and in such company! (*Aside*).

Don J. What's that you mutter?

“*Lep.* Oh! if you would but take warning—if you would but mend your life.

“*Don. J.* Mend it! don't I enjoy it to the full? do I not gather every blossom that the spring of youth puts forth?

“*Lep.* Yes; but the fruit will be remorse—you'll not admire the flavour of it. Now if I had a master—I say, *if I had* a master without a conscience, I should tell him flatly to his face—Does it become you, a mere atom, a reptile, a little earth-worm—mind, I speak to the aforesaid master—does it become you, to make

a jest of what your betters revere? think you, because you are a man of quality, with straight limbs, and a fair presence, a feather stuck in your cap, and a sword dangling at your tail—

Don J. How!

Lep. I say, do you suppose, that you are at liberty to go it as you do, without an honest man daring to give you your own? Then, learn from me, who am only your lacquey,—Ah! I speak to the aforesaid—

Don J. Hold, Sir! that aforesaid of yours, seems to be a person I have something of a regard for, something of a friendship, and 'twould be the heighth of baseness in me, not to cut a rascal's throat that spoke ill of him.

Lep. Ah! that's what I said—your story may be very true, says I—says I to him; but all men are not alike. Now, I have a master, says I, that scorns such freaks;—he does not kiss other men's wives, and run away with their daughters;—he, he never killed a man in a brawl, or beat his servant, like a stock, or a stone—says I.

Don J. Ha! ha! I understand thee, knave—

Stat. Thy mirth shall end, 'ere glow-worms fade in morning.

(*Leporello terrified, and Juan listening with surprize.*)

Don J. Leporello! what voice?—

Lep. A spirit! a spirit!—Oh! I freeze with horror!

Don J. This is strange!—Pshaw! some one's concealed, and laughs at our surprize—what have we here?—the tomb of Don Pedro!

Lep. Don Pedro!

Don J. They must have been expeditious!

Lep. Expeditious! mortal man never could have raised it in so short a time.

Don J. 'Tis finely sculptur'd! and very like him too!

Lep. Terribly, terribly like him!

Don J. Leporello, approach—read me the inscription.

Lep. Excuse me, my eyes are not good enough to read by moonlight.

Don J. Read, I say.

Lep. (*Advancing, retreats on looking up*).—My heart fails me! I could almost fancy him alive, and going to speak.

Don J. Incorrigible coward! but, come, I'll send thee with a message.

Lep. Will you? I'll go with all the pleasure in life—Here's a blessed release!—but where—what street—your compliments, and—

Don J. To Don Pedro—there!—(*Leporello starts*).—Ask him to supper!

Lep. Ask!—Ey! Oh, good Sir, you jest,—he has no appetite.

Don J. Do as I bid thee.

Lep. Certainly, to be sure; but, under favour, with all submission, wouldn't it be rather more respectful—more polite, as you are so near his residence, just to call upon him yourself?

(*Don Juan threatens Leporello, who bows to him, and then advances towards the Statue with trepidation*).

—Good Mr. Statue, I—I—I'm not well.
(*Turning to Don Juan*).

Don J. (*Half drawing his Sword*). I'll cure you.

Lep. I go, I go—if it shall please your Wor-

ship, my master—would desire—your company
—to supper. Ah! Oh! O! O!

(*Don Juan listens to the delivery of his Message, as if enjoying Leporello's terror—At the word "Supper," the Statue bows its head, and Leporello runs forward, overwhelmed with dismay.*)

Don J. S'death! what does the fellow roar at?

Lep. The—the—the Statue! (*Nods his head in imitation*).

Don J. What!

(*Leporello attempts in vain to speak, but points over his shoulder, and again imitates the motion of the Statue.*)

Don J. Assents, but does not speak—then I'll speak to him.

[*Music.*]

(*Leporello clasps his hands in alarm, as Juan walks boldly towards the Figure*).

Don J. If thou canst be animate, and bend thy marble joints, descend, and visit me. Thou shalt have a noble welcome!

[*Music.*]

(*The Statue bows—Juan starts—Leporello, who has not dared to turn his eyes, entreats his Master to depart—Juan rejects his advice, and taking off his glove, throws it daringly at the Figure, as he leaves the Cemetery—Leporello, spite of his terrors, takes a parting glance at the Statue, which again bows—Leporello roars, and rushes off*).

SCENE III.

Piazza illuminated—Moonlight gleaming thro' the Arches—A magnificent Square seen beyond them.

Enter OCTAVIO, with LOPEZ, and two Attendants.

Oct. This to the Corregidor—to the Governor these. (*Giving Papers*).—Be vigilant, and bring me their reply. [Exeunt Lopez, &c.]—“Delay shall not make punishment less certain; better that an act of even-handed justice should expose him to the world a terrible example, than that he should fall obscurely the victim of intemperate rage.”

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. Where is he? Where is Octavio? Oh, cruel man! what hast thou done? Do not avoid, but answer me—Who are those dreadful men, that I now passed?

Oct. The ministers of justice.

Elv. And their purpose?

Oct. To bring a criminal to justice—Don Juan.

Elv. He is my husband! Octavio! he is my husband!

Leon. And can Elvira pity him?

“*Elv.* Oh! who would not pity him? Who would not feel compassion for a wretch, so lost as he is? stained with every crime, that human nature shudders but to think of; accursed by

man, renounced by heaven, no sins repented,
lost to all comfort here, bereft of every hope
hereafter—

"Leon. What would you ask?

"Elv. Do not mistake;—I plead not for his
life, but for his guilty soul—Oh, give him time
for penitence—spare him but for that!

"Oct. He has a heart that penitence can
never touch.—The outraged laws of justice and
humanity must be appeased,—Don Pedro's
death revenged."

Elv. Vengeance is heaven's, and should not
be usurped by man.

Oct. Elvira, think what it is you ask; reflect,
how impossible for me to grant.

Elv. Oh Juan, Juan! are all men's hearts
obdurate as thine own! Ah! how am I debased,
how is Elvira sunk, when she would save the
life, that has rendered her's a curse?—But
there is a way—yes, once again I'll see him,
see him for the last time—then, in a Convent's
gloom, bury my disgrace and shame for ever.

[Exit.]

Oct. Poor Elvira! how the strong passions
of affection and disgust rend her distracted
breast!

Enter MASETTO and ZERLINA.

Mas. Ah, this is fortunate; 'tis Don Octavio!

Oct. Masetto!—Zerlina too!

Zer. Pray, pray, Sir, befriend us!

Oct. Most willingly; but what has happened,
that Elvira should so suddenly appear in Se-
ville? Could not her protection screen you from
the arts of that abandon'd miscreant?

Zer. Oh no! while Juan lives, there is no safety for the innocent, no refuge for Zerlina.

Mas. He respects no tie of kindred or affection; no law of earth or heaven—The peasant's cottage, and the regal palace, are alike indifferent, when his base passions prompt him to assail them. Not even our holy church, wherein he never trod, except for sanctuary, can stop his guilty course.

Oct. Come, then with me; the arms of my Leonora shall be henceforth Zerlina's safeguard—Octavio, Masetto's friend.

Zer. Oh, unexpected happiness!

Mas. Signor, our hearts must thank you—we are ill schooled in words.

[Exit Masetto.

Oct. I know your worth, and value it. Hasten to Leonora, and prepare her to receive us. Juan's career of wickedness is nearly closed, and ne'er again shall wound our friendship or affection.

DUET—*Zerlina and Octavio.*

Zerl. The purest flame this bosom warming,
My thrilling heart, with love shall glow,

Oct. And heav'ly truth each doubt disarming,
The sweetest balm of life bestow.

Both. Hail, sacred pow'r, indulgent prove!
We bow before thine altar, Love!

Zerl. For ever now our fates combining,
With blooming flow'r's thy shrine adorn,

Oct. And while the wreath of Hope we're twining,
Oh! grant the rose, but spare the thorn

Both. Vows so pure let none destroy,
We all earthly bliss enjoy.

SCENE THE LAST.

A magnificent Saloon, illuminated by Chandeliers; Tables superbly decorated for a Banquet, &c. &c.

Enter DON JUAN and LEPORELLO.

Don J. Well, Leporello, what think you of my preparations? Will they not honor the occasion?

Lep. Grand, very grand! but, somehow, I never was less inclined to see company. I have no affection for the guests you have invited.

Don J. Why, they are fair and courteous, the very paragons of womankind, culled from the choicest Dames in Spain.—You would not have me set Don Pedro down alone?

Lep. Ah! if you love me, do not talk of him! I'll never trouble your Worship with another request, if you'll be graciously pleased to dispense with my service this evening.

Don J. Sirrah, if you demur, I'll make you eat at the same table.

Lep. Thank you, all the same; but this is fast-day with me—I'm not hungry.

Don J. I'll have you sing to entertain him, too.

Lep. Sing! I'm hoarse; I caught cold in the church-yard—besides, I never sing in company, never!

Don J. I'll warrant you; but 'tis past the time—I fear me, he'll not come.

Lep. I hope with all my soul he's better engaged! yet, if a Statue can move its head, I see no reason upon earth, why it shouldn't move its legs.

Don J. Pbo! 'twas a vile deception.—Oh! he'll not come, I warrant.—'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lep. Past twelve! I'm alive again! we are safe!—your Ghosts never go abroad after midnight—morning air doesn't agree with them—“ Shall I call up the music? (*eagerly*). ”

“ *Don J.* To what end?—you never sing in company?

“ *Lep.* My hoarseness is better.—Let me order supper.

“ *Don J.* Supper! why, this is your fast-day.

“ *Lep.* You forget—past twelve o'clock!—breakfast now.

“ *Don J.* But you are not hungry.

“ *Lep.* My voice and appetite are wonderfully recovered—so” have in the Music, admit the Ladies, serve up the Feast, call for what you will—I'm up to any thing.—Past twelve o'clock! Oh!

Don J. Why, you talk now like a *Bon-vivant!* a Bacchanalian! and you talk well, Leporello!

“ Whate'er the joys of temperate mortals be,

“ Women and wine, and minstrelsy for me.”

—Come, the music and the banquet, there!

(*The draperies that conceals the Band, at this instant are drawn up, and a burst of Music introduce the Company, who are all Ladies.—Leporello ushers them in, and Don Juan welcomes them joyously—they raise their Veils, one after the other, and Juan compliments each on her appearance, till he has noticed the whole group.*)

—So!—my happiness is now complete, and not a wish remains.

Lep. One more—

Don J. What?

Lep. Woman.

Don J. Is she handsome?

Lep. Can't say—she's modest.

Don J. Ah! That's why you let her in.

Lep. Exactly.

(Elvira has entered in a religious habit, and throws up her Veil as she advances).

Don J. Elvira!

Elv. Do not be surprised, Don Juan, that you see me here at such an hour, and in such apparel—the motive that has brought me to thy presence, needs no excuse—admits of no delay. Listen, then, for the last time! Listen to that voice you never will hear more! I come not to upbraid you, Juan; I am no longer that Elvira, whose irritated mind breathed nothing but reproaches; 'tis perfect, pure affection, that impels me now to warn you of the precipice on which you stand.

Don J. How that dress becomes her! (Apart to Loporello).

Lep. He has a heart of stone (Apart).

[Retires.]

Elv. Mark me! the same power that has purified my earthly passions, tells you, by me, that your offence has exhausted all its mercy.

Don J. Ha! ha! ha!

Elv. Avoid then, I implore you, while you may, the blow that threatens—leave this polluted spot—abandon these licentious scenes, and spare, oh, spare me the horror of knowing you condemned to punishment eternal.

Don J. Pshaw! I will not listen to't, Elvira.
If it please you, stay, and partake my pleasures; if not, leave me.

Elv. Oh! do not speak thus! one moment longer, you are past hope; if my supplications and my prayers can move you to repentance, —fly, fly, from the dangers that encompass you! Oh, let me save you from yourself! save you from the wrath of heaven! E'en now, the fatal bolt is launched at thy devoted head—already I behold the dark abyss opening to swallow thee in fires, that burn, but never can consume!

Don J. Oh, absurd! I cannot, will not do it.

Elv. Lost! lost for ever! [Exit.]

(*Don Juan retires to the Table*). .

Don J. Some wine there! Leporello! wine, and the dance.

[*The Music strikes.*]

(*Don Juan and the Party sit at the Table—the Ladies seated round him, four Servants attending—During the Repast, a Dance by Females only—Leporello comes forward with a Plate, and stations himself near the front, enjoying the gaiety of the Scene and his Supper, till three tremendous knocks are heard without—His Plate, &c. instantly drops from his hand, and he stands paralyzed—The Dance has suddenly broke off, and each Performer appears rivetted to her place and position with astonishment).*

Don J. (*Carelessly*). Leporello! the door!
see who knocks.

[*Music.*]

(*Leporello takes the light, and goes to the*

side at which Elvira went off. Don Juan attempts to quiet the alarm of his Companions).

Lep. (*Returning*). Ah! Oh! Oh!—He's come! he's come! he's come!

Don J. On horseback or on foot, that he makes this infernal clamour?

[*Knock repeated.*]

Lep. There again!

Don J. Don't be impatient—I'll soon be with you.

[*Music.*]

(*Juan comes from the Table, draws his Sword, and takes the light from the trembling hand of Leporello.*)

Lep. Don't, don't,—tell him you are not at home!

[*Music.*]

(*Don Juan pushes Leporello scornfully aside, and goes to the entrance, almost instantly returning, followed by the Statue, which is surrounded by a ghastly blue glare—The Women and Leporello utter shrieks, and escape in all directions—the lights in the apartment are suddenly extinguished—Don Juan retreats, step by step, as the Figure advances, keeping his eye fearlessly upon it, until it halts.*)

Don J. You take the privilege of old acquaintance—you are full half an hour beyond your time.—(*Points to the Table*)—Pray be seated.

[*Music.*]

(*The Statue assents, and seats itself at*

the Table. Juan fronts it, and offers Food, which is rejected—he then offers Wine, which is likewise refused).

Neither eat nor drink!—why then, here's to you!—may you live a thousand years!

(Drinks, and throws the Cup over his head).

[Music.]

The Statue rises—Juan likewise—the Figure points forward, as desiring him to follow, and retreats towards the entrance—pauses, turns, and holds forth its hand—Don Juan throws away his Sword, and daringly advances—at the instant his hand meets the grasp of the Statue, he shrinks back and groans).

“Don J. Oh, horror! I freeze!—I freeze!—the life-blood curdles in my veins!—my heart has turn'd to ice—and weighs me to the earth.”

(*The Statue forces him back with the point of his Baton, and vanishes—Juan reels, and falls—Fiends arise from various parts, and on an immense rock of burning matter, with Serpents twining amidst a vivid red flame, which ascends in the centre).*

CHORUS OF DEMONS.

Solo—Chief Spirit.

Spirits of Hell, surround him!
Furies, with shrieks astound him!
Guilt and despair confound him!
Prepare his fiery doom!

Chorus.

Demons, triumphant yelling,
 Welcome the wicked home!
 Plunge him in Horror's dwelling,
 Where Hope can never come!

(*The instant the whole are assembled, they drag Juan from the ground by the hair—he rushes from side to side, pursued with scourges of fire, and is at length bound to the rock.*)

“*Don J. Oh! madness and horror—a thousand serpents tear my flesh—gulfs of eternal fire!—Pedro! Elvira!—too late! too late!—I burn! I sink!—Tortures! Hell! Despair!—Oh!”*

(*The whole fabric of the Palace totters, —the Pillars which support the Saloon divide, and fall with a hideous crash; and as Juan descends in a blaze of red flame, the Spirit of Don Pedro is seen to ascend beyond the ruins, in a pale ethereal mist.*)

THE END.

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A SERIES OF DRAMATIC CRITICISMS,

BY MR. WILLIAM HAZLITT,

AUTHOR OF "CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEAR'S PLAYS,"

With which Work it will be uniformly printed.

Rob Roy Macgregor.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*The Interior of a small Public-house in Scotland ;
Door and a large Window in front, through
which is seen Osbaldistone-Hall, and Country.*

*Travellers of various descriptions preparing to
set forward on their journey; Host and Hostess
assisting them.*

GLEE—Host and TRAVELLERS.

Soon the sun will gae to rest,
Let's awa' together ;
Company is aye the best
Crossing o'er the heather.

Tak each lad his stirrup cup,
His heart will be the lighter ;
Tak each lass a wee sup,
Her e'e will sparkle brighter.

Bold Rob Roy, the Southerns say,
Is now upon the Border ;
Should he meet wi' us the day,
'T wad breed a sair disorder.

But tak each man his stirrup cup,
His heart will feel the bolder ;
Then set your lip,
The whisky sip,
And shoulder keep to shoulder.
Soon the sun, &c.

Host. Bawly sung, my masters, bawly sung !
 I wish you all safe home, for your own sakes,
 and a quick return, for mine. Here, wife ! give
 our friends their stirrup-cup, while I rub down
 the table. I wish you good e'en, friends.

(*The Travellers disperse*).

—Odd ! there are two more travellers just alighting. Wha'd a' thought of more company at the Thistle and Bagpipes so late in the day ? But what with Whigs, and Tories, and Jacobites, and Rob Roy—we in the North here drive a bonny trade.

Enter CAMPBELL, plainly dressed, something like a North-country Grazier; and OWEN in a plain brown Suit, Boots, a Whip, &c. shewn in by WILLIE.

Willie. Travellers to Glasgow, Maister.

Camp. Landlord, let us have your best, and quickly.

Host. Troth will I, Sir—Ye'll be for a dram, na doubt, till we can tass ye up something hot for your late dinner. [Exit.

(Owen has placed a small Saddle-bag on the Table, and sunk into a Chair, apparently greatly fatigued).

Owen. Oh ! my poor bones ! the firm of my constitution has been worse shaken than the House of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London.—(Willie places Liquor and Cups on the Table).—Young man, have you sent my message to the Hall hard by ?

(Campbell pours out, and Owen drinks).

Willie. Yes, Sir ; the lassie will soon be back wi' the answer.

Camp. Weel, fellow-traveller, how does our Scotch whisky agree with your English stomach?

Owen. Thank you, Sir, it cheers the body, but cannot raise the spirit—I'm quite below par, as we say in the City.

Camp. Try it again, man. (*Filling his Cup.*)

Owen. I hope Mr. Frank Osbaldistone will make haste—Yet I have a sad tale to tell to him. (*Rises.*)

Camp. Osbaldistone! I know something of that family, Sir; and if there's any thing I can serve you in, you may command me.

Owen. You are very kind, Sir; but it's far beyond your help.

Camp. Perhaps not; will you trust me with the matter?

Owen. Surely I will, Sir: the affairs of the great Commercial and Banking-house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, are no secret by this time—all public as the *Gazette*—that I should live to see it and say it!—Oh dear!

Camp. Come, come, nought's so bad but what it may be mended. Let's hear the business that brings you to the Hall.

Owen. It's a long account, Sir; but I'll sum it up by the shortest rules. You must know my name is Owen: I am Head Clerk of the House of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, and now on my way to Glasgow, to recover certain papers which have been taken—stolen I'm afraid—in the absence of the head of the Firm.

Camp. Stolen! by whom?

Owen. By his nephew, Mr. Rashleigh.

Camp. Rashleigh! I know—I remember—the son of Sir Hildebrand, late of the Hall here.

Owen. The same, Sir. Sir Hildebrand and the rest of his sons were taken up on suspicion

of treasonable practices—its an awful balance they have to strike !

Camp. But how happened it—the son—this Mr. Frank you talk of, was not left in charge of his father's affairs, rather than the nephew, Rashleigh ?

Owen. Ah, Sir ! there lies all the mischief—Mr. Frank loathed the counting-house worse than I loathe a bankruptcy. While his father was making money he was making poetry ; and so, his father, Sir, being a stern man, said that his nephew Rashleigh should take Mr. Frank's place ; for he would never ask his only child a second time, to be the partner of his fortunes and affections—Oh dear !

Camp. Well, Sir, but what motive could induce this Rashleigh to betray a trust, which, for his own advantage, one would naturally suppose he would be most faithful to ?

Owen. I suspect to aid some political purpose, whereby, at the expence of honour and conscience, he expects to make a larger per centage of worldly profit. He knew that, to shake the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane-Alley, London, was to alarm the Government ;—the cash he took was no hurt, but the assets—the assets, Sir !—however, I'll not give 'em up—I know Rashleigh has come north.

Camp. North ! indeed !—Umph—he's a cunning chield that !—he'll be too cunning for himself at last—a false friend never served a good cause.

Owen. You say true, Sir, such people are as variable as the course of exchange. When we reach Glasgow, Sir, perhaps you can assist my enquiries.

Camp. I—I'll meet you there, my friend—I

Just recollect a small matter of business that I have to do in this neighbourhood.—(*Aside*)—I must go to the Hall—Rashleigh has been there, no doubt, and Sir Frederick Vernon may wish to speak. I'll meet you at Glasgow, Mr. Owen.

Owen. Heaven help me! I shall never live to balance an account there, without a companion or a guide. I was never ten miles from Crane-Alley before, in all my days.

Camp. Pho! man, there is no fear.—Where shall I hear of you?

Owen. At Messrs. M'Vittie and M'Fin's, in the Gallowgate, Sir. We have another agent, one Mr. Nicol Jarvie, in the Salt-market; but I can't depend on him.

Camp. Fare ye weel, Mr. Owen.—Rashleigh in the North! then the heather will soon be on fire.

Enter Willie.

Willie. Here's the 'Squire, to speak with one Maister Owen.

(*Campbell retires as Frank Osbaldistone enters, and retreats hastily unperceived*).

Frank. Owen, my excellent kind friend!

Owen. O, Mr. Frank! O, Mr. Osbaldistone, such news! (*Wiping his eyes*). But why did you never answer our letters—mine, and your good father's?

Frank. Letters! I have never yet received one. I have written repeatedly, and have been astonish'd at receiving no reply.

Owen. O Lord! no letters! O my stars, no letters! then they have been intercepted—how has your poor father been deceived! O, Mr.

Frank. what have you not to answer for ? but that's past now—it's all over !

Frank. Good heaven ! is my father—is he ill—dead ?

Owen. No, no, not so bad as that ; thank heaven his day-book is still open—but his affairs are in worse confusion than my poor brain.—Oh dear !

Frank. Explain yourself, I beseech you, and in terms less technical.

Owen. Well, well, the sum total is—that your cousin, Rashleigh, taking advantage of my good master's absence in Holland, has absconded with papers of such consequence to ourselves and the Government, that unless we can recover them, or get help from our Agents by a certain day, the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane-Alley, London, is in the bankrupt list as sure as the *Gazette* !

Frank. Gracious Heaven, my folly and disobedience then, have ruined my father ! How shall I redeem the consequence of my error ?

Owen. O, Mr. Frank, you raise my heart ten per cent. to hear you talk in that way. Repair to Glasgow, and assist my poor endeavours. Though you understand little, I grieve to say it, of Debtor and Creditor, you thoroughly understand, I rejoice to tell it, the great fundamental principle of all moral accounting—the great Ethic Rule of Three—let A do to B, as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required.

Frank. It shall, it must be so ;—this very hour I'll bid adieu to the Enchantress, who still must rule my destiny, and seek this destroyer, this traitor, Rashleigh ! Set forward, Owen, instantly :—by the time you have made the necessary en-

quiries at Glasgow, I shall be with you. Oh, Diana! must we then part?

Owen. Diana!—Ah, love—love, I thought so;—never knew a man open an account with him, but his affairs got into confusion. I never had any dealings with him in all my life. It's more dangerous, Mr. Frank, than meddling with contraband goods; but I've heard of the consignment!—to Miss Diana Vernon, best affections! Item, heart!—Item, honour!—Item—Oh, Mr. Frank, look at the per Contra.—Blank! ruin!—Oh dear! [Exit Owen.]

Frank. Yes, for awhile we must separate; yet, I cannot cease to love, cannot live without her.

SONG—FRANK.

(*Words by Burns.*)

O my love's like the red red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Tho' a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Library of Osbaldistone-Hall—DIANA VERNON and Sir FREDERICK VERNON seated at a Table—MARTHA attending.

As the Scene is disclosed, DIANA and Sir FREDERICK rise, and come forward.—A Portrait is conspicuous, full length, after the fashion of which Sir FREDERICK is dressed.

Sir Fred. It is now time we separate. Remember, Diana, my instructions—We are surrounded by perils, which will require all your prudence to avert—'tis evident, your cousin Francis suspects the visits of a stranger to these apartments, and tho' this dress, resembling that of your ancestor's portrait, has hitherto enabled me to impose on the weak minds of the domestics, his penetration may discover who, and what I am, before the plans are matured, on which my hopes of future happiness now entirely rest.

Diana. Rely on my discretion, Sir—you may with safety.

(Martha takes a Cloak from the back of a Chair, resembling that of a Catholic Priest, and assists Sir Frederick in putting it on.)

Martha. Indeed, Sir Frederick—I beg pardon—Father Vaughan, your reverence has nothing to fear, though you are a Catholic and a Jacobite. There is not a soul in the place, myself excepted, that dare stir a foot toward this part of the house after nightfall!

Sir Fred. I repeat, it is not from them I fear

discovery ; the character I openly bear, of Confessor to Miss Vernon, is a sufficient security ; but remember, Diana, Francis Osbaldistone and his father are firm adherents of the present Government, and should he discover me, or the purpose which renders my concealment in this part of the country necessary, it might be fatal to the cause of Scotland and to ourselves.

Diana. But my cousin is a man of honourable and affectionate feelings :—he would never betray you, Sir.

Sir Fred. You mean, he would never sacrifice his love in the person of Diana Vernon. Subdue those reflections, for the sake of your future peace of mind—annihilate them, while it yet is in your power—think that you are devoted to a cloister, or the betrothed bride of Rashleigh Osbaldistone.

[*Exit Sir Frederick at a Tapestry Door.*

Diana. You may leave me now, Martha. When my cousin Frank returns, say I wish to speak with him here. [*Exit Martha.*

—The bride of Rashleigh ! never, never ! any lot rather than that—the convent, the jail, the grave ! —I must act as becomes the descendant of a noble ancestry ! Yet, how preferable is the lot of those, whose birth and situation neither renders them meanly dependant, or raises them to the difficulties and dangers that too often accompany wealth and grandeur.

SONG—DIANA.

RECITATIVE.

I dedicate my lay to thee,
Endearing, calm Felicity !

c

AIR.

Ah ! would it were my humble lot
 To share with thee some lowly cot,
 Where Fame and Fortune ne'er intrude
 To mar the Lover's solitude.

Then I'd sing nonny, O !

And merry be
 With love and thee,
 From morn till e'en so bonny, O !

If far away from lordly pride
 The stream of life would calmly glide,
 And I content, if thou wert nigh,
 In joy could live, in peace could die.

And I'd sing nonny, O ! &c. &c.

Enter MARTHA, introducing FRANK OSBALDISTONE.

Frank. Diana, you sent for me.

Diana. Yes—it was to bid you farewell; suppress your amazement, while I tell you I am acquainted with the distresses which the treachery of Rashleigh has brought upon your father.

Frank. How, in the name of Heaven ! since but within these few minutes I myself was informed ?

Diana. Ask me no questions. I have it not in my power to reply to them. Fate has involved me in such a series of nets and entanglements, that I dare hardly speak a word, for fear of consequences. You must meet, and obviate, the difficulties this blow has occasioned.

Frank. And how is that possible ?

Diana. Every thing is possible to him who possesses courage and activity.

Frank. What do you advise ?

Diana. Quit this place instantly, and for ever !

Frank. Diana !

Diana. You have only one friend to regret ; and she has long been accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and comforts to the welfare of others.

(*At this moment, Diana's eye rests upon that of Sir Frederick, who has appeared from behind the Tapestry, making a sign of anger—Diana falters—he retires.*)

Frank. What alarms you ? (*Turning*) Ha ! I thought—

Diana. It is nothing, nothing (*detaining him*). Take Andrew the gardener, for your guide, and repair instantly to Glasgow.

Frank. Such was my intention ; but if Rashleigh has really formed the scheme of plundering his benefactor, and disturbing the state, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid ?

Diana. Stay, (yes, I will insist upon it) ; do not leave this room till I return. [*Exit Diana.*]

Frank. She has then a confederate, a friend ! perhaps a lover !—Every thing confirms it, the light from these windows, which I have seen at unusual times—the footsteps which I have traced in the morning's dew, from the private entrance to the apartment beneath this Library—the report too of apparitions—a thousand circumstances tend to confirm my suspicions. But she comes.

Enter DIANA.

Diana. Frank, I trust you with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of this business rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a

certain day;—take this packet, but do not open it till all other means have failed. Ten days before the bills are due, you are at liberty to break the seal.

Frank. It has no superscription!

Diana. If you are compelled to open it, you will find directions inclosed.

Frank. And now, Diana, after the mysterious, but kind interest you have shewn to my worldly cares, relieve my heart, by explaining—

Diana. I can explain nothing. Oh, Frank! we are now to part, perhaps never to meet more; do not then make my mysterious miseries embitter the last moments we may pass together. In the world, away from me, you may find a being less encumbered by unhappy appearances, less influenced by evil fortunes and evil times.

Frank. Never, never! the world can afford me nothing to repay the loss of her I must leave behind me.

DUET—DIANA and FRANK.

Diana. } Tho' { you } leave { me } now in sorrow,
Frank. } I } thee }

Smiles may light our love to-morrow.
 Doom'd to part! my faithful heart
 A gleam of joy from Hope shall borrow.

Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near,
 This heart alone is thine, { for ever;
 Diana;
 Thou mayst find those will love thee, dear,
 But not a love like mine, { O never.
 Diana.
 Tho' you leave, &c.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, at Glasgow.

Enter BAILIE and SAUNDERS WYLIE.

Bailie. I tell you, Saunders, you're daft—you're mad! Osbaldistone and Co. in danger! it's impossible.

S. Wylie. It's very true, Sir; and I thought it but right to let you, my old master, know on't.

Bailie. Troth, Saunders, you've stunned me with the evil communication. Osbaldistone and Co. fail! stop!—Mattie! Mattie! (*Calling off*).

S. Wylie. Mr. Owen, the head clerk, and junior partner, has been at our house wi' the tidings, and begging for time to take up the bills.

Bailie. Owen! I remember—he's a man of figures! a man of calculation! if he talks of ruin, by my soul, its not far off!—but, why didn't he call upon Nicol Jarvie? I am a merchant, and a magistrate, as well as M'Vittie! but he thinks no more of me, I suppose, than of a Scotch pedlar. Mattie! O!

Enter MATTIE.

—Tell the Clerk to bring the ledger.

Matt. The Clerk! Lord, Sir! he's safe in bed these twa hours!

Bailie. The lazy blackguard! a-bed!—then do you fetch it yourself, Mattie.

Matt. I'll do your bidding, Sir.

[*Exit Mattie.*

Bailie. My Conscience! I hav'n't had such a shock since my father, the Deacon (peace be

with him !) left me to fight my way alone in this wicked world.—But what says M'Vittie? will he grant the time?

S. Wyylie. Not a day, Mr. Jarvie—not an hour! things look so bad, I fear my employers mean to resort to the severest measures. I heard them talk of arresting Mr. Owen, so you had best look to yourself.

Enter MATTIE with a Book.

Bailie. Let me look at the ledger! (*opening it eagerly*). L—M—N—O—os—Osbal—as I'm a Bailie, the balance must be enormous—but I've no heart to run it up (*Returning the Book*). How much is M'Vittie out with him?

S. Wyylie. I can't justly say, but some hundreds.

Bailie. Hundreds! only hundreds! damn their supple snouts, and would they press a falling man for the sake of hundreds, that have made thousands by him?—Your masters, Wyylie, have taken many a good job from between my teeth, but, I'll snap 'em this turn!

S. Wyylie. I wish you could, Mr. Jarvie, I wish you could.—Ah! I made a sair change, when I left you to serve two such infernal—

Bailie. Whisht! Saunders, whisht! while you eat their bread, don't abuse the scoundrels behind their backs.

S. Wyylie. You've a kind heart, Mr. Jarvie, and an honest one too.

Bailie. So had the Deacon, my father, Saunders, rest, and bless him!

S. Wyylie. Would you be pleased to consult on this business with our partners, Sir?

Bailie. No—I'll see them both d—d—that is,

a man that meddles with pitch, must be defiled ! — I'd sooner hold a parley with Belzebub ! No, no—Nicol Jarvie has a way of his own to manage this matter.—Go your ways, Mattie, with that huge memorial of misfortune, and get my walking gear, and the lantern ! [Exit Mattie.] —As for you, Saunders, speed you home again, and not a word, man, that you've seen me.

[Exit S. Wylie.]

—Osbaldistone and C δ . stop ! my Conscience ! — I'd sooner ha' dreamed o' the downsal of the Bank o' London ! — Why, its enough to make the very hairs o' my wig rise, and stand on end ! — but the distress can't be permanent—At any rate, I'll prove myself a friend—if the House regains its credit, I shall recover my loss, and if not, why I have done as I would be done by, like my father, the Deacon, good man ! blessings on his memory, say I ! that taught me good-will towards my fellows !

Enter MATTIE, decked out for walking—her Apron pinned up, &c. and bearing the Bailie's Great Coat, Hat, Lantern, &c.

Matt. I've brought your gear, Sir ; but, gude save us ! where wad you be ganging to, a' sic a time o'night ?

Bailie. You'll soon know, Mattie, for you must e'en tramp along wi' me.—I wouldn't like to be breaking my shins in the dark just now, for truth to speak, I'd never more occasion to stand firm on my legs, both at home and abroad. Now, give us the beaver, lassie.

Matt. Weel ! to think o' putting on claithes when ye suld be taking 'em off, and scampering abroad, when ye suld be ganging to your bed.

Bailie. Time and tide wait for no man.

Matt. But where are you going, Bailie?

Bailie. To many places, that I'd as lief bide away from.

Matt. Now wrap this kerchief about your thrapple.

Bailie. You're a kind-hearted lassie, Mattie!

Matt. There—leave a wee bit room for your mouth—ye must needs ha' a drap o'the cordial, your father, the Deacon was so fond of—he aye liked to sip it.

Bailie. Rest, and bless him! so he did! and so do I, Mattie!—(Drinks). You're a good-tempered soul, and a bonnie lassie too! you come of good kith and kin, Mattie—the Laird o'Limmerfield's Cousin only seven times removed. (*Mattie is moving away the Bottle*).—Stay! you may bring the bottle with you, Mattie, and tuck yourself under my arm—there's no disgrace in a Bailie walking hand in arm with gentle blood!—so, come your ways, Mattie! Osbaldistone and Co. stop!—My Conscience!—Come along, Mattie.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Glasgow.—The Bridge extending in perspective to the opposite side of the River.—The Tolbooth, or Jail, conspicuous in front.

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE and ANDREW.

And. Well, Sir, thanks to the good guidance of Andrew, here you are in Glasgow, 'spite o'the bogles and bad ways.

Frank. Was it the bogles, or the brandy, that made you ride at such an infernal pace? you are half drunk, you scoundrel! but get you gone—See the horses taken care of, and order some-

thing for my supper ; while it's preparing I shall walk here upon the bridge.

(Campbell, *muffled in a long Cloak, appears at the back, and seeing Andrew, retreats*).

And. A walk by moonlight after a long ride, is but cold comfort for aching bones ! but your Honour knows best. He's crack-brain'd, and cockle-headed with his poetry nonsense ; he'd sooner by half chatter to Miss Vernon, than hear a word of sense from a sober body, like myself.

[*Exit Andrew.*

Frank. 'Tis now too late to learn tidings of poor Owen, or enquire the residence of my father's agents. Bitter reflection ! — All this I might have prevented, by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable profession.

CAMPBELL advances.

Camp. Mr. Osbaldistone, you are in danger !

Frank. From whom ? — (*Starting*).

Camp. Follow me, and you shall know.

Frank. I must first know your name and purpose.

Camp. I am a man, and my purpose friendly.

Frank. That is too brief a description.

Camp. It will serve for one who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, and without country, is at least a man ! and he that has all these, is no more ! Follow me, or remain without the information I wish to afford.

Frank. Can you not give it me here ?

Camp. No—you must receive it from your eyes, not from my mouth.—What is it you fear?

Frank. I fear nothing—walk on, I attend you.

Camp. If you knew who was by your side, you might feel a tremor.

Frank. The spirit of Rashleigh seems to walk round me—yet, 'tis neither his form or voice!—*(Apart).*

Camp. Would you not fear the consequence of being found with one whose very name, whisper'd in this lonely street, would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him? on whose head, the men of Glasgow would build their fortunes, as on a found treasure! the sound of whose downfall, were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh, as the news of a battle fought and won!

Frank. Who then are you, whose name should create such terror?

Camp. No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place, where, if I myself were recognized and identified, irons to the heels, and hemp to the throat, would be my brief dooming.

Frank. You have said either too much, or too little, to induce me to confide in you.

(Campbell makes a step towards Frank, who draws back, and lays his hand on his Sword).

Camp. What! on an unarm'd man, and your friend?

Frank. I am yet ignorant if you are one or the other.

Camp. Well, I respect him whose hand can keep his head! I love a free young blood, that knows no protection but the cross of the sword!

I am taking you to see one, whom you will be right glad to see, and from whose lips you will learn the secret of the danger in which you now stand.—Come on!

(Campbell goes to the wicket-gate of the Tolbooth, and knocks).

Doug. (Within). Who's that?

Camp. Gregarach!

(The door is opened—Campbell beckons Frank, and they enter—the door heard to be locked and bolted).

SCENE V.

Interior of the Tolbooth.

DOUGAL enters, followed by CAMPBELL and FRANK, DOUGAL expressing extravagant joy—he has a shock head of red hair, and an extraordinary personal appearance;—a huge bundle of Keys at his belt, and a Lamp in his hand.

Camp. Dougal, you have not forgotten me?

Doug. De'il a bit—de'il a bit!—where shall I go? what shall I do for ye?—Oigh! its lang since she has seen you.

Frank. She!—she seen him!—Is it then a female to whom I am conducted? or, is it merely the dialect of his country, in which that animal expresses himself?

(As Frank says this apart, Campbell speaks to Dougal, and points to his Companion).

Doug. To be sure she will, with all her heart, with all her soul!—but what will come o'ye,

if the Badies should call, or the Captain should wake?

Camp. Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt upon me.

Doug. She would hack 'em off at the elbows first.

Camp. Then dispatch!

Doug. Wi' all her soul!

(*He trims his Lamp, and beckons Frank, who perceiving Campbell does not follow, pauses.*)

Frank. Do you not go with us?

Camp. It is unnecessary—my company might be inconvenient. I had better remain, and secure our retreat—lose no time!

(*Frank and Dougal pass off on one side—Campbell at that on which they entered.*)

SCENE VI.

A Cell in the Tolbooth—A Pallet Bed on one side, with a person reposing in it—A small Table and Chair.

DOUGAL opens the Door and advances, followed by FRANK.

Frank. I cannot suppose he means to betray me—yet 'tis strange—

Doug. (*having looked towards the Bed*)—She's asleep!

Frank. She! Who?

Doug. Gentlemens to speak wi' her. (*Rousing the Sleeper*).

Owen. Ey! what!—Oh dear!

(Owen pops his head, adorned with a red Night-cap, from beneath the clothes, just as Frank has eagerly advanced).

Frank. Owen! (Pausing in surprize).

Owen. I'll tell you what, Mr. Dugwell, or whatever your name may be, the sum-total of the amount is this—if my natural rest is to be broken in upon in this manner, I'll complain to the Lord Mayor.

Doug. Ugh!—Cha neil Sassenach.

[Exit.]

Frank. Owen!

Owen. Ey!—Oh dear! have they caught you too!—then our last hope fails, and the account is closed.

Frank. Do not be so much alarmed—all may not be so bad as you expect.

Owen. O, Mr. Frank! we are gone! Osbal-distone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, is no longer a Firm! I think nothing of myself! I am a mere cypher—but you! that were your father's sum-total, as I may say—his Omnim! that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail—Oh dear!

Frank. I am no prisoner, my good friend, though I can scarcely account for my being in such a place at such a time.

Owen. Not a prisoner! Heaven be gracious to us!—But what news this will be upon 'Change!

Frank. Cease these lamentations, and let me know the cause of your being here.

Owen. It's soon told, Mr. Frank—When I disclosed my business to Messrs. M'Vittie and M'Fin, instead of instant assistance, they demanded instant security; and as I am liable, be-

ing a small Partner in our House, they made oath that I meditated departing this realm, and had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law here allows, and—and here I am!—Oh dear!

Frank. Why did you not apply to our other Correspondent, Mr. Nicol Jarvie?

Owen. What, the cross-grained crabstock in the Salt-market? 'Twould have been of no use. You might as well ask a broker to give you up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the per contra. O! Mr. Frank! this is all your doing! but I beg pardon for saying so to you in your distress.

Enter CAMPBELL hastily, and DOUGAL.

Doug. O hone a rie! O hone a rie!—what'll she do now?—it's my Lord Provost, and the Bailies, and the Guard!—hide yoursel behind the bed.—The Captain has open'd the wicket!

Camp. Lend me your pistols—yet it's no matter, I can do without them. Whatever you see, take no heed—do not mix your hand in another man's quarrel. [Exit Dougal.
—I must manage as I can.

MATTIE enters, followed by Bailie NICOL JARVIE.

Bailie. (Looking back). I'll call when I want you, Stanchells. Dougal shall make all fast, or I'll make him fast, the scoundrel! A bonnie thing, and beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, knocking as hard to get into jail, as any body else would to get out on't! How's this?—(Seeing Campbell and Frank)—

Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock-up hours !
Keep the door lock'd, you Dougal—I'll soon
talk to these Gentlemen ; but I must first have
a crack with an old acquaintance.—Ah ! Mr.
Owen, how's all with you, Mr. Owen ?

Owen. Pretty well, in body, Mr. Jarvie, I
thank you, but sore afflicted in spirit.

Bailie. Ay, ay, we are all subject to downfalls,
as my father, the Deacon, used to say—“Nick,”
said he—(his name was Nicol, as well as mine,
so the folks called us Young Nick, and Old
Nick !)—“Young Nick,” said he, “never put
out your arm farther than you can draw it easily
back again.”

Owen. You need not have called these things
to my memory in such a situation, Mr. Nicol
Jarvie.

Bailie. What ! do you think I came out at such
a time o'night, to tell a falling man of his back-
slidings ?—No—that's not Bailie Jarvie's way,
nor his worthy father's, the Deacon, afore him.
I soon discovered what lodgings your friends had
provided you, Mr. Owen ;—but give us your list,
man, and let us see how things stand between us
while I rest my shanks. Mattie, hold the lantern.

(*Taking Papers from Owen, and sitting at
the corner of the Bed—Dougal at watch at
the Door—Campbell moves towards it,
making a sign to Frank.*)

Camp. Say nothing !—(*in a low tone*).

Bailie. Ey ! look to the door there, you
Dougal creature—let me hear you lock it, and
keep watch on the outside.

Owen. There, Sir, you'll find the balance in

the wrong column—for us—but you'll please to consider—

Bailie. There's no time to consider, Mr. Owen —'tis plain you owe me money; but I can't, for the soul of me, see how you'll clear it off by snoring here in the Tolbooth! Now, Sir, if you won't fly the country, you shall be at liberty in the morning.

Owen. O, Sir! O, Mr. Jarvie!

Bailie. I'm a careful man as any in the Salt-market, and I'm a prudent man, as my father the Deacon, good soul! was before me—but rather than that double-faced dog, M'Vittie, shall keep an honest, civil gentleman by the heels, I'll be your bail myself!—I'll be your bail—

(*Owen goes up to him in raptures, but fails in his attempt to speak.*)

—There, you've said enough! but in the name of misrule, how got ye companions?—Gi' me the light, Mattie.

(*He catches it from her, and holding it towards Campbell, who is seated calmly on the Table, starts back.*)

—Ey! My Conscience!—it's impossible—and yet I'm clean bambaized—why, you robber! you Cateran! you cheat-the-gallows rogue!

Owen. Bless me! it's my good friend, Mr. Campbell! a very honest man, Mr. Jарь—

Bailie. Honest!—My Conscience!—You in the Glasgow Tolbooth!—What d'ye think's the value of your head?—(*To Campbell.*)

Camp. Umph! why, fairly weighed—one Provost, four Bailies, a Town Clerk, and six Deacons!

Bailie. Deacons! Was there ever such a born

devil ! but, tell over your sins, for if I say the word—

Camp. True, Bailie ; but you never will say that word.

Bailie. And why not—why not, Sir ?

Camp. For three sufficient reasons—First, for auld lang syne—Secondly, for the good wife, that made some mixture of our bloods—and last, Bailie Jarvie, because if I saw any sign of your betraying me, I'd plaster that wall with your brains, 'ere the hand of man could rescue you.

Bailie. (*Clapping his hand to his head*)—My Conscience!—Well, well, it would be quite as unpleasant for me to have my head knocked about, as it would be discreditable to string up a kinsman in a hempen cravat !—but, if it hadn't been yourself, I'd have gripp'd the best man in the Highlands.

Camp. You'd have tried, Bailie.

Bailie. And who the devil's this?—(*To Frank*)—another honest man?

Owen. This, good Sir, is Mr. Francis Osbaldistone.

Bailie. O, I've heard o' this spark ! run away from his father, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by.—Well, Sir, what do you say to your handy-work ?

Frank. My dislike of the commercial profession, Mr. Jarvie, is a feeling of which I am the best, and sole judge !

Owen. O dear !—(*Owen holds up his hands*).

Camp. It's manfully spoken ! and I honour the lad for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and all such mechanical persons.

(*Here Owen retires again to bed*).

Bailie. Weavers and spinners indeed!—I'm a weaver and spinner, and who better? Will all your ancestry tell where Rashleigh is, or all your deep oaths and drawn dirks procure Mr. Frank five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due in ten days?

Frank. Ten days! is the time so near? I may then have recourse—

(*Frank has drawn out the Letter, opened it, and an enclosure falls from the envelope—the Bailie catches it up.*)

Bailie. My Conscience!—for Rob Roy!

Frank. Rob Roy!

(*Campbell instantly snatches the Letter.*)

Bailie. As I'm a Bailie, there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand.

Frank. You are too hasty, Sir; I was not, in this instance, desirous of your interference.

Camp. Make yourself easy! Diana Vernon has more friends than you know of.

Frank. Is it possible! is the fate of a being so amiable, involved in that of a man of such desperate fortunes and character?

Camp. (*Having read aside*) So, Rashleigh sent these papers to the Highlands. It's a hazardous game she has given me to play, but I'll not baulk her.—Mr. Osbaldistone, you must visit me in the glens and, cousin, if you dare venture to shew him the way, and eat a leg of red deer venison with me, I'll pay the two hundred pounds I owe you; and you can leave Mr. Owen the while to do the best he can in Glasgow.

Bailie. Say no more, Robin—say no more!

—but you must guarantee me safe home again
to the Salt-market.

Camp. There's my thumb—I'll ne'er beguile
you—but I must be going—the air of Glasgow
Tolbooth is not over wholesome for a High-
lander's constitution.

Bailie. O ! that I should be aiding and
abetting an escape from justice ! it will be a dis-
grace to me, and mine, and the memory of my
father, for ever !

Camp. Hout hout, man ! when the dirt's dry
it will rub out.—Your father could look over
a friend's faults, and why not your father's son ?

Bailie. So he could, Robin—he was a good
man, the Deacon—you remember him, Rob ?

Camp. Troth, do I ! he was a weaver, and
wrought my first pair of hose.

Bailie. Take care his son doesn't weave your
last cravat !—You've a long craig for a gibbet,
Rob !—But, where's that Dougal creature ?

Camp. If he is the lad I think him, he has not
waited your thanks for his share of this night's
work.

Bailie. What, gone ! left me and Mattie
lock'd up in jail for all night !—I'll hang the
Highland devil as high as Haman !

Camp. When you catch him.—But see—

(Frank and Mattie have hastened to the door;
and find it open).

—He knew an open door might serve me at a
pinch.

Bailie. Stanchells, let this stranger out—he—
he's a friend o' mine !

Camp. Fare ye well ! be early with me at
Aberfoil.

" Now, open your gate, and let me go free,
 " I dare na' stay longer in bonny Dundee."

[*Exit Rob.*

Bailie. So that Dougal creature was an agent of Rob's. I shouldn't wonder if he has one in every jail in Scotland—Well, I have done things this night, that my father, the Deacon, rest be with him! would not ha' believed!—but there's balm in Gilead—Mr. Owen, I hope to see you at breakfast—Ey! why the man's fast!—

(*Owen snores.*)

Frank. And the sooner we depart, and follow his example, Sir, the better—it must be near midnight.

Bailie. Midnight! Well, Mattie shall light you home, but no tricks—none of your London—no, now I think again, I'll see you home myself.

(*St. Mungo's Clock strikes twelve.*)

FINALE.

**FRANK, BAILIE JARVIE, OWEN, STANCHELLS,
*and MATTIE.***

Frank. Hark! hark! now from St. Mungo's tower
 The bell proclaims the midnight hour,
Home!

Mattie. And thro' the city far and near,
 From spire and turret now I hear,
Home!

Both. Ere yet the first vibration dies,
 Each iron tongue of time replies,
Home!

Owen. Augh!

Oz, AULD LANG SYNE!

29

Bailie. Hark ! hark ! from Miſter Owen's nose,
A cadence deep ! a dying close,

Bome !

Owen. Augh !

Frank. { Ere yet, &c.

Matt. Bail. { Ere yet the first vibration dies,
His nasal organ quick replies,

Bome !

Owen. Augh !

Bless me ! every way I'm undone,
I did not dream of being here ;
But snug in sweet Crane-Alley, London,
And Stocks were up, and I—O dear !

ALL.

Frank, { Home, home, { we } must no longer stay,
Bailie & { you }
Mattie. For soon will peep the morning light.
Owen & { Now { let us } haste { come, come, }
Stanch. { pray make } { go, go, } Farewell at once, at once good night.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The College-yard, or Walking Grounds at Glasgow.

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE, M'VITTIE, and JOBSON rather behind him, as waiting his instructions—he walks rapidly, turns and pauses.

Rash. Galbraith and Stuart are in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil. Good!—When did Captain Thornton march?

Job. Yesterday morning, Sir.

Rash. Umph! you are certain that order for the arrest of those two persons I described, was given to him?

Job. I delivered it myself into his own hands, Sir.

Rash. Mr. M'Vittie!

M'Vit. (*Advancing*). Mr. Rashleigh!

Rash. You committed Mr. Owen to prison, you say—is he there now?

M'Vit. He is!

Rash. If my cousin, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, follows him to Glasgow, instantly enforce the warrant, of which Jobson has a duplicate.

M'Vit. It shall be done, you may depend on it, Sir.

Rash. 'Tis of importance to keep him out of the way—that man is a basilisk in my sight, and has been an insurmountable barrier to my dearest

hopes ! Now, Sir, a parting word—if you breathe a syllable to any human being of the business which the Government has entrusted to my direction, before the blow is struck which must counteract the intended rising in the Highlands, you share the destiny of the rankest rebel among them.—(M'Vittie bows).—As to the papers which I forwarded to M'Gregor, 'ere long they shall be again in my possession, and himself in your custody !—Jobson, what hour is it ?

[*Exit M'Vittie.*

Job. Not yet five, Sir.

Rash. That's well ; we have no time before us. Make yourself ready, and be well armed.

Job. Armed !—There's no retreating ; but if I had known I was to have used any weapon but the sword of justice, I'd never have given her scales into his hands.—(*Apart*).

Rash. Leave me !

[*Exit Jobson.*

—M'Gregor is by this time in the Highlands. He still believes me faithful to the cause I have hitherto so ardently encouraged, and assisted ; and these papers (which I now regret having committed to his care) will at least serve to aid the delusion. Cursed infatuation ! yet I repine not, for I have the power to check the gaze of cunning, probe all hearts, and watch the varying cheek ; link'd with success, it moulds each other's weakness to my will—such it hath been, and such it shall be now !—Rejected by her I loved, scorned by him I would have served, —they shall at least find the false friend and the renegade knows how to resent such insults.—Ah !

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE.

(Rashleigh starts, but instantly recovers himself).

Frank. You are well met, Sir.

Rash. I am glad to hear it.—(*Aside*) He's earlier than I expected; but M'Vittie is prepared.

Frank. I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.

Rash. You know little of him you sought then. I'm easily found by my friends, still more easily by my foes—in which am I to class Mr. Francis Osbaldistone?

Frank. In that of your foes, Sir, your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to my father, by accounting for his property.

Rash. And to whom am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give an account of my proceedings? Surely, not to a young gentleman, whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.

Frank. Your sneer, Sir, is no answer; you shall accompany me to a Magistrate.

Rash. Be it so;—yet,—no—were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a Magistrate; but I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man, amuse yourself in your world of poetical imaginations, and leave the business of life to those who understand, and can conduct it.

Frank. This tone of calm insolence shall not avail you! the name we both bear, never yet submitted to insult.

Rash. Right ! right ! you remind me, that it was dishonour'd in my person ; and you remind me also by whom !—Think you I have forgotten that blow—never to be washed out, but by blood ! For the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice ;—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know, nor are capable of estimating,—you owe me a long account ! and fear not, there shall come an early day of reckoning.

Frank. Why not the present? Do your schemes or your safety require delay ?

Rash. You may trample on the harmless worm; but, pause, 'ere you rouse the slumbering venom of the folded snake.

Frank. I will not be trifled with.

Rash. I had other views respecting you ; but, enough—Receive now the chastisement of your boyish insolence !

(*They draw, and at the moment their swords cross, M'Gregor rushes forward, and beats down their Guard.*)

Camp. Hold ! stand off !

Rash. M'Gregor !

Camp. By the hand of my father, the first man that strikes, I'll cleave him to the brisket.—(*To Frank*) Think you to establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throat ? Or do you (*to Rash.*) imagine men will trust their lives and fortunes, and a great political interest, with one that brawls about like a drunken Gillie ? Nay, never look grim, or gash at me, man !—if you're angry, turn the buckle of your belt behind you !

Rash. You presume on my present situation,

F

or you would hardly dare interfere where my honour is concerned.

Camp. *Presume?*—And what for should it be presuming? Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osbaldestone, as is most likely, and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not;—but you are neither a better or a braver man than myself—and it will be news to me, indeed, when I hear you are half as good!—And *dare* too? dare!—Hout; tout!—much daring there is about it.

Rash. (*Aside*) What devil brought him here, to mar a plan so well devised? I must lure him to the toils.

Camp. What say you?

Rash. My kinsman will acknowledge he forced this on me. I'm glad we were interrupted before I chastised his insolence too severely—the quarrel was none of my seeking.

Camp. Well then, walk with me—I have news for you.

Frank. Pardon me, I will not lose sight of him, till he has done justice to my father.

Camp. Would you bring two on your head instead of one?

Frank. Twenty! rather than again neglect my duty.

Rash. You hear him, M'Gregor!—Is it my fault, that he rushes on his fate?—The warrants are out!

Camp. Warrants! curses on all such instruments! the plague of poor old Scotland for this hundred year—but, come on't what will, I'll never consent to his being hurt, that stands up for the father that begot him!

Rash. Indeed!

Camp. My conscience will not let me.

Rash. Your conscience ! M'Gregor !

Camp. Yes, my *conscience*, Sir; I have such a thing about me—that, at least, is one advantage you cannot boast of.

Rash. You forget how long you and I have known each other.

Camp. If you know what I am, you know what usage made me what I am ; and however you may think, I would not change with the proudest of the oppressors that have driven me to take the heather-bush for a shelter. What *you* are, and what excuse you have for being *what* you are, lies between your heart and the long day.

Rash. (*Aside*) Can M'Gregor suspect ?—has M'Vittie betrayed ?

Camp. Leave him, I say ! you are more in danger from a Magistrate than he is—And were your cause as straight as an arrow, he'd find a way to warp it !

(*Frank has persisted in not leaving Rashleigh, and is withheld by Campbell*).

—Take your way, Rashleigh!—make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands—You have done that before now.

Rash. Cousin, you may thank this Gentleman, if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid ; and I quit you now, but in the hope that we shall soon meet again, without the possibility of interruption.

{*Exit.*}

Camp. (*As Frank struggles to follow*) As I live by bread, you are as mad as he ! Would you follow the wolf to his den ? (*Pushes Frank back*). Come, come, be cool ! 'tis me you must look to for that you seek ! Keep aloof from Rashleigh, and that pettifogging Justice-Clerk,

Jobson ! above all, from M'Vittie !—Make the best of your way to Aberfoil—and, by the word of a M'Gregor, I will not see you wronged !—Remember ! the Clachan of Aberfoil !

(*Campbell shakes the hand of Frank with great cordiality, and they separate.*)

SCENE II.

The Library at Osbaldistone-Hall.

(*A knocking heard without.*)

Sir FREDERICK VERNON enters with haste and agitation.

Sir Fred. I was not mistaken—it is at the private door !

(*Knocking repeated.*)

—Martha ! Martha ! I dread the purport of this unexpected visit—yet, what should I fear ? Martha !

MARTHA enters.

Martha. I come ! I come ! bless me, I'm all in a tremble !

Sir Fred. Is Diana in the next apartment ?

Martha. Yes, truly, and full of wonder and apprehension.

Sir Fred. Haste, and observe the appearance of this person—Question, but do not admit him 'till I know his errand. [Exit Martha.]

—Can it be Campbell ?—Rashleigh ?—No ! perhaps a courier from the Earl of Mar—My hopes, my existence hangs upon a thread ! either Scotland has her right restored, or I have nothing more to do with life !—Well ?

Re-enter MARTHA, with a Letter.

Martha. A Gentleman—a Cavalier—a—I know not what to call him—this, he said, would speak for him—(*Giving a Letter, which Sir Frederick opens, and reads with agitation*)—And well it can, for he had scarcely breath to say, “Deliver that!” when he put spurs to his panting steed, and dashed from the wicket, as if he had seen a worlock or a witch, instead of a decent looking lassie.

Sir Fred. Betrayed! ruined! lost!—Desire my daughter to attend me. [Exit Martha.—O, villain! villain! I had suspicions, but little did I expect so sudden, so fatal a confirmation! This ill-advised confidence in Rashleigh has ruined all. To yield, or to be taken now, were but to lay our heads upon the block. But 'tis yet too strong a cause, to be abandoned for the breath of a traitor's tale! Promptness and decision often restore to health and vigour, that which despair would leave hopelessly to perish—I must hasten instantly to the Highlands—if our friends there are as weak as some are false, but one course remains—an immediate escape to France.

Enter DIANA.

Diana. Dear Sir, what means this unusual summons?

Sir Fred. Diana, our perils are now at the utmost—you must accompany, and share them with me.

Diana. Willingly!

Sir Fred. Contemplate the dangers which surround us, with firmness and resolution! rely on

the justice of Heaven, and the unshaken constancy of your own mind.

Diana. I have been taught endurance, and will not shrink from it. What I have borne for your sake, I can bear again!—But the cause?—Some political secret?

Sir Fred. Yes—which your late rejection of Rashleigh for a husband, has induced him to betray—contrary to the oath by which he bound himself.

Sir Fred. But prepare instantly for your departure.

Diana. Whither to go?

Sir Fred. First to the Highlands—I must endeavour to see M'Gregor—You shall know more when I have made my own arrangements.—I will relieve the distresses of your cousin, Francis, if possible; but the solemn contract that has bound me to Rashleigh, leaves the convent your whole and sole resource, unless, indeed, you renounce the creed in which you have been educated.

Diana. Forsake the faith of my gallant Fathers! I would as soon, were I a man, forsake their banners when the tide of war press'd hardest, and turn, like a hireling recreant, to join its enemies!

(*Sir Frederick clasps her with transport to his bosom, and exit.*)

—Yes, when the gathering cry is heard upon the hills, there's not a lassie but will share her hero's danger, and thus sing the praise of her gallant Highlandman.

SONG—DIANA.

(Words by Burns).

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lowland Laws he held in scorn,
 But he still was faithful to his Clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman,
 Sing ho my braw John Highlandman,
 There's not a lad in a' the Clan,
 Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.

With his bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,
 And good claymore down by his side,
 The Ladies' heart he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey, &c.

SCENE III.

Interior of JEAN M'ALPINE's Hut, in the Village of Aberfoil.—Turf-fire, with branches of dry wood—A Door, composed of basket-work, in lieu of plank—Two square holes, by way of Windows; one stuffed with a Plaid, the other with a tattered Great-coat.

At an Oak-table, near the fire, sits Major GALBRAITH of the Lennox Troopers—M'STUART, of the Highland Infantry, wearing the Trews, which distinguishes him from ALLAN, another Highlander. In one corner lies a Highlander asleep, his Sword and Target near him.

M'Stuart. Enough! enough! Galbraith—I'll drink my quart of Usquebaugh, or brandy, with any man; but we have work in hand, just now, and had better look to it.

Galb. Hout, man! meat and mess never yet hindered work! had it been my directing instead of this Rish—Rash—what's the Saxon's name?—

M^r Stuart. Have a care, Galbraith ! (*Pointing to the Sleeper*). Don't let the brandy be too bold for your brain.

Galb. I say, the Garrison, and our Troopers, with Captain Thornton's party, could have taken Rob Roy without bringing you from the Glens to Aberfoil here.—There's the hand that should lay him on the green, and never ask a Highlander for help.

Allan. Come, come, 'tis time we were going.

Galb. Going ! why 'tis here Thornton was appointed to meet us ; besides, mind the old saw—“ It's a bauld moon, quoth Bennygask—another pint, quoth Leslie.”—We'll not start 'till we've finished it.

SONG*—GALBRAITH.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad singers' joy ;
But Scotland has a thief as good—
She has her bold Rob Roy.

A dauntless heart M'Gregor shews,
And wondrous length and strength of arm ;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept his friends from harm.

Chorus. A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,
For this—the robber's simple plan,
That they should take—who have the will,
And they should keep—who can.
And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow :
The eagle he is lord above,
And Rob is lord below.

Chorus. A famous man, &c:

* The words of this Song are varied, for the purpose of being set to Music, from the first lines of a Poem by Mr. Wordsworth, called “ Rob Roy's Grave.”

(Jean M'Alpine is heard in loud expostulation with Frank Osbaldistone and the Bailie.—The party look round angrily, and then at each other with surprize—The Sleeper raises his head, and discovers the features of Dougal.—He secures his Sword and Target, and resumes his position as the new comers enter).

Jean. Indeed, Gentlemen, my house is taken up wi' them that will not like to be intruded on.

Frank. But, my good woman, we are dying with hunger.

Bailie. Starving ! six hours since I have tasted a morsel, except the rough, tough legs of an old moorcock.

Jean. You'd better go further than fare worse.

Bailie. I've other eggs upon the spit—I'll not stir, woman.

Jean. Well, well ; a wilful man must have his way—But I wash my hands on't.

Frank. I must make the best apology I can to your guests, but as they are so few, I hope little will be required for adding two more to their company. [Exit Jean M'Alpine.

(The Bailie has turned up a meal-tub, and seated himself very composedly near the fire).

Galb. You make yourself at home, Sir !

(Bailie starts up).

Frank. We usually do, Sir, (Advancing) when we enter a house of public entertainment.

Bailie. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be angry—we are only bits of Glasgow bodies, travelling to get in some siller.

M'Stuart. Did you not see by the white wand at the door, that the public-house was occupied ?

Frank. The white wand !—I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country ! but I am yet to learn, how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round.

Bailie. There is no reason for it, Gentlemen—we mean no offence, and if a stoup of brandy will make up the quarrel—

Galb. Damn your brandy !

Bailie. That's civil ! you seem to have had too much already, to judge by your manners.

M'Stuart. We desire neither your brandy nor your company.

Galb. If ye be pretty men, draw !

(*Unsheathes his Sword*).

(*Allan and Frank do the same*).

Bailie. I am neither a pretty man, nor have I any thing to draw ; but, by the soul of my father, the Deacon, I'll not take a blow without giving a thrust !—(*Runs to the fire, and seizes a red-hot poker*).—So, he that likes it, has it!

(*As they make a tilt at each other, Dougal starts up, and darts between the Bailie and M'Stuart*).

Doug. Her own self has eaten the Town-bread o' Glasgow, and she'll fight for Bailie Jarvie at Aberfoil—troth, will she !

Allan. Hold ! hold !—the quarrel's not mortal—and the Gentlemen have given reasonable satisfaction.

Bailie. I'm glad to hear it !

Galb. Well, well, as the Gentlemen have shewn themselves men of honour—

M'Stuart. But saw ever any body a decent Gentleman fight wi' a firebrand before?—Figh! my bonnie plaiddie smells like a singed sheep's head!

Bailie. Let that be no hind'rance to good fellowship; there's always a plaster for a broken head—If I've burnt your plaiddie, I can mend it with a new one—I'm a weaver.

M'Stuart. But the next time you fight, let it be with your sword, and not like a wild Indian.

Bailie. My Conscience!—every man must do as he can—I was obliged to grip at the first thing that offered, and as I'm a Bailie, I wouldn't wish a better.

Galb. Come, fill a brimmer! let's drink, and agree like honest fellows!

(*Frank and Galbraith have paused at the interference of Dougal, who leaves the Hut during the parley, unnoticed—Galbraith then turns to the Table, after sheathing his Sword—Frank does the same, and the Bailie replaces the Poker*).

Bailie. Well, now I find there's no hole in my wame, I shan't be the worse for putting something into it.—(*Seats himself*).

(*Andrew with a Letter in his hand, appears at the door, terrified for fear of intruding.—Frank beckons him forward*).

And. I'm an honest lad, Sir—I would not part with your Honour lightly—but, the—the—the—read that!

Frank. 'Tis from Campbell!—(*Reads*).—“There are hawks abroad, and I cannot meet

you at Aberfoil, as intended. The bearer is faithful, and may be trusted—he will guide you to a place where we shall be safe, and free to look after certain affairs, in which I hope to be your guidance.

“ RORERT MACGREGOR CAMPBELL.”
—Hawks! he means the Government forces.—From whom did you receive this?

And. From a Highland devil wi' red hair—that—that—

(Andrew perceives Dougal's head at the Window).

Frank. Have the horses saddled, and be ready at a minute's notice.

(Dougal, satisfied that the Letter has been read, disappears).

And. De'il be in my feet if I stir a toe's length further—to gang into Rob Roy's country, is a mere tempting o' Providence.

Frank. Wait without! one way or other I will determine speedily. [Exit Andrew.

Bailie. Let Glasgow flourish!—I'll hear no language offensive to the Duke of Argyle, and the name of Campbell—remember the poker—my Conscience!—I say, he's a credit to the country, and a friend to our town and trade!

(They all rise).

Galb. Ah! there'll be a new world soon.—We shall have no Campbells cocking their bonnets so high, and protecting thieves and murderers, to harry and spoil better men, and more loyal clans!

Bailie. More loyal clans, I grant you—but no better men.

Galb. No!—(Laying his hand on his Sword).

Frank. Pray, Gentlemen, do not renew your quarrel—in a few moments we must part company.

M^tStuart. That's true; why should we make hot blood? but we are plagued and harried here, Sir, with meetings, to put down Rob Roy! I have chased the M'Gregor, Sir, like a red deer—had him at bay—and still the Duke of Argyle gives him shelter—it's enough to make one mad! —but I'd give something to be as near him as I have been.

Bailie. You'll forgive me for speaking my mind—but it's my thought, you'd ha' given the best button in your bonnet to have been as far away from Rob Roy, as you are now!—My Conscience! my hot poker would have been nothing to his claymore.

M^tStuart. A word more o' the poker, and by my soul, I'll make you eat your words, and a handful o' cold steel—

Frank. Come, come, Gentlemen, let us be all friends here; and drink to all friends far away.

SONG—FRANK.

(*Words by Burns.*)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus. For auld lang syne, &c.

An' here's a hand, my trusty Friend,
 An' gie's a hand o' thine,
 An' we'll toom the stowp to friendship's growth,
 An' days o' lang syne.

Chorus. For auld lang syne, &c.

An' surely you'll be your pint stowp,
 An' surely I'll be mine;
 An' we'll tak a right gude willy-wacht,
 For auld lang syne.

Chorus. For auld lang syne, &c.

(*A Drum heard without.*)

JEAN M'ALPINE enters in alarm.

Jean. The red coats ! the red coats !

Enter Captain THORNTON.

Capt T. You, Sir, I suppose, are Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia ? and these are the two Highland Gentlemen whom I was appointed to meet in this place ?

Galb. You are right, Sir ; Captain Thornton, I believe—Will you take some refreshment ?

Capt. T. I thank you, none ; I am late, and desirous to make up time.—I have orders to search for, and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices.—Do these Gentlemen belong to your party ?

Bailie. No, Sir—travellers, Sir ; lawful travellers by sea and land.

Capt. T. My instructions are, to place under arrest, an elderly, and a young person—you answer the description.

Bailie. Me ! take care what you say, Sir ; take care what you say !—It shall not be your red coat, nor your laced hat, that shall protect you, if you put any affront on me !—I'll convene you in an action of scandal and false imprisonment.—

I'm a free Burgess, and a Magistrate ;—Nicol Jarvie is my name, so was my father's afore me.—I'm a Bailie, be praised for the honour, and my father was a Deacon.

Galb. True enough ; his father was a prick-eard cur, and fought against the King at Bothwell Brigg.

Bailie. My father paid what he ought, and what he bought, Major Galbraith—since I know you, Major Galbraith—and was an honester man than ever stood upon your clumsy shanks—Major Galbraith.

Capt. T. I have no time to attend to all this. And you, Sir, what may be your name ?

Frank. Francis Osbaldistone.

Capt. T. What ! a son of Sir Hildebrand ?

Bailie. No, Sir ; son to a better man—the great William Osbaldistone, Crane-Alley, London, as Mr. Owen has it.

Capt. T. I am afraid, Sir, your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of demanding your papers.

Frank. I have none to surrender.

Capt. T. What is that now in your breast ?

Frank. O ! to this you are welcome—(*Giving it*) ;—yet it may endanger—I have done wrong—(*Aside*).

Capt. T. 'Tis confirmed ! here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber, M'Gregor.

Galb. Spies of Rob !

M'Stuart. Strap'em up to the next tree !

Bailie. Gently, kind Gentlemen, I beseech you—there's no haste.

Capt. T. How came you possess'd of this ?

Frank. You will excuse my answering.

Capt. T. Do you, Sir, know any thing of this ?

Bailie. No, by my soul !

Capt. T. Gentlemen, you are waited for—
(Significantly to Galbraith, &c.)—I'll thank you to order two sentinels to the door.

[*Exeunt* Galbraith, M'Stuart, &c.]

Bailie. Sentinels ! sentinels ! what—

Capt. T. I can hear no remonstrances—the service I am on, gives me no time for idle discussions.—Come, Sir—

Bailie. O, very well, very well, Sir.—You're welcome to a tune on your own fiddle, but if I don't make you dance to it before I've done, my name's not Jarvie!—Gude save us!—Arrest a Bailie!—a free Burgess—a Magistrate!—My Conscience!

[*Exit*, following Captain Thornton and Frank.]

SCENE IV.

The Clachan of Aberfoil—The Inn on the left—Two Sentinels parading before the Door—A few miserable-looking, low-roofed Hovels in various parts under the Craigs, which rise immediately behind them, interspersed with brushwood, &c. The back of the Scene exhibits the distant Highland Country—Part of a House conspicuous near the front on the right.

The Soldiers are reposing in groups—their Arms piled at the upper end.

Captain THORNTON enters from the Inn.

Capt. T. Corporal, make the men fall in—these Gentlemen must be taken with us—I cannot spare a man to guard them here. Is the Serjeant on the look-out?

Corp. Yes, your Honour.

Capt. T. Come, my lads, get under arms !

(*The Men put their Provisions in their Knapsacks, and sling on their Canteens*).

—I cannot be mistaken —these strangers must be the persons described by Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Yet his own relative, one would think, might have been overlooked. No, no ; he is one that makes no exceptions ! The self-interested wretch that would have first betrayed his country, and now his dearest friends, respects no tie of honour, kindred, or affection. Sentinels, bring out your prisoners !

(*The Sentinels enter the Hut—At the same instant a noise heard without, the Serjeant and two Men dragging forward Dougal, followed by the Inhabitants of the Village, consisting of Women and Children, with a very small proportion of young Boys and old Men, evidently infirm, and clad in the wildest attire : they are eager for the safety of Dougal, and with difficulty suppress their enmity to the Soldiers*).

Doug. Oigh ! Oigh !

Serj. Bring him along !

People. Oigh ! Oigh ! poor Dougal !

Capt. T. Cease this howling, and let the man be heard.

Serj. We caught this fellow lurking behind the Inn, Captain—he confesses to have seen Rob Roy within half an hour.

Capt. T. How many men had he with him, fellow, when you parted ?

Doug. She cannot just be sure about that.

Capt. T. Your life depends upon your answer

—How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him?

Doug. Not above half so many as there are here now.

Capt. T. And what thieves' errand were you dispatched upon?

(*Dougal looks about him, as beset with doubt and difficulty.*)

—Speak, rascal, instantly! I'll not give you time to hatch a lie—what errand?

Doug. Just to see what your Honour and the red coats were doing at Aberfoil.

(*At this time Frank and the Bailie arrive in front.*)

Bailie. Mercy on us! if they hav'n't gripp'd the poor creature Dougal. Captain, I'll put in bail, sufficient bail, for that Dougal creature.

Capt. T. You know him then! are interested for his safety?

Bailie. He did me a good turn when I was sore beset, and I—

Capt. T. Mr. Jarvie, you will please to recollect, that for the present you likewise are a prisoner.

Bailie. I take you all to witness the Captain refuses sufficient bail!—the Dougal creature has a good action of wrongous imprisonment, and I'll see him righted!

Capt. T. Mr. Jarvie, unless you keep your opinions to yourself, I shall resort to unpleasant measures.

Bailie. My Conscience!

(*At this time Rob Roy, in his Highland Dress, but unarmed, appears in the background, and listens to the examination of Dougal.*)

Capt. T. Now, my friend, let us understand each other—You have confess'd yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree—but, come—if you will lead me and a small party to the place where you left your master, you shall then go about your business, and I'll give you five guineas earnest to boot.

Doug. Oigh! Oigh! she cannot do that—she'd rather be hang'd!

Capt. T.—Hang'd then you shall be!

Bailie. Hanged!—My Conscience!

Capt. T. Corporal Cramp! do you play Provost Marshal—Away with him!

People. O hone! O hone!

(*Corporal and Serjeant seize Dougal*).

Doug. Stop! stop! I'll do his Honour's bidding.

Bailie. You will? then you deserve to be hanged—Away with him, Corporal! Away with him!

Capt. T. It's my belief, Sir, when your own turn arrives, you'll not be in so great a hurry.

Bailie. Me? mine?—I'm a Bailie! my father was a Deacon! would you hang a Magistrate?—O, my Conscience!

Doug. You'll not ask her to gang further than just to shew you where the M'Gregor is?

Capt. T. Not a step.

Doug. And the five guineas?

Capt. T. Here they are!

Bailie. The Dougal creature's worse than I thought him!—a worldly and perfidious creature!—My father, the Deacon, (rest be with him, honest man!) used to say, that gold slew more souls than the sword did bodies—and it's true—it's true!

Capt. T. Mr. Osbaldistone, and you, Mr. Jarvie, if loyal and peaceable subjects, will not regret being detained a few hours, when it is essential to the King's service—if otherwise, I need no excuse for acting according to my duty—(*To Dougal*) Now, observe, if you attempt to deceive me, you die by my hand !

Bailie. Lord save us !

(*Here two Sentinels place themselves on each side the Bailie, who looks at them with mingled anger and dismay—the same ceremony is observed with Frank—Dougal leads the March, taking an opportunity to exchange a glance of recognition and understanding with Rob.*)

Capt. T. March !

(*Military Music, which dies away as the Party gradually disappear*).

ROB enters, and as it ceases, RASHLEIGH advances from behind the right hand Hut.

Rob. Who'd have thought Dougal has so much sense under that ragged red poll of his.

Rash. Did he act then by your direction ?

Rob. Troth did he—and well acted it was !—he'll lead the Saxon Captain up the Loch ; but not a red coat will coine back to tell what they landed in.

Rash. And their prisoners—my Cousin, and the Bailie ?

Rob. They'll be safe enough while Dougal's with them.

Rash. Perhaps not. (*Apart*).

Rob. Fetch my claymore and rifle, some of you ! I must away.

Rash. If Thornton has been fool enough to be

led into an ambuscade—this opportunity shall not be lost !

Rob. My dirk, and claymore ! I must attack these buzzards in the rear.

(*A Boy runs into the Hut.*)

Rash. A word, M'Gregor! you told me your whole force was disposed to watch the different parties sent to surprize you.

Rob. I did !

Rash. How then have you been able to provide so suddenly, for this unexpected party of Thornton's ?

Rob. Look around you !

Rash. Well ?

Rob. Think you any but old men, wömen, and bairns, would stand idle when King James's cause, or M'Gregor's safety needed them ? ten determined men might keep the Pass of Lochard against a hundred—and I sent every man forward, that had strength to wield a dirk or draw a trigger.

Rash. Indeed !—Move on then !

(*Rob looks towards the direction taken by the Soldiers—the Boy returns from the Hut with his Dirk and Claymore, which are instantly snatch'd from him by Rashleigh.*)

—Now ! now ! Galbraith ! M'Stuart !

(*The people shout—Rob, seeing himself betrayed, springs upon Rashleigh, grips his sword-arm, and wrenches the Dirk from him—At the same instant, Galbraith, with three or four dismounted Troopers, enter, and level at Rob—he pauses—throws Rashleigh from him, and is darting off on the opposite side, when M'Stuart meets him in the same manner; and Allan, with Infantry, fills up the back ground.*)

Rash. Now, M'Gregor, we meet as befits us, for the first time.

Rob. But not the last!—Oh villain! villain! villain!

Rash. I should better have deserved that reprobation, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country; but I have done my best to atone for my errors. Galbraith, let him be mounted on the same horse with the strongest trooper of your squadron, buckled in the same belt, and guarded on every side, 'till he's safe in the garrison.

Rob. There's a day of reckoning at hand! think on't!—dream on't!—there's not a red M'Gregor in the country, but from this time forward marks you for a traitor's doom;—there's a day to come!—You have not yet subdued Rob Roy!

Rash. Away with him!

FINALE.

Highlanders and Soldiers.

High. & } Tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell,
Soldiers. }
 {

Highlanders. M'Gregor's } found,
Soldiers. The Robber's }
 {

Highlanders. M'Gregor's } bound,
Soldiers. The Traitor's }
 {

And wailing Clans shall hear his knell—
Whose battle cry,
Was “win or die!”

SOLO—*Katty.*

Guardian spirits of the brave,
Freedom grant, the Chieftain save!

Full Chorus. Tramp, tramp, &c.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A romantic Pass, bordering the Loch—On each side, precipitous rocks—A track, winding along the water's edge, under the base of the Mountain, seen in the perspective.

Captain THORNTON's Party march in—FRANK, BAILIE JARVIE, DOUGAL, &c.

Capt. T. Halt! front! now, Sir, you wish to speak with me.

Bailie. Yes, Captain, I crave that liberty; and, for the sake of all concern'd, I'm sorry you did not grant it a full half hour gone by; but its my sincere advice, for the sake of your friends in general, and myself in particular, that you make the best of your way back again to a place of safety; if you do not, by the hand o' my body, there isn't one of us will go home to tell the tale.

Capt. T. Make yourself easy, Sir.

Bailie. Easy! I can't Sir;—he'll have us all butcher'd—*(Apart).*

Capt. T. As you are friends of the Government, Gentlemen, you will be happy to learn, that it is impossible this gang of ruffians can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. Various strong parties from the garrison, secure the hills in different parts: three hundred Highlanders are in possession of the upper, while Major Galbraith and his Troopers occupy the lower passes of this Country.

Bailie. Ah ! that sounds all very well ;—but, in the first place, there's more brandy than brains in Major Galbraith ; in the next, I wouldn't have you place too much confidence in the Highlanders. Hawks won't pick out hawks' eyes. They may quarrel among themselves, and give each other a stab with a dirk, or a slash with a claymore, now and then ; but take my word fur't, they are sure to join in the long run, against all folks that wear breeches on their hinder ends, and have got purses in their pockets.

Capt. T. (*Suddenly turning to Dougal*) The route you have led us is dangerous, and therefore suspicious.

Doug. Dougal didn't make the road ;—if gentlemans would travel better ways, they should have staid at Glasgow.

Bailie. That they should indeed !

Doug. Your Honour can't expect to take the red Gregarach without some danger.

Bailie. The Dougal creature's right again.

Capt. T. You dog, if you have deceived me, I'll blow your brains out on the spot.—Your caution, Sir, shall not go unregarded ; but we must proceed.

Bailie. Proceed !—My Conscience !—there's something devilish hard in being obliged to risk one's life in a quarrel with which we have no concern.

Frank. I sincerely grieve, that your kindness for me has led you into perils, in a cause which is now so hopeless !

Bailie. We may shake hands on't ! Your troubles will soon be over, and I shall slumber with my father, the Deacon.

Capt. T. Now my lads, forward !

(Helen M'Gregor appears on the point of a projecting rock with Claymore and Target, a Brace of Pistols in her Belt, and wearing a man's Bonnet and Tartan Plaid).

Helen. Hold there—stand!

(Captain Thornton starts; the Soldiers, who have made a step forward, instantly regain their position).

—Tell me what you seek in the country of the M'Gregor?

Bailie. By the soul of my father, it's Rob's wife, Helen! there'll be broken heads among us in three minutes.

Helen. Answer me! what is it you seek?

Capt. T. The outlaw rebel M'Gregor Campbell.—Offer no vain resistance, and assure yourself of kind treatment. We make no war on women.

Helen. Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies! Ye have left me neither name, nor fame; my mother's bones will shrink in their grave when mine are laid beside them! Ye have left me neither house nor hold—blanket nor bedding—cattle to feed, or flocks to clothe us—you have taken from us all—all! the very name of our ancestors you have taken from us, and now you come for our lives!

Capt. T. I seek no man's life, nor would I rashly lose my own.

Bailie. Nor I, mine!

Capt. T. You have therefore nothing to fear; but should there be any with you, hardy enough to offer unavailing resistance, their own bloods be on their own heads!—A hundred guineas for Rob Roy!

Helen. Fire!

Capt. T. Forward!

(The heads of the Highlanders appear above the Rocks—A volley is fired, as Helen disappears—The first party of Soldiers, led on by a Serjeant, return it, and rush forward—The Bailie at the first discharge starts forward in great alarm, and scrambles up a Rock—Dougal at the same instant attacks Captain Thornton, drives him up the Pass, and then ascends the Rock to assist the Bailie, amidst a scattered and occasional fire—The Drum and the Bugle heard incessantly—As the tumult subsides in the distance, Frank Osbaldistone advances).

Frank. 'The contest has terminated, and I fear, fatally for the assailants; but where is my poor friend? I saw him in a situation of imminent danger, but I trust no random shot has confirmed his melancholy prophecy.

Enter the BAILIE, greatly disordered; the skirts of his Coat torn off and ragged.

Bailie. My Conscience!

Frank. Somewhat damaged, I perceive; but I heartily rejoice the case is no worse.

Bailie. Thank you, thank you! the case is nothing to boast of;—they say, a friend sticks as close as a blister—I wish I had found it so.—*(Putting himself to rights).*—When I came up to this cursed country—forgive me for swearing!—on no one's errand but yours, Mr. Osbaldistone, d'ye think it was fair, when my foot slipped, and I hung by the loins to the branch of a ragged thorn, to leave me dangling, like the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a Mercer's shop on Ludgate-Hill?—D'ye

think it was kind, I say, to let me be shot at like a regimental target, set up for ball-practice, and never once try to help me down.

Frank. My good Sir, recollect the impossibility of my affording you relief, without assistance? How were you able to extricate yourself?

Bailie. Me extricate! I should have hung there a twelvemonth, if it hadn't been for the Dougal creature; he cut off the tails o' my coat, and clapped me on my legs again, as clean as if I had never been off them.

Frank. And where is he now?

Bailie. Following your example, and taking good care of himself.—He warned me to keep clear of that amiable lady we saw just now; and troth he's right there again; for Rob himself stands in awe of her, when her blood's up.

Frank. Do you know her?

Bailie. A devilish deal too well; but its long since we've met, and its odds if she'll remember me.

(*Two or three Highlanders rush forward,—Dougal following.*)

1st High. More Saxons! whiz a brace o' ball thro' 'em.

2d High. Three inches o' cold steel!

Doug. Haud, haud! they're friends to the Gregarach.

Bailie. Yes! I care not who knows it, I'm a M'Gregor! — We're both M'Gregors.

(*Helen, followed by her Party, advances down the Pass, to a March.*)

Helen. Englishmen, and without arms! that's strange, where there is a M'Gregor to hunt and slay.

Bailie. (*Hesitating*) I—I am very happy—ex-

ceeding happy—to have this joyful opportunity—a hem!—this joyful occasion of wishing my kinsman Robin's wife—a—a—

(She looks at him with great contempt).

—a good morning!

Helen. Is it so?

Bailie. You have forgotten me, Mrs. Helen Campbell; but—

Helen. How! Campbell! my foot's upon my native heath, and my name is M'Gregor.

Bailie. Mrs. M'Gregor, I beg pardon—I would crave the liberty of a kinsman, to salute you.

Helen. What fellow art thou, that dare claim kindred with our clan, yet neither wear its dress, or speak its language?—Who are you, that have the tongue and habit of the hound, yet seek to shelter with the deer?

Bailie. Why, my mother, Elspeth Macfarlane, was the wife of my father, Nicol Jarvie—she was the daughter of Parline Macfarlane, and Maggy Macfarlane married Duncan M'Nab, who stood in the fourth degree—

Helen. And doth the stream of rushing water acknowledge any relation with the portion that's withdrawn from it for the mean domestic use of those that dwell upon its banks?

Bailie. Perhaps not; but when the summer's sun has dried the brook, it would fain have that portion back again. I know you hold us Glasgow people, cheap; but, lord help you, think what a figure I should cut with my poor bare thighs in a kilt, and gartered below knee—my Conscience!—I have been serviceable to Rob as I am, and might be more so, if he'd leave his evil ways, and not disturb the King's peace.

Helen. Yes, you, and such as you, would have

us hewers of wood, and drawers of water. You'd have us find cattle for your banquets, and subjects for your laws to oppress, and trample on ; but now we are free—free by the very act which left us neither house nor hearth, food or covering —which has bereaved us of all—all but vengeance!

Bailie. Don't speak of vengeance!

Helen. I will speak on't. I will perform it—I will carry on this day's work by a deed that shall break all bonds between M'Gregor and the Lowlanders—Here ! Allan, Dougal, bind these Sas-sanachs neck and heel, and throw them in the Highland Loch, to seek for their Highland kins-folk !

Bailie. My Conscience ! Lord help us !

Doug. To be sure, her pleasure should be done.

Bailie. Nay, nay.

Doug. But they are friends of the Chief, as I can testify, and came on his assurance of welcome and safety.

Helen. Dog ! do you dispute my commands ! should I order you to tear out their hearts, and place them in each other's breasts, to see which there could best plot treason against M'Gregor, —would you dispute my orders ?

(*Distant voices are heard singing the burthen of the Lament.*)

—Hark ! Hark ! what means that strain ?

(*An emotion of alarm visible in the Highland Group — Helen becomes more agitated as the sounds approach.*)

Helen. Why is this ? why a Lament in the moment of victory ?

Enter ROBERT, HAMISH, and a Party of Highlanders, with ALLASTER the Minstrel.

— Robert, Hamish, where's the M'Gregor? where's your father?

(The young men intimate his Captivity).

Ah! Prisoner! taken prisoner! then M'Gregor dies!—Cowards, did I nurse you for this, that you should spare your blood on your father's enemies—that you should see him prisoner, and come back to tell it!—*(Suddenly to Frank)* Your name is Osbaldistone?

Frank. It is.

Helen. Rashleigh?

Frank. No; Francis.

Helen. That word has saved you.

Frank. Francis is my cousin; but, for what cause I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.

Helen. I'll tell you the cause. You have unconsciously thwarted him in love, and in ambition. He robbed your father's house of Government papers, to aid a cause which he has this day deserted,—and by his treachery has my husband fallen: Dare you carry a message to these bloodhounds, from the wife of your friend?

Frank. I am ready to set out immediately.

Bailie. So am I.

Helen. No, you must remain, I have further occasion for you.—Bring forth the Saxon Captain!

Frank. You will be pleased to understand, that I came into this country on your husband's invitation, and his assurance of aid in the revo-

very of those papers you have just now mention'd; and my companion, Mr. Jarvie, accompanied me on the same errand.

Bailie. And I wish Mr. Jarvie's boots had been full of boiling-water, when he drew them on for such a damnable purpose.

Helen. Sons, you may read your father in what this young man tells us,—wise only when the bonnet's on his head, and the sword is in his hand. He never exchanges the Tartan for the broad cloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of the Lowlanders, and becomes again their agent, their tool, their slave!

(*Captain Thornton is led on.*)

— But enough of this. Now mark well my message—if they injure a hair of the M'Gregor's head—if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, I will send them back their Saxon Captain, and this Glasgow Bailie, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces, as there are checks in the Tartan.

Bailie. Nay, nay, I beseech you, send no such message.

Capt. T. Tell the Commanding Officer to do his duty, Sir! If I have been deceived by these artful savages, I know how to die for my error, without disgracing the King I serve, or the country that gave me birth. Bid him not waste a thought on me. I am only sorry for the poor fellows who have fallen into such butcherly hands.

Bailie. Whist! are you weary o' your life? O, Mr. Osbaldistone! you'll give my service, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service, a Merchant and a Magistrate o' Glasgow, and tell them there are some honest men here in great trouble, and like to

come to more; and the very best thing they can do for the good of all parties, is just to let Rob loose again, and make no more stir about it.

Helen. Remember my injunctions; for, as sure as that sun shall sink beneath the mountain, my words shall be fulfilled. If I wail, others shall wail with me;—there's not a Lady in the Lennox, but shall cry the Coronach for them she will be loth to lose;—there's not a Farmer but shall sing, Weel awa' over a burnt barn-yard and an empty byre;—there's not a Laird shall lay his head on the pillow at night, with the assurance of being a live man in the morning.—Conduct him on his way.

(*She signs to one of her People—The Bailie takes leave of Frank, and he departs.*)

—Now, Allaster, the Lament! the Lament!

LAMENT.

O hone a rie ! O hone a rie !
 Before the sun has sunk to rest,
 The turf will lie upon his breast.
 O hone a rie ! &c.
 The pride of all our line deplore,
 Brave M'Gregor is no more !
 O hone a rie ! &c.

(*She sinks in grief upon the Rock in front—The Highlanders droop their heads, and weep on their arms, while the Lament is sung—at the close)*

Rob. (Heard without). Gregarach!

DOUGAL rushes in.

Doug. Rob! Rob Roy!

ROB ROY follows, and is received in the arms of HELEN, with a wild and exulting shout from the Highland Party—The Bailie exhilarated to the highest pitch of joy from the deepest despondency.

Helen. M'Gregor!—husband!—life!

Bailie. But how! how did you slip their clutches, Rob?

Rob. Passing the ford of Avondow, Ewan of Briglands cut the belt that bound us, and I duck'd, and dived down the river, where not one trooper in a thousand would have dared follow me.

Helen. And how fell you within their grasp?

Rob. By him, who has placed a brand where he swore to plant the olive—Rashleigh Osbaldestone. But were he the last and best of his name, may the fiend keep me, when next we meet, if this good blade and his heart's blood are not well acquainted.

Bailie. Well, there are as many slips between the throat and the gallows, as there are between the cup and the lip—I'm like a dead man restored to life!

Rob. Drink, lads, drink, and be blythe!

(Dougal passes about *Horn Cups and Cans*—
The Music strikes—*The Bailie shakes hands with Rob, who pledges him with cordiality*—*The Group form themselves, and dance the Highland Fling during the Chorus*—*The Bailie, enraptured at his escape from danger, joins the Dancers*).

CHORUS AND DANCE.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch,
 We can be,
 As blythe as she,
 Dancing now the Highland wallock;

K

Drink and dance, and sing wi' glee,
 Joy can never mak us weary ;
 Rob is frae the sodger free,
 And Helen she has fand her dearie !
 Roy's Wife, &c.

SCENE II.

Wild Scenery in the Neighbourhood of Aberfoil.

Enter FRANK OSBALDISTONE.

Frank. I fear I have dismiss'd my guide too early. Every step I have taken since his departure, renders my way to Aberfoil more intricate. The twilight darkens rapidly, and each succeeding moment the surrounding objects wear a different feature, changeful as my fortunes.

SONG—FRANK.

O ! life is like a summer flower,
 Blooming but to wither ;
 O love is like an April hour,
 Tears and smiles together.
 And hope is but a vapour light,
 The lover's worst deceiver ;
 Before him now it dances bright,
 And now, 'tis gone for ever !

O joy is but a passing ray,
 Lovers' hearts beguiling ;
 A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
 Just a moment smiling ;
 But tho' in hopeless dark despair,
 The thread of life may sever,
 Yet while it beats, dear maid I swear,
 My heart is thine for ever !

Enter Sir FREDERICK VERNON and DIANA, who are muffled in Horsemen's Cloaks.

Sir Fred. Soho ! Friend, whither go you ?

Frank. To Aberfoil : Can you direct me ?

Sir Fred. Turn the projecting rock on your left, and the village lies before you.

Frank. I thank you ; in return, let me advise, if you travel northward, to wait till the passes are open—there has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood.

Sir Fred. We have heard so ;—the soldiers had the worst, had they not ?

Frank. Yes ; but in another quarter, the Out-law, called Rob Roy, has been captured.

Sir Fred. Know you not Rob Roy has again escaped ?

Frank. Escaped ! I rejoice to hear it ! that circumstance will at once secure a friend of mine from danger, and prevent my being detained by a commission with which I was entrusted in his behalf.

Sir Fred. Who are you ? what is your name ?

Frank. My name can be of little consequence to an utter stranger.

Diana. Mr. Francis Osbaldistone should not sing his favourite airs, when he wishes to remain concealed.

Frank. Miss Vernon ! at such an hour, in such a lawless country !

Sir Fred. Now, Diana, give your cousin his property, and waste no further time.

Diana. But a moment, Sir ; but one moment, to say farewell.

Sir Fred. Remember, 'tis your last.

Frank. Our last !

Diana. Yes, dear Frank ; there is a gulph be-

tween us—a gulph of absolute perdition—Where we go, you must not follow—What we do, you must not share in. Take from my hand these eventful papers—poor Scotland has lost her freedom, but your father's credit will at least be restored.

Frank. And is there no way in which I may be allowed to show my gratitude?

Diana. Alas! none! adieu! be happy!

SONG—DIANA.

Forlorn and broken-hearted,
I weep my last adieu!
And sigh o'er joy departed,
That time can ne'er renew.

Farewell! my love, I leave thee,
For some far distant shore,
Let no fond hope deceive thee,
We part to meet no more!

Tho' grief may long oppress thee,
Your love I'll ne'er resign;
My latest sigh shall bless thee,
My last sad tear be thine!
Farewell! my love, &c.

[*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE III.

Mrs. M'ALPINE's Hut.

Bailie JARVIE discovered at the Table.

Bailie. Well, after the fatigue it has been my lot to suffer this blessed day, a cup o'brandy does no harm. My cousin Rob is bringing up his family to an ill end: and as for my cousin Helen! My Conscience!—(drinks) Thank Heaven, I shall soon leave this doleful country.

Enter Rob Roy.

—Rob again ! why, the man's like a bogle, a ghost !

Rob. 'Twas business that made me follow you so quickly, Bailie, and business waits for no man —there is the payment I promised you—Never say a Highlander belied his word.

Bailie. You're an honest man, Rob—that is, you've a sort of honesty—a kind of—Rob, you're an honest rogue.

Rob. Come, come, take your money, and your cup, and say no more about it.

Bailie. Well, here's your health, and my cousin Helen's, and your two hopeful sons, of whom more anon (*drinks*). As to Helen, her reception of me this blessed day, was the north side of friendly, that I must say.

Rob. Say nothing of her, but what is befitting a friend to say, and her husband to hear.

Bailie. Well, well, we'll let that flea stick by the wa' ; but I must tell you, your sons are as ignorant as the very cattle you used to drive to market.

Rob. And where was I to get them teachers ? Would you have me put on the College-gate of Glasgow, "Wanted a Tutor for the Children of Rob Roy, the Outlaw?"

Bailie. Why, not exactly ; but you might have taught them something.

Rob. I have—Hamish can bring down a black-cock on the wing, with a single bullet ; and his brother drive a dirk thro' a two-inch deal board.

Bailie. So much the worse ; but I have been thinking, Rob, to take them 'prentices ; (Rob starts angrily) and I'll give you back your two hundred pound, for the satisfaction.

Bob. What!—a hundred thousand devils!—the sons of M'Gregor, weavers! I'd sooner see every loom in Glasgow, beams, traddles, and shuttles, burnt first in hell fire!

Bailie. My Conscience!—well, you needn't grip your dirk, as tho' you were going to drive it through me: I am not a two-inch deal board.

Rob. Give me your hand—You mean well, but you press over hard on my temper. Consider what I have been, and what I am become; above all, consider that which has forced me to become what I am.

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

Frank. Ah! M'Gregor and Mr. Jarvie—both safe!

Rob. Ay, and like to keep so—the worst hour is past.

Bailie. It has left behind it plenty of sore bones; but a man mustn't expect to carry the comforts of the Salt-market at his tail, when he comes visiting his Highland kinsfolk.

Rob. (*Aside to Frank*) Your father is now in Glasgow—send the packet to him, by Mr. Jarvie.

Frank. My father!—how knew you this?

Rob. Dispatch your business, and follow me—You shall see the moonlight on the mountain—You shall hear—

Bailie. What?

Rob. The night-bird scream!—will you listen to her bodings—now the mist is on the brae, and the spirit of the Gregarach walks!—but I forget! you mean kindly—Farewell, Cousin—farewell—(*shakes hands with the Bailie, who is much affected*). I would speak with you alone—follow me towards the Loch.

[*Exit, making a sign of dispatch to Frank.*

Bailie. What did Rob say?

Frank. Something concerning these papers.

Bailie. Ey!—Papers! why, by the son of my father, Rob is an honest!—Stay! (Frank tears open the packet).—Here's Mr. Owen's list—"Catch'em and Whittington 706," delightful!—"Pollock and Peelman 2—8—7"—Exact—"Grubb and Grunder"—right to a fraction! Lord save us, what's this? "Will of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, in favour of his nephew, Francis?"—My Conscience!

Frank. Is it possible?

Bailie. True, as I'm a Bailie!

Frank. This, then, was the cause of Rashleigh's unrelenting hatred.

Bailie. No matter—we've got the stuff, praise be blest! We've got the stuff!

Frank. Mr. Jarvie, I entrust these documents to your care, as, henceforward, the sole agent of my Father's concerns in Scotland. Take some repose, and set forward early.

Bailie. Sole agent! Mr. Osbaldistone (*bowing*) I'll not affect to disclaim having done my best to deserve the favours of my friends in Crane-Alley, London; or, that the recompense will not be highly advantageous to Nicol Jarvie, Merchant and Magistrate, of the Salt-market in Glasgow,—but, I trust, you'll say as little as need be, of our pranks here among the hills;—the Members of the Town Council mightn't think it creditable, for one of their body to fight with a red-hot poker, or to hang dangling like an old scarecrow, over a potatoe garden.

Frank. Fear nothing, Sir, on that score. Your kindness deserves, and shall receive every expression of the most grateful sentiments; but

let me beg of you to lose no time in returning home.

Bailie. That you may swear ; and the next time you catch me out o'hearing o'St. Mungo's bells, may Rob Roy sleep with his ancestors; and I—marry his widow!—My Conscience!

[*Exeunt on opposite sides.*

SCENE IV.

Distant View of the Banks of the Loch.

Enter RASHLEIGH and JOBSON, in great alarm.

Rash. Am I ever to be pestered with these coward fears?

Job. For Heaven's sake, Sir ! if you kill me I must speak. Except our own people, we are entirely unsupported ; the Government forces are all withdrawn.

Rash. Poh ! for that very reason we shall not be suspected—on that very circumstance alone, we might build our surest hope. This ruffian will not now suppose it possible he is watched, and least of all by me. Did you overhear their conference in the hut?

Job. Partly.

Rash. And you are sure my cousin is in possession of the packet?

Job. Certain.

Rash. Does he accompany that foolish Magistrate to Glasgow?

Job. I think not : fearing to be surprized, I withdrew some paces from the hut, and crouched in the deepest shade—presently I saw—(*He looks round terrified*)—

Rash. Saw who?

Job. (*In a subdued tone*) Rob Roy! In a few minutes Mr. Frank joined him, and they walked away hastily towards the Loch—

Rash. To meet Diana and her Father in the Cave. Well, let them meet—I'll wait till M'Gregor and his Band depart, then spring upon, and crush them in the very nest where their venom was engendered. Did you place Wingfield in the track, to prevent the retreat of Sir Frederick and the proud dame his daughter?

Job. I did, Sir, exactly as you directed, and all the rest are within call—Hush! hark!

(*Dougal has suddenly appeared; he instantly falls flat, throwing at the same time his Plaid entirely over him*).

—As I live and breathe, I heard a step!

Rash. The echo of your own footfall.

Job. No, no! as I'm an honest man—that is, as I'm a sinner—I beseech—I implore you to quit this place.

Rash. Never, till my purpose is accomplished. Death alone shall defeat it. Curses on the chance that brought him to Diana's presence, that ever brought him to my father's house!—but I will not suffer singly; the disappointment and misery they have inflicted upon me shall be shared by them, in all its bitterness—Who's there?

Enter LANCIE WINGFIELD.

Lancie. Word has passed, that the Highlanders are preparing to move.

Rash. Lose not a moment—Remember, if there be lives sacrificed in the business we are upon, your evidence must justify the act, as necessary.

to the subjugation of treason. Now, be resolute and be silent.

[*Exit Rashleigh, followed by Lancie and Jobson. Dougal looks after them from beneath his Plaid,—rises cautiously and follows.*

SCENE V.

The Cave, the mouth at the upper end opening to the Loch, and opposite Mountains.—The Moon rising, illuminates the distant Scenery, and part of the mouth of the Cave.

Enter Rob Roy and FRANK.

Rob. Let me now speak of my own concerns : my kinsman said something of my boys, that sticks in my heart, and maddens in my brain ;— 'twas truth he spoke, yet I dared not listen to it—'twas fair he offered, yet I spurned that offer from very pride. My poor bairns ! I'm vexed when I think they must lead their father's life.

Frank. Is there no way of amending such a life, and thereby affording them an honourable chance of—

Rob. You speak like a boy !—Do you think the old gnarled oak can be twisted like the green sapling ? Think you I can forget being branded as an outlaw—stigmatized as a traitor—a price set upon my head, and my wife and family treated as the dam and cubs of a wolf ? The very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil !

Frank. Rely on it, the proscription of your name and family is considered by the English as a most cruel and arbitrary law.

Rob. Still it is proscribed ; and *they* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs.—They shall find the name of M'Gregor is a spell to raise the wild devil withal—Ah ! God help me ! I found desolation where I left plenty—I looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hold nor hope, shed nor shelter,—so I e'en pulled the bonnet o'er my brow, buckled the broad sword to my side, took to the mountain and the glen—and became a broken man !—But why do I speak of this ?—'Tis of my children, of my poor bairns I have thought, and the thought will not leave me.

Frank. Might they not, with some assistance, find an honourable resource in foreign service ? if such be your wish, depend on its being gratified.

Rob. (*Stretching one hand to Frank, and passing the other across his eye*)—I thank, I thank you—I could not have believed that mortal man would again have seen a tear in M'Gregor's eye. We'll speak of this hereafter—we'll talk of it to Helen—but I cannot well spare my boys yet—the heather is on fire.

Frank. Heather on fire !—I do not understand.

Rob. Rashleigh has set the torch—let them that can prevent the blaze—(*March heard*)—Ah ! they come—then all's well !

Frank. I comprehend—(*Seeing the approach of the Highlanders*)—The clans are assembling, and the defection of Rashleigh has but hastened this long-expected insurrection.

(The M'Gregor Highlanders enter, Hamish and Robert directing their movements—Helen confers with Rob Roy).

Rob. Have you seen Diana and Sir Frederick on their way? (*Apart*).

Helen. I have.—Stranger, you came to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed, and our hands were red—excuse the rudeness that gave so rough a welcome, and lay it on the evil times, not upon us.

Rob. Helen, our friend has spoken kindly, and proffer'd nobly—our boys—our children—

Helen. I understand; but, no, no; this is not the time; besides, I,—no—no—I wil not—cannot part from them.

Frank. Your separation is not required—leave the country with them.

Helen. Quit the land of my Sires!—never! Wild as we live, and hopeless, the world has not a scene that could console me for these rude rocks and glens, where the remembrance of our wrongs is ever sweeten'd by the recollection of our revenge.

Frank. M'Gregor?

Rob. She says truly; 'twas a vain project—We cannot follow them—cannot part with the last ties that render life endurable. Were I to lose sight of my native hills, my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink like fern i'the winter's frost. No, Helen, no—the heather we have trod on while living, shall bloom over us when dead!

(Helen throws herself into his arms).

Frank. I grieve that my opportunity of serving those who have so greatly befriended me, is incompatible with their prospects and desires.

Rob. Farewell ! the best wish M'Gregor can give his friend is, that he may see him no more.

Helen. A mother's blessing!—for the only kindness shewn for years to the blood of M'Gregor—be upon you ! Now, farewell !—Forget me, and mine forever !

Frank. Forget ! Impossible !

Helen. All may be forgotten but the sense of dishonour, and the desire of vengeance.

Rob. No more—strike !

(*March—The Highlanders file through the mouth of the Cave—Robert and Hamish M'Gregor stretch forth their hands to Frank, as they pass in the March ; Helen and Rob Roy each take leave of him with cordiality and regret, and exēunt.*)

Frank. What a wayward fate is mine ! My father's peace of mind is happily restored, but mine, with Diana, is for ever lost !

(*Rashleigh appears at the back of the Cave, and seeing Frank, conceals himself.*)

What noise ? surely I heard—No, they have left me !

(*The Boats are seen passing the Loch with the Highlanders.*)

—They are passing the Loch—I shall see them no more !

DIANA VERNON and Sir FREDERICK rush in,
greatly alarmed.

Diana. Gone ! M'Gregor—Helen—our friends gone !

Sir Fred. Embarked already ! then my course is ended !

Frank. Amazement ! Diana Vernon, and—

Diana. Her father! her unhappy, her wretched father ! Oh Frank ! we are beset by enemies on every side ;—the only path by which we could escape, is guarded.

Frank. No danger shall befall you here.

Sir Fred. Do not involve yourself in my fate—protect my child, but leave me to suffer ; I am familiar with danger, and prepared to meet it—

RASHLEIGH advances.

Rash. Meet it then here.

All. Rashleigh !

(Diana turns from him, to her Father's arms).

Rash. Ay, I come to repay the various obligations conferred on me by my friends.—(He beckons on Lacie Wingfield, Jobson, &c. &c.)—Apprehend Sir Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor, Diana Vernon, and Francis Osbaldistone, aiders and abettors of treason.

Frank. Rashleigh, thou art too a great villain for words to speak thee.

Rash. I can forgive your spleen, my gentle cousin—it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night. Take charge of your prisoners—if my conduct displeases you, Lady, thank your minion there.

Frank. I never gave you cause.

Rash. 'Tis false ! in love, in ambition, in the paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house—I have been its destruction, and disgrace—my very patrimony has become yours ; but, if you ever live to possess it, the death curse of him you have thus injured, stick to it !—Ah !

Rob. Gregarach !

(*Rob darts in, and confronts Rashleigh, who instantly levels a Pistol at him—it flashes in the pan—Highlanders, led by Dougal, appear at the mouth of the Cave—Rashleigh's party shout “ Rob Roy !” and defend themselves, merely to effect their retreat, Dougal attacking Lacie, &c. &c.*)

Rob. Now ask mercy, for your soul's sake !

Rash. Never !—(*Standing on his guard*).

Rob. Claymore ! die, traitor, in your treason !

(*Short and rapid combat—Rashleigh falls, and is caught by Dougal, who returns at the moment, and by signal from Rob., is borne off—Helen, with Females, enter towards the close of the tumult, and Bailie Jarvie runs on confused*).

Bailie. Gude save us ! what's here to do ! I fear I've lost my way.

Frank. Mr. Jarvie ! I thought you were on the road to Glasgow.

Bailie. So did I ; but, troth, the whisky has deceived me—My Conscience !—to think of a Magistrate losing his head, and losing his horse too ! A little man, called Jobson, dismounted me just now in a trice, and gallop'd off, as though my cousin Helen herself was at his—(*Sees Helen*) —My Conscience !

Sir Fred. Brave Highlander ! you have saved more than my life—you have preserved my honour ! You, young man, have proved yourself worthy of my child, and to you I give her. But whence this unexpected aid ? I surely saw the boats depart.—(*To Rob.*)

Rob. With half my band, no more. Dougal overheard, and fortunately apprised me of Rashleigh's intentions, and I kept up the appearance which decoyed the villain to his own snare.

Helen. (To Frank) By Sir Frederick Vernon's means your Father's house has been preserved; that consideration must induce his honourable mind to confirm the gift you prize, and endeavour to obtain from the Government a remission of the law, in favour of a noble enemy. (*Pointing to Sir Frederick.*)

Rob. We shall rejoice in your happiness, though we may not share it. If in such moments, you ever think upon M'Gregor, think kindly—when you cast a look towards poor old Scotland, do not forget Rob Roy !

FINALE.

Pardon now the bold Outlaw,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O !
 Grant him mercy, gentles a',
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O !
 Let your hands and hearts agree,
 Set the Highland Laddie free—
 Mak us sing wi' muckle glee,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O !

Frank. Long the state had doom'd his fa',
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Still he spurn'd the hatefu' law,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Scots can for their country die,
 Ne'er from Britons' foe they flee,
 A' that's past forget—forgie,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O !

Chorus. Pardon now, &c.

Diana. Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy, &c.
 Lang your favours ha' been mine,
 Favours I will ne'er resign—
 Welcome then for *auld lang syne*,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O !

Chorus. Pardon now, &c.

THE END.

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